Collier's

MARCH 18, 1944 TEN CENTS

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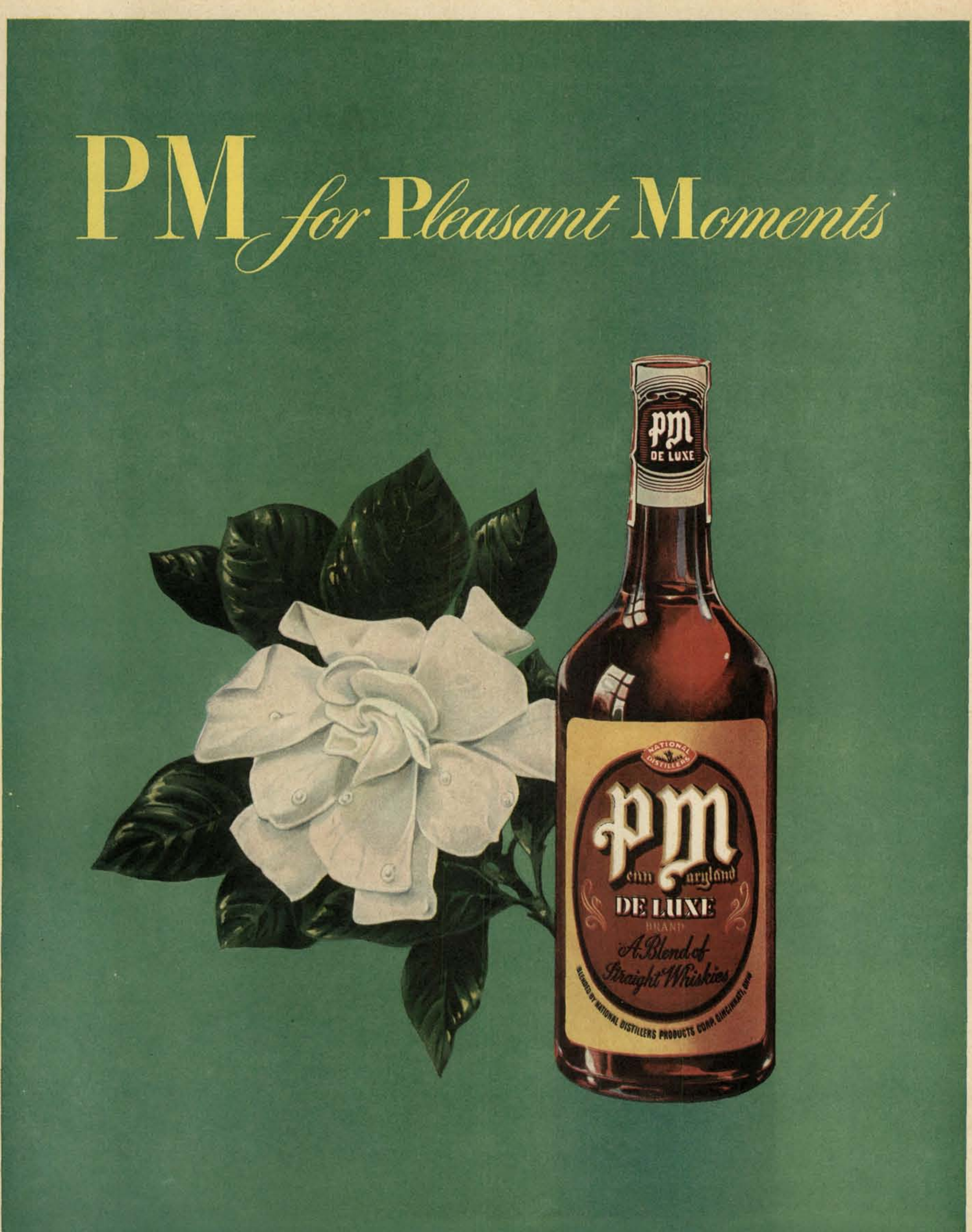
THE MELANCHOLY DANE
By DAMON RUNYON

ERNON
GRANT

ar. 18, '44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Y
NSAS

Reception for an automobile tire

The guests asked a question that was answered 80 million miles later

THEY WATCHED intently that June afternoon in 1940, eighteen months before Pearl Harbor. A tiny cardboard ship moved across a map of the Atlantic Ocean. The president of B. F. Goodrich described the little ship's voyage—bringing rubber from Malaya through the Suez to New York.

Suddenly the ship exploded, disappeared. The business men, editors and reporters in the Empire Room of New York's Waldorf-Astoria got the point even though many still said it was "a very remote possibility."

Turning, they saw a tire unveiled. It looked like any other tire . . . but more than half its natural rubber had been replaced by the new B. F. Goodrich synthetic. It was the first tire containing synthetic rubber ever offered for sale to American car owners.

The price had to be one-third higher than current tire prices. But that didn't stop people from buying. Even owners of large fleets bought. These new tires traveled in every state, in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.

Today they have totaled more than 80,000,000 miles. And the question everyone had asked—"How good is synthetic rubber, anyway?"—is answered by actual reports from car owners. Mileages in excess of 30,000 miles were reported. Some reported 50,000 miles!

The tires that B. F. Goodrich makes for passenger cars today are all-synthetic (99.8%) and are almost as good as the tires that were made before the war. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day. But the important thing is those extra years of experience . . . they are the reason so many motorists who qualify get their tires from B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores and dealers. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

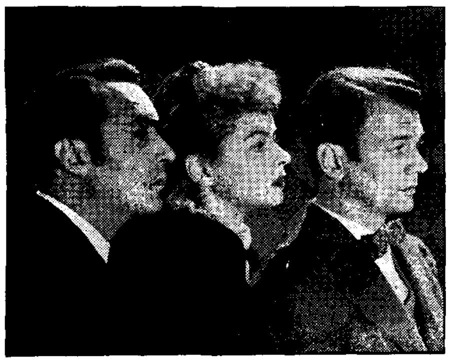
Mar. 18,'44

Picture
OF THE MONTH

CHARLES BOYER
INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN
in
GASLIGHT

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with **Dame May Whitty** · **Angela Lansbury**
and Barbara Everest

Screen Play by *John Van Druten, Walter Reisch* and *John L. Balderston*
Based upon the Play by *Patrick Hamilton*
Directed by.............*George Cukor*
Produced by......*Arthur Hornblow, Jr.*



"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker. An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM. Against a dark design for living, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are an incandescent threesome of stars. And they convey to you all the tenseness and impassioned feeling engendered by a most unusual love story. For Ingrid Bergman, those bells will toll again—in a thunderous clamour of applause for her subtle performance.

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in excited mid-beat, adds to his always undeniable fascination a strangely compelling quality. For MGM and its deft director, George Cukor, have brought out a sinister facet of Boyer's personality which only heightens his drawing power. George Cukor, director of scintillating "Philadelphia Story" and many other important MGM films, can put another halo around his brilliant head for his interpretation of "Gaslight". While we are laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, eminent scenarist, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

In thrilled résumé, we give you "Gaslight", a picture holding something of the mysterious, threatening mood of a dark thought on a black night. Through this film move undercurrents so forceful that you will be swept along to the stirring end.

P.S. To Angela Lansbury, luscious 17-year-old, who makes her film-bow in this picture—a deep bow of our own for a magnetic performance.

Collier's

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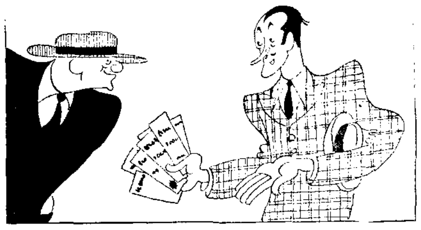
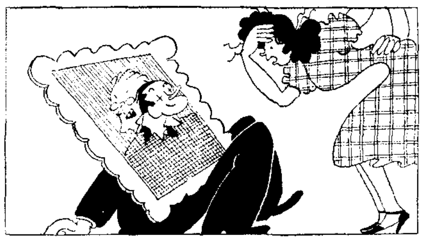
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

JUST in case you're looking around for someone to regard with suspicion, we could refer you to a very burnished gentleman who called on us last week. Or maybe he's just an omen or something like that. Anyway, this groomed, massaged and tailored gent sat down elegantly and, fixing us with a benevolent ogle, declared that he was prepared to sell us any or all of a list of stocks which would not only remove any doubts of our future security but which would make us the envy of our associates. We told him meekly that such loose change as we had, we were thinking of investing in a War Bond. He patted us on the back, saying that this was indeed a patriotic thing to do but— Then we mentioned something about taxes. He was glad that we mentioned taxes because, said he in a very confidential whisper, there was going to be a change of national administration next fall and taxes would at once be cut sharply, perhaps in half. He had this, he said, from inside and unimpeachable authority. Then we managed to stammer something about the SEC—whether that agency had okayed these stocks. He didn't say yes and he didn't say no, but, leaning close to our good ear, he whispered, "Don't worry. There will be a change in administration, and the first thing the new administration will do is to put that un-American agency out of business." So we didn't buy any.



JUST as we foolishly imagined that all was quiet on the labor front, we receive a letter from Mr. Quentin Reynolds, business agent for the African Chapter of the International Union of Journeymen War Correspondents. Mr. Reynolds notifies us that when he returns to this country, Mr. Frank Gervasi, our brilliant Mediterranean correspondent, will be called upon by the I.U.J.W.C. to explain why, in his article, Alexander The Modest, he wrote: "When the Germans were within an eight-dollar taxi ride of the Nile," etc. Mr. Reynolds declares this to be a betrayal of the expense account rights of his and Mr. Gervasi's craft. "Taxi service in the desert was suspended at the time," writes he, "and, anyway, it costs eighty dollars, not eight, whether there are any taxis or not."



FURTHERMORE, we have a communication suggesting that a little more unity on the home front wouldn't hurt. For example, a gentleman in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, threw his wife out of the window and went to jail for a year. Another gentleman, in Wheeling, West Virginia, kicked his wife and was fined ten dollars. A husband in Stockton, California, locked his wife out of the house and shot her in the leg with an air rifle. He got a suspended sentence. A citizen of North Dakota threw his little woman downstairs and got off with a good talking-to from the judge. But a fellow who drowned his wife's cat in Georgia got sixty days in the sneezer. And a lady in Pennsylvania has sued for divorce because her man beat her up with a folded magazine. We were thinking of demanding the name of the magazine, but have decided we're too busy. The only other item of the sort we have is that a lady in Albany, New York, crowned her husband with a large framed photo of President Roosevelt. Result not stated. The gentleman who collected these trifles for us insists upon anonymity, and we don't blame him.

IN THIS magazine for December 4th, we published General Mark W. Clark's portrait and a few letters from the general to his wife. They were bought in all good faith from a gentleman whose authority to sell those letters seemed

(Continued on page 30*)*

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SHE HAS THE VOICE WITH A SMILE, TOO

●

She's your personal representative at the telephone company – the girl in the Business Office

ANY time you'd like to know anything about service, or equipment, or bills, or wartime telephone regulations, she's there to help.

Sometimes, because of the war, she cannot give you the exact type of equipment or service you want—or just when you want it.

But you can be sure of this:

She will do her very best at all times and do it promptly, efficiently and courteously.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

When you are calling over war-busy Long Distance wires, the operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

WESTERN UNION
1206
A. N. WILLIAMS PRESIDENT
NEWCOMB CARLTON CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
J. C. WILLEVER FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
CHECK
ACCOUNTING INFORMATION
TIME FILED
Send the following telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

UNCLE SAM
U.S. TREASURY
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Collect

No income tax because no income since Pro-phy-lac-tic stopped buying my bristles.

Peter Porker

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON

PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs

PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Several thousand persons are killed each year by gasoline-vapor explosions, which may happen when the vapor constitutes from one to six per cent of the air. Among the victims are many housewives who were not aware that even the small amount of gasoline that is required to clean a single dress may cause such an explosion.

The most popular radio program in Latin America today is the "College of Love," which is broadcast weekly over the principal stations in seven countries. The program consists of proposals of marriage made to listening sweethearts by men who are too bashful or have not had a chance to propose in person. The caller identifies himself and his beloved by initials and quite often, to be sure that she will be listening in, notifies her through a classified newspaper advertisement.

Before shipment to market, one quarter of all the oranges, lemons and grapefruit grown in the United States today are coated with an invisible wax solution which reduces moisture loss and prolongs the fresh life of the fruit.

When a Nigerian native enlists in Britain's Royal West African Frontier Force, he is allowed to swear allegiance by touching his tongue to his bayonet, the age-old custom of such pagans who have no holy book, like the Bible or the Koran, on which to take an oath.

The largest number of ballots required to nominate a candidate at a Republican National Convention was the 36 taken before Garfield was named in Chicago in 1880; the largest number required at a Democratic Convention was the 103 taken before Davis was chosen in New York in 1924.

Most overseas telephone rates vary with distance, but several exceptions still exist because of the difficulty of changing them in wartime. For instance, while the cost of a three-minute daytime call from New York to London, 3,500 airline miles, is $21, and to Moscow, 4,700 miles, also $21, a call to Sydney, 10,000 miles, is only $19.50.

A Salvation Army regulation requires its men and women officers to marry only a sister or brother officer if they wish to retain their rank, in the belief that a better understanding will exist between them if both are engaged in this work. One who marries an outsider becomes merely a "soldier" again, a rule which applies to Salvation Army officers in all countries, including those in Japan, where approximately 98 per cent of them are Japanese.—*By Wick Fowler, Dallas, Texas.*

Injuries among industrial workers have been found, in one recent survey, to occur to various parts of the body in these relative frequencies: hand 1,000, arm 340, leg 311, head 279, eye 236 and foot 119.

During the past year, British and American bombers have dropped on the occupied countries of Europe millions of copies of miniature newspapers printed in more than ten languages in England and the United States. Wrapped in bundles of 500 for weight, these papers, although containing 10,000 words of war news, are only two by four inches in size so a copy may be safely hidden in the finder's clothing.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted b Collier's, The National Weekly. None of th items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Remember when...

Jim used to average 70 - and brag about it?

SEEMS A LONG TIME, doesn't it, since Jim and chaps like him used to sit around and brag about how they made the other fellow eat their dust?

To hear them talk, a couple of hundred miles in less than a couple of hundred minutes was just ordinary going!

That sort of conversation is out of fashion now. So is that sort of driving—and for mighty good reasons.

Fast driving is plenty tough on tires—*and tire wear is one of the deadliest enemies we have to face on the home front.*

There's only one safe plan to follow if you own a car today: *Figure that your present tires are going to have to last you for the duration (and perhaps for some time beyond)—and treat them accordingly.*

There *may* be enough replacement tires for non-military uses before the war is over. There *may* be synthetic tires of such quality and in such numbers that they will offset the lack of natural rubber.

But don't count on it. If you do, you may have to lay up your car. You don't want that to happen and neither does Uncle Sam, because those of us here at home must help to fight this war with our cars as well as with our sweat and our dollars.

One of the major battles we are engaged in is the Battle of Rubber. *You* can help to win it!

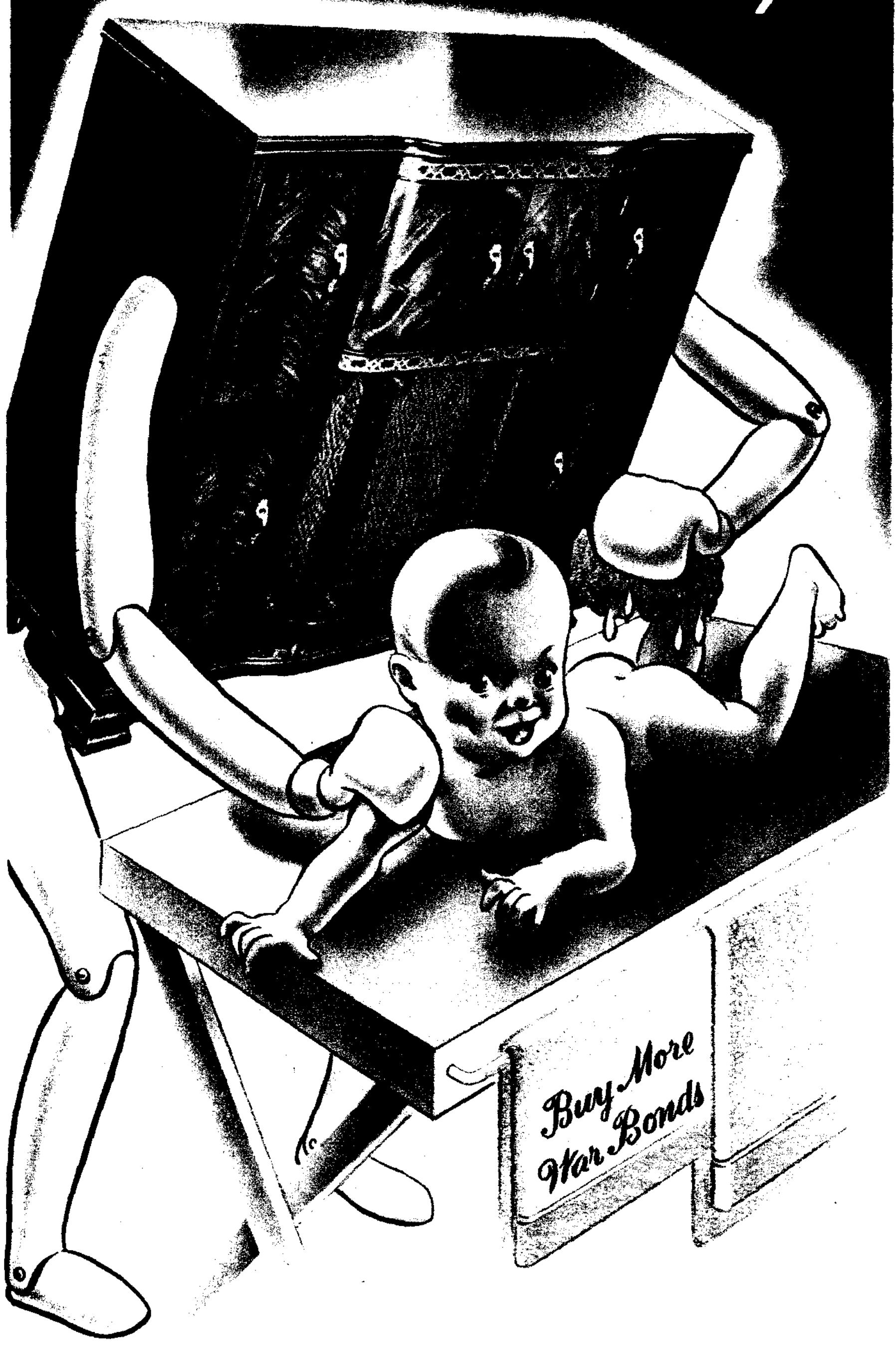
* * *

REMEMBER WHEN there were new tires for sale on almost every corner, and at almost any price you wanted to pay? But then, as now, it was the INDEPENDENT tire dealer upon whom you could most surely depend for quality and fair dealing, and for interested, personal service. We at Seiberling believe in the future of the American brand of independence and of the independent American business man. That's why Seiberling Tires always have been and will continue to be sold by INDEPENDENT dealers only.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

NO . . . YOUR POST-WAR
ADMIRAL RADIO
won't bathe the Baby!



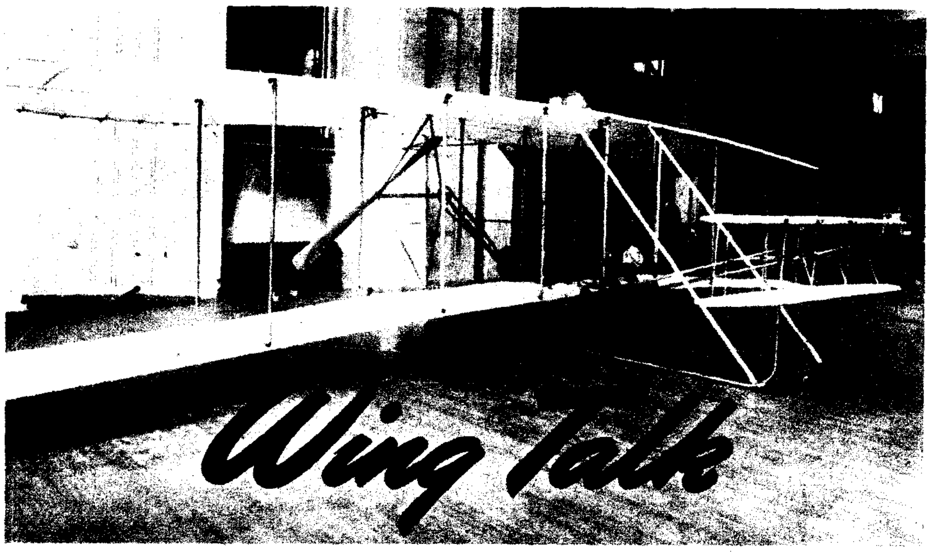
Many extravagant claims have been made for the wonders to be performed by radio after the war. But, in spite of vast progress made, many of these are more fantasy than fact.

But you can be sure that all refinements and improvements, made practical by the needs of war, will be found in your new and better peacetime.

Admiral
RADIO
AMERICA'S SMART SET

TUNE IN
CBS, Sundays,
2:30 P.M., EWT,
for Admiral's
"World News Today"

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonograph Combinations with Automatic Record Changers



Wing Talk

ACME

One thing Yanks want to see at England's South Kensington Museum is the Wrights' Kittyhawk plane, but it's hidden for the duration

SOMEWHERE in England: Yanks, even when they go abroad primarily for soldiering, reveal themselves as born tourists. They seem to possess an extra sense, a sort of instinctive mobility added to the bump of curiosity natural in most humans. They will travel the longest possible distances on even the shortest leaves.

This is perhaps not strange when you remember that they spring from a nation in which practically all classes have been "on wheels" through a peaceful quarter-century of Sunday driving and national park vacationing in a land wherein three quarters of the world's total of automobiles are owned by one sixteenth of the world's total population.

At any rate, in those theaters where I have observed them in the Southwest Pacific and the European Theater of Operations, they "rubberneck" at every opportunity with a vengeance—a tendency more pronounced now than it was in the last war. Large conducted groups of Yanks are everyday commonplaces at the cathedrals and other famous sights in London and elsewhere in England. But the one object in England that most Yank soldiers, especially airmen, ask to see and want to see, they can't see—yet.

That is the Wright airplane—the Father Adam of all today's Lanks, Forts, Mosquitoes, Spitfires, Marauders, Heinkels, Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, Mustangs, Thunderbolts, Mitchells and the rest—the original machine in which, on the morning of December 17, 1903, the Wright brothers conquered mechanical flight.

Due to bureaucratic stubbornness on the part of the Smithsonian Institution, the usual official repository for such national relics in the United States, the plane was long ago entrusted by Orville Wright to the Kensington Museum in London. The museum's authorities tell me that virtually all of the thousands of Yank soldiers who have visited their fascinating science exhibit have asked about the Wright plane. But alas, it is not there.

With regard to the important treasures of civilization, their custodians must normally take precautions against such hazards as fire, cyclone and earthquake, but it is ironic that the greatest danger to the Wright plane was from its evil lineal descendants, the German bombers. So at the beginning of the war, it was stored in a secret place in the country, in a vault scores of feet underground.

WITH a dubiousness that shows it shook him a bit, a top officer here tells this story upon himself, to prove that his chauffeur is, among other things, a first-rate leg-puller. Like so many other old-time fliers whose fetish is speed in the air, this officer is a real Nervous Nelly about road transport. "Too many people and things too close," he says. "No room to maneuver." To drive with him at the wheel is a trial because he will slow to a crawl about a block away if he sees a person about to cross the street.

It falls within the job of this officer to travel about a good deal at night. Timid of his own driving, he is full of pride, admiration and respect for his sergeant chauffeur's uncanny ability to find his way in the blackout. The chauffeur betrays little apparent inconvenience or diminution of certainty while groping his way along, even when, added to the hazards of unlighted roads, there is a bean-soup English fog, to boot—the kind in which you can't see the steering wheel under your hands.

The brass hat could never make up his mind whether the lad had infra-red eyesight or was merely clairvoyant, until late one dismal night when they were driving from the country to London through the daddy of all fogs. Mile after mile they bored through zero-zero visibility, and the officer confessed he didn't have the faintest notion where they were until presently the chauffeur announced, "We are coming into the city now, sir."

The officer peered around in what was to him the depths of a bottle of ghostly ink.

"How the devil do you know that, sergeant?" he asked.

"Because, sir," the boy answered, as he drove steadily and confidently onward, "we are hitting more pedestrians now."

WHEN stories are being told either on himself or others, Major General Jimmy Doolittle, head of the Eighth Air Force, is never behind and usually far ahead. One of his favorites concerns Captain Charley Potter, who was his navigator on the unforgettable Tokyo raid. After the lads had bailed out over China, and most of them had made their way to Chinese general headquarters, they were tendered a first-rate banquet by Madame Chiang Kai-shek. As a special treat, the lovely Generalissimissus provided ice cream—a rare thing indeed in China.

Potter noticed that she pushed her own ice cream away untouched, while the Yanks lapped on. He finished his, then stared at her plate. The distinguished company, all the trappings of glory, ceremony and honor meant less at this moment to that healthy young American and his Dakota-bred appetite than that full dish of ice cream he saw going to waste.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He leaned across the table and asked, "Ma'am, aren't you going to eat your ice cream?"

She got it. So did he. . . .

W. B. COURTNEY

"THIS IS THE PAYOFF..."

There she sits . . .

Crouched on the sea . . . big, black . . . every inch of her a battleship . . .

And every stinking inch—Jap!

We're coming in . . .

Her searchlight blinks . . . then winks full on . . . and the glare strips us down and we're running in naked and alone . . . under her five-inch guns, under her barking pom-poms . . . twelve against twenty-four hundred . . . only two hundred to one . . . so

We're coming in!

This is the payoff . . . this is the knockout . . . this is what we were trained for . . . this is what we teamed up for . . . *this* is war!

This is the way to attack! With the tin fish running free and hot . . . and the odds so high we're madmen or demons or gods! And our enemies' hearts pump hard and their shots go wild as they realize . . .

We're coming in to win!

This is the way to fight! Not as a slave ready to die at a dictator's command . . . but as a free man fighting to live . . . fighting for the things that make life worthwhile . . . fighting for my right to dare, to pioneer, to do great things in a great spirited way, to win great victories as a *free* individual in a land where there must always be not only liberty and justice, but the freedom of opportunity that is the breath of life to me.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's what makes this war worthwhile.

That's what I want when I come back.

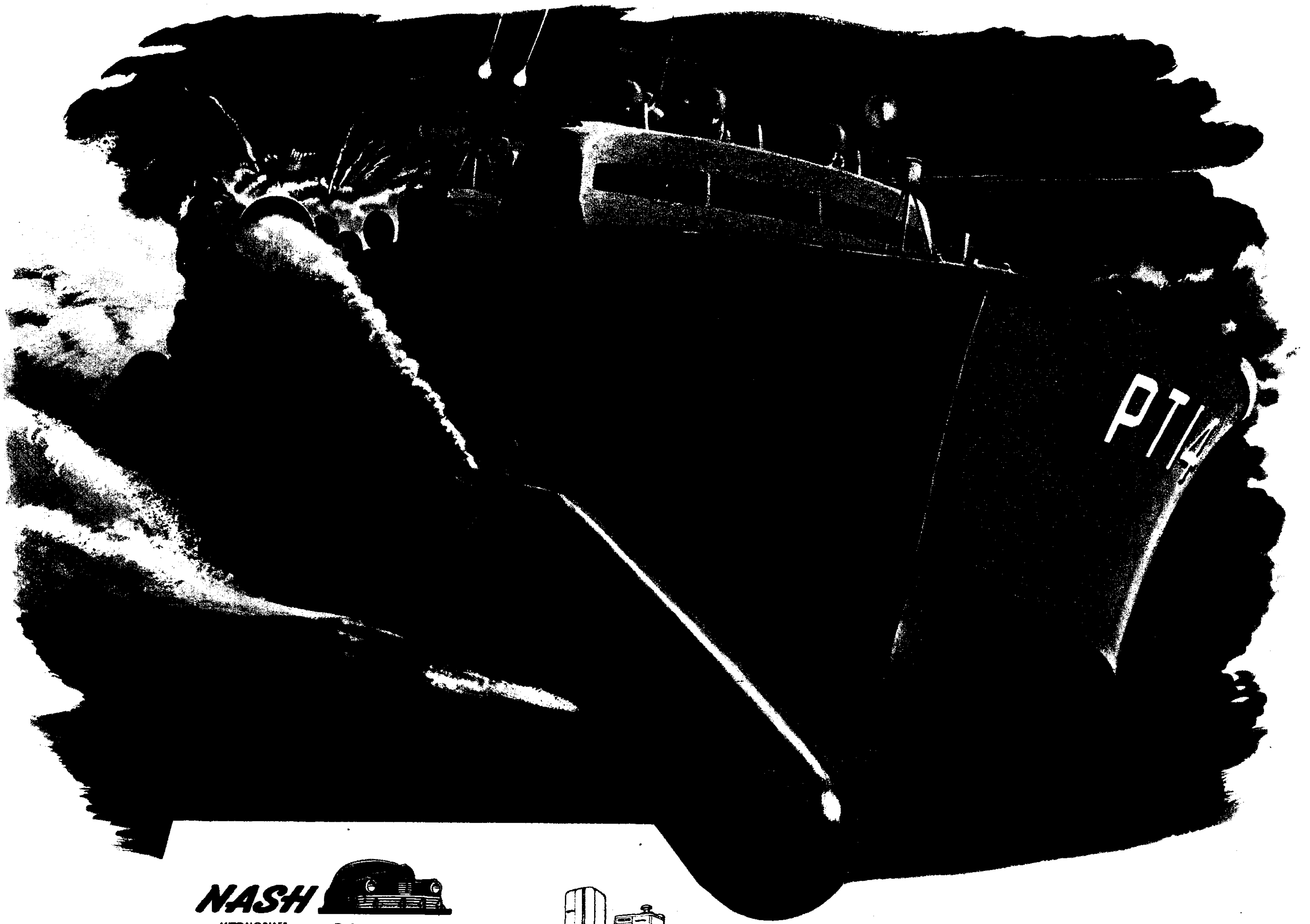
• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted to winning this war . . . to speeding the Peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when together we'll build an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



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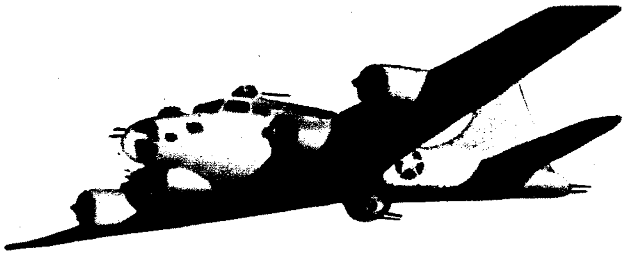
LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS.



the Jewels A WOMAN GIVES A MAN

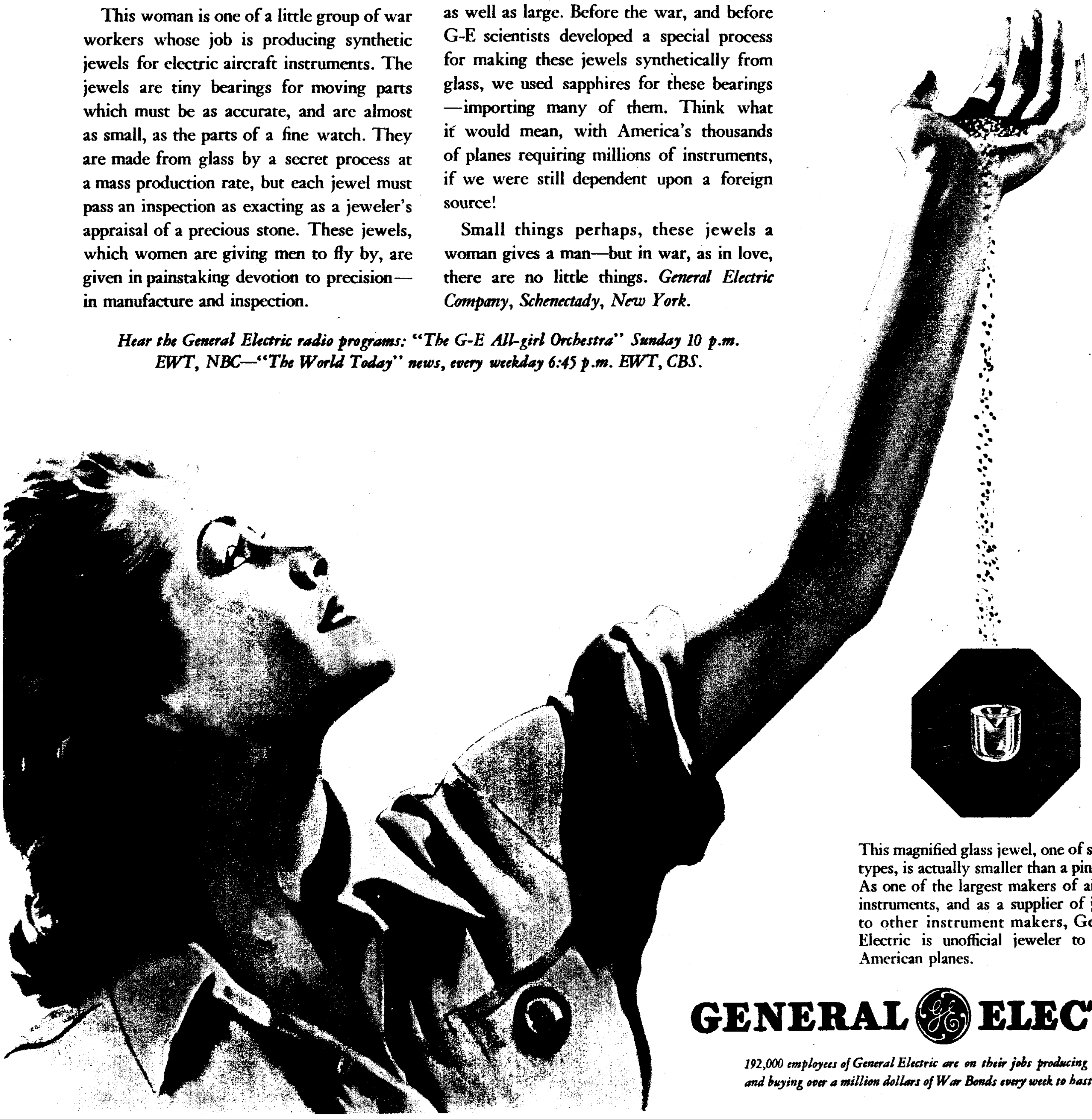
MORE planes might be named Diamond Lil if pilots and crews knew what this woman knows—that bombers wear jewels!

This woman is one of a little group of war workers whose job is producing synthetic jewels for electric aircraft instruments. The jewels are tiny bearings for moving parts which must be as accurate, and are almost as small, as the parts of a fine watch. They are made from glass by a secret process at a mass production rate, but each jewel must pass an inspection as exacting as a jeweler's appraisal of a precious stone. These jewels, which women are giving men to fly by, are given in painstaking devotion to precision—in manufacture and inspection.

The development of these jewels is an example of the application of General Electric research and engineering to small things, as well as large. Before the war, and before G-E scientists developed a special process for making these jewels synthetically from glass, we used sapphires for these bearings—importing many of them. Think what it would mean, with America's thousands of planes requiring millions of instruments, if we were still dependent upon a foreign source!

Small things perhaps, these jewels a woman gives a man—but in war, as in love, there are no little things. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



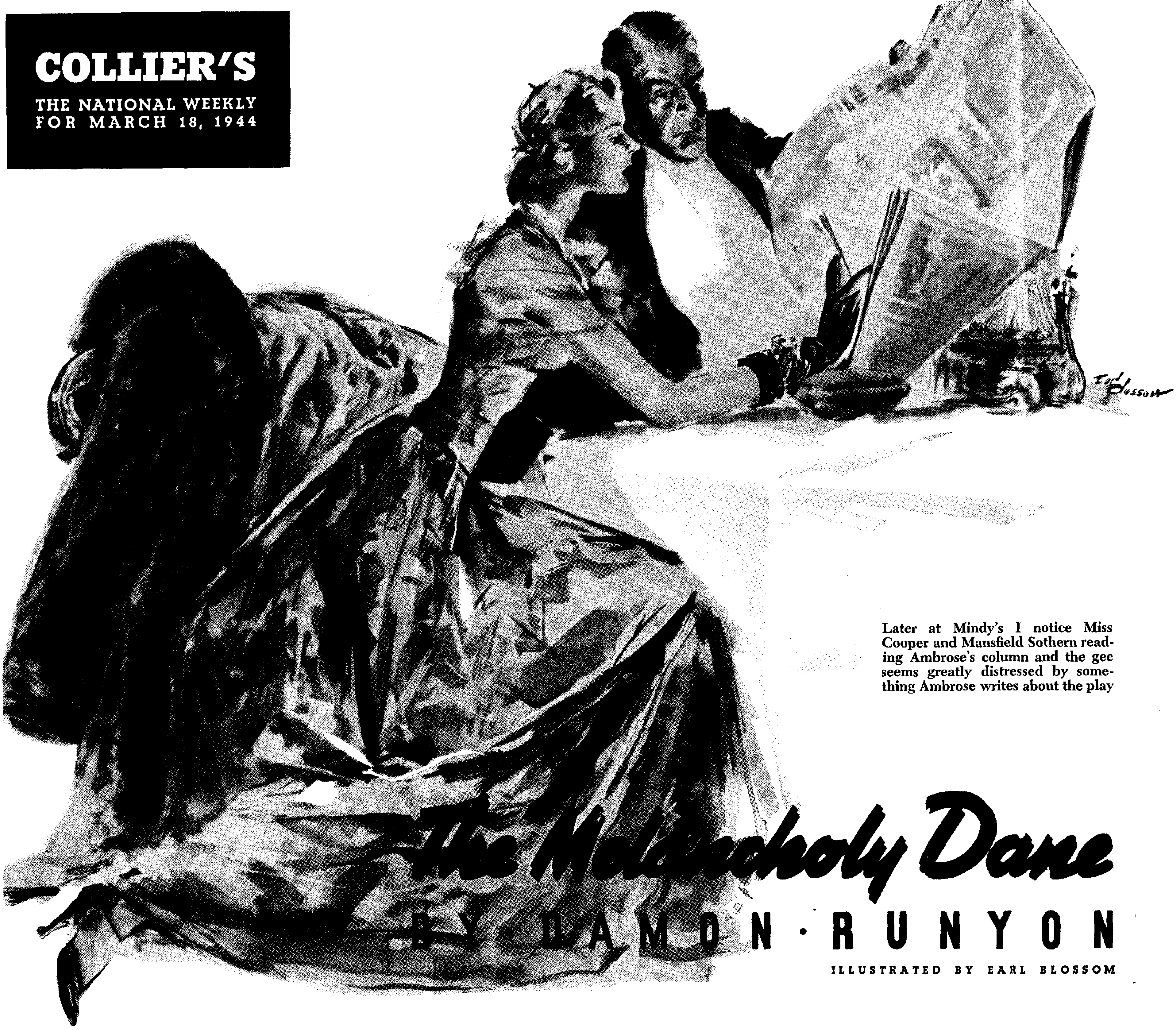
This magnified glass jewel, one of several types, is actually smaller than a pin head. As one of the largest makers of aircraft instruments, and as a supplier of jewels to other instrument makers, General Electric is unofficial jeweler to many American planes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-600K-211

192,000 employees of General Electric are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 18, 1944



Later at Mindy's I notice Miss Cooper and Mansfield Sothern reading Ambrose's column and the gee seems greatly distressed by something Ambrose writes about the play

The Melancholy Dane

BY DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Another comic masterpiece, in which Ambrose Hammer, the drama murderer, takes a beating — along with Miss Channelle Cooper, Mansfield Sothern, reputed to be an actor, and Shakespeare himself

IT IS a matter of maybe two years back that I run into Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe, one evening on Broadway and he requests me to attend the theater with him, as Ambrose is what is called a dramatic critic and his racket is to witness all the new plays and write what he thinks about them in a morning blat.

I often hear the actors and the guys who write the plays talking about Ambrose in Mindy's restaurant when they get the last edition and read what he has to say, and as near as I can make out, they feel that he is nothing but a low criminal type because it seems that Ambrose practically murders one and all connected with any new play. So I say to him like this:

"No, Ambrose," I say, "I may happen to know the guy who writes the play you are going to see, or one of the actors, and as I understand it is always about nine to five that you will put the blister on a new play, I will be running the risk of hurting myself socially along Broadway. Furthermore," I say, "where is Miss Channelle Cooper who accompanies you to the new plays for the past six months handrunning?"

"Oh," Ambrose says, "you need not worry about the guy who writes this play, as his name is Shakespeare and he is dead quite a spell. You need not worry about any of the actors, either, as they are just a bunch of plumbers that no one ever hears of before, except maybe the leading one who has some slight notoriety. And, as for Miss Channelle Cooper, I do not know where she is at this particular moment and, not to give you a short answer, I do not give a D and an A and an M and an N."

"Why, Ambrose," I say, "the last time we meet, you tell me that you are on fire with love for Miss Channelle Cooper, although, of course," I say, "you are on fire with love for so many different broads since I know you that I am surprised you are not reduced to ashes long ago."

"Look," Ambrose says, "let us not discuss such a tender subject as Miss Cooper at this time or I am apt to break into tears and be in no mood to impartially perform my stern duty toward this play. All I know is she sends me a letter by messenger this morning, stating that she cannot see me tonight because her grandmother's diabetes is worse and she has to go to Yonkers to see her.

"And," Ambrose goes on, "I happen to know that in the first place her grandmother does not have diabetes but only a tumor, and in the second place she does not live in Yonkers but in Greenwich Village, and in the third place Miss Cooper is seen late this afternoon having tea at the Plaza with an eighteen-carat hambola by the name of Mansfield Sothern. I wonder," Ambrose says, "if the bim is ever born who can tell the truth?"

"No, Ambrose," I say, "or anyway not yet. But," I say, "I am surprised to hear Miss Cooper turns out unstable, as she always strikes me as the reliable sort and very true to you, or at least as true as you can expect these days. In fact," I say, "I have it on good authority that she turns down Lefty Lyons, the slot-machine king, who offers to take charge of her career and buy a night club for her. But of course Mansfield Sothern is something else again. I often enjoy his comedy on the stage."

"He is a hunk of Smithfield who steals the names of two great actors to make one for himself," Ambrose says. "I will admit that he is sometimes endurable in musical comedy, if you close your eyes when he is on the boards and make believe he is somebody else, but, like all actors, he is egotistical enough to think he can play Hamlet. In fact," Ambrose says, "he is going to do it tonight and I can scarcely wait."

Well, I finally go to the theater with Ambrose and it is quite a high-toned occasion with nearly everybody in the old thirteen-and-odd because Mansfield Sothern has a big following in musical comedy and it seems that his determination to play Hamlet produces quite a sensation, though Ambrose claims that most of those present are members of Mansfield's personal claque from café society and he also claims that it is all nothing but a plot to make Mansfield seem important.

Personally, I am not a Shakespeare man, although I see several of his plays before and, to tell you the truth, I am never able to savvy them, though naturally I do not admit this in public as I do not wish to appear unintelligent. But I stick with Ambrose through the first act of this one and I observe that Mansfield Sothern is at least a right large Hamlet and has a voice that makes him sound as if he is talking from down in a coal mine, though what he is talking about is not clear to me and consequently does not arouse my interest.

So as Ambrose seems very thoughtful and paying no attention to me, I quietly take my departure and go to Mindy's where some hours later along in the early morning, I notice Miss Channelle Cooper and this gee Mansfield Sothern reading Ambrose's column, and Mansfield is shedding tears on the paper until the printer's ink runs down into his bacon and eggs. Naturally, I go out and buy a paper at once to see what causes his distress and I find that Ambrose writes about the play as follows:

"After Mansfield Sothern's performance of Hamlet at the Todd Theater last night, there need no longer be controversy as to the authorship of the immortal drama. All we need do is examine the graves of Shakespeare and Bacon, and the one that has turned over is it."

NOW I do not clap eyes on Ambrose Hammer again until the other evening when he enters Mindy's at dinnertime, walking with a cane and gimping slightly. Furthermore, he is no longer roly-poly, but quite thin and he gives me a huge hello and sits down at my table and speaks to me as follows:

"Well, well," Ambrose says, "this is indeed a coincidence. The last time we meet I take you to a theater and now I am going to take you again on my first night back in harness. How is the *gedemte brust* and the *latkas* you are devouring?"

"The *latkas* are all right, Ambrose," I say, "but the *brust* is strictly second run. The war conditions are such that we must now take what we can get, even when it comes to *brust*. I do not see you for a spell, Ambrose. Are you absent from the city and why are you packing the stick?"

"Why," Ambrose says, "I am overseas and I am wounded in North Africa. Do you mean to tell me I am not missed in these parts?"

"Well, Ambrose," I say, "now that you mention it, I do remember hearing you are mixed up in the war business, but we are so busy missing other personalities that we do not get around to missing you as yet. And as for going to the theater with you, I must pass, because the last time you steer me up against a most unenjoyable evening. By the way, Ambrose," I say, "I wonder what ever becomes of that bloke Mansfield Sothern and Miss Channelle Cooper. And what are you doing in North Africa, anyway?". . .

I am in North Africa (Ambrose says) risking my life for my paper as a war correspondent because one day my editor calls me into his office and speaks to me as follows:

"Hammer," he says, "kindly go to the front and send us back human-interest stories about our soldiers. Our soldiers are what our readers are interested in. Please eat with them and sleep with them and tell us how they live and what they think about and how they talk and so forth and so on."

So I go to London, and from London I go to North Africa on a transport, and on this voyage I endeavor to start following my instructions at once, but I find that eating with the soldiers has its disadvantages as they can eat much faster than I can because of their greater experience and I am always getting shut out on the choicer tidbits.

And when I ask one of them if I can sleep with him, he gives me a strange look, and afterward I have a feeling that I am the subject of gossip among these gees. Furthermore, when I try to listen in on their conversation to learn how they talk, some of them figure I am a stool pigeon for the officers and wish to dunk me in the ocean. It is by no means a soft touch to be a war correspondent who is supposed to find out how the soldiers live and how they talk and what they think about, and when I mention my difficulties to one of the officers, he says I may get closer to the boys if I enlist, but naturally I figure this will be carrying war correspondenting too far.

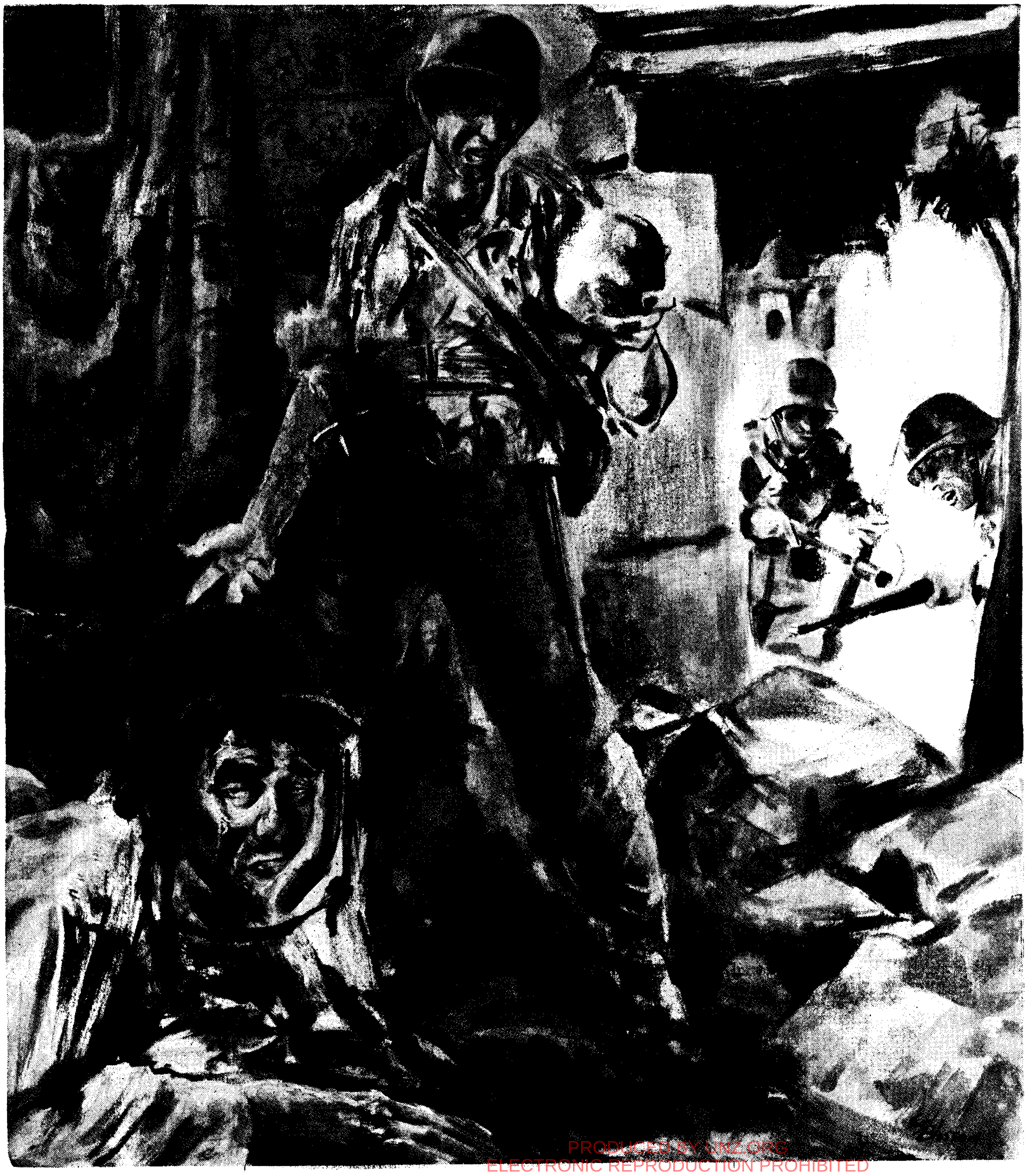
But I write these human-interest stories just the same and I think they are pretty good even if I do hear a guy in the censor's office call me the poor man's Quentin Reynolds, and I always mingle with the soldiers as much as possible to get their atmosphere and finally when they learn I am kindly disposed toward them and generally have plenty of cigarettes, they become quite friendly.

I am sorry I do not have time to tell you a great deal about my terrible personal experiences at the front, but I am putting them all in the book I am writing, and you can buy a copy of it later. In fact, I have enough terrible experiences for three books, only my publisher states that he thinks one book per war correspondent is sufficient for the North African campaign. He says that the way correspondents are writing books on North Africa with Sicily and Italy coming up, he does not figure his paper supply to last the war out.

I FIRST arrive at a place called Algiers in North Africa and I find it is largely infested by Arabs and naturally I feel at home at once, as in my younger days in show business, when I am working for a booking office, I personally book a wonderful Arab acrobatic troop consisting of a real Arab by the name of Punchy, two guys by the name of O'Shea, and a waffle who is known as Little Oran, though her square monicker is really Magnolia Shapiro.

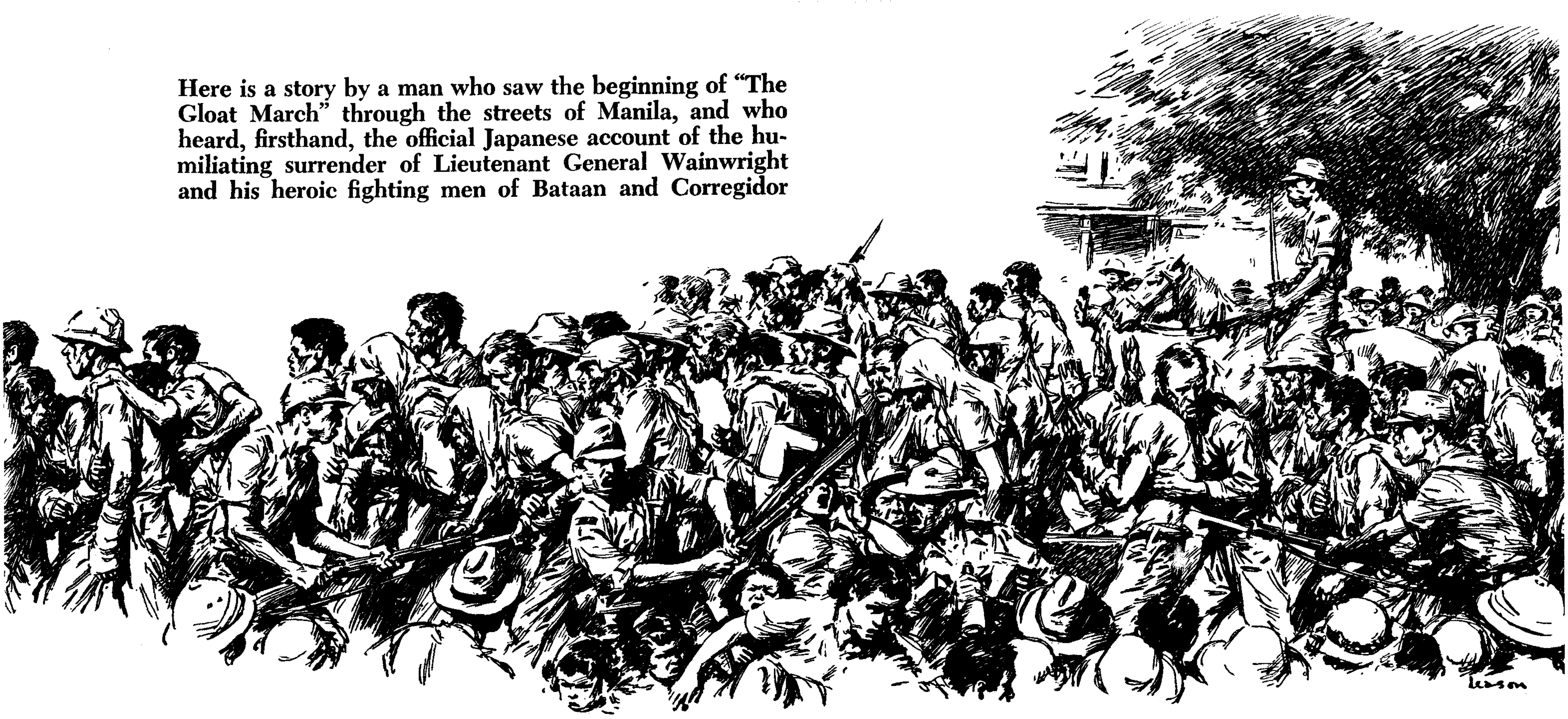
Consequently, I have great sentiment for Arabs, and the sights and scenes and smells of Algiers keep me thinking constantly of the good old days, especially the smells. But I will not tax your patience with the details of my stay in Algiers because, by the time I reach there, the war moves away off to a place called Tunisia and I am willing to let it stay there without my presence. Then, after a week, my editor sends me a sharp message asking why I am not at the front getting human-interest stories instead of loitering in Algiers wasting my time on some tamale, although, as a matter of

(*Continued on page 66*)



"Alas, poor Yorick!" says Sothern. Just then two German officers are in the doorway and one says, "What's going on here?"

Here is a story by a man who saw the beginning of "The Gloat March" through the streets of Manila, and who heard, firsthand, the official Japanese account of the humiliating surrender of Lieutenant General Wainwright and his heroic fighting men of Bataan and Corregidor



The Jap guards jabbed their sharp bayonets into the arms, buttocks and backs of the heroes of Corregidor

SURRENDER AT CORREGIDOR

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

I WAS one of the five correspondents covering the Philippines campaign who were invited by General MacArthur to accompany him to Corregidor when he and his staff finally had to leave the city of Manila. Had I gone at that moment—or had I been able to make good my attempted escape to Corregidor after I made my last broadcast to the U.S.A. just before the Japs entered Manila—I might have been one of the ragged, worn men whom the Japs gleefully marched through the streets of Manila in their atrocity "Gloat March," after Corregidor surrendered.

Instead, I was taken by the Japs in Manila and imprisoned with my wife in Santo Tomas. Had I gone out to Corregidor, I might have witnessed the surrender of the fortress by its gallant leader Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright. "Skinny" was what his boys called him.

It was mid-March, 1942, when General MacArthur was ordered to shift his headquarters from Corregidor to Australia. By the 9th of April, Bataan had fallen, and the horror march from Bataan to Tarlac and Camp O'Donnell became the war's most shameful act. Within a month, General Wainwright decided there was no point in trying to hold out at Corregidor until every man and every Army nurse was dead. And he surrendered to Lieutenant General M. Homma in the city of Manila.

I was told the story of the surrender by a Japanese correspondent who was present and who claimed to have done some of the interpreting. This correspondent, Karamuro Uno, an American-born Japanese, originally from Salt Lake City, wrote the same story in a Jap propaganda booklet called Corregidor—Isle of Delusion. Uno told me his story after I had been transferred to Shanghai. He had called me to his office (he was then Japanese editor of the Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury) to ask me some questions about General MacArthur—questions for which I had no answer.

Uno spoke perfect American. In fact, he had trouble with his Japanese, which he spoke with an American accent. He is bitterly anti-American, because, he says, "I was treated like a yellow skibby, although my education was as good as any other American's. So I decided: To hell with the United States. I'd go to Japan where my knowledge of the States would be appreciated." And it was.

Here's what he told me: The first Japanese landing barges hit the small beach opposite Maliveles on the north flank of Corregidor in the dark of the early morning of May 5th.

Onslaught at the Rock

Most of the first Japanese landing flotilla was completely wiped out. The same went for the second and the third. But the Japanese came on and on, finally getting a sizable force ashore before dawn and forcing the Marines on the beachhead to withdraw up the slope of the rock. There weren't many of the Fourth Marines left to withdraw.

Uno was on the Bataan shore at Limay when word arrived that General Wainwright had arrived from Corregidor to surrender. The Jap correspondents rushed to the small frame house where the historic meeting between Lieutenant General M. Homma—the Oxford-educated English-hater—and Lieutenant General Wainwright would take place.

General Wainwright was already waiting at the shack when Uno and the few Jap correspondents arrived. Uno said Wainwright leaned heavily on a cane. He was thin and drawn, his eyes exceedingly clear. He wore no necktie. His uniform was worn and wrinkled. There were several American officers accompanying Wainwright. One was an Army colonel, another a Marine major. A staff sergeant stood near by with a large white flag.

Japanese soldiers began to set a narrow table on the rickety porch of the shack. There was iced beer and orangeade and some dry Japanese cakes. This was for the celebration *after* the signing of the surrender. Several Japanese photographers tried to snap pictures of General Wainwright and his staff as they waited uncomfortably in the hot sun. The general turned his back.

After nearly a half-hour wait, a line of army limousines rolled up the narrow, dusty road. General Homma and his staff alighted and proceeded immediately to the porch where they sat down. An aide approached General Wainwright, indicating that he was to come up onto the porch. He did. General Homma rose and gave a curt bow.

General Homma spoke first—through an interpreter—although his English is letter-perfect.

"I suppose you are tired, General?" he asked.

General Wainwright did not acknowledge the greeting.

"General Homma," he said, "I have come to surrender my men and myself."

General Homma sat down and motioned to Wainwright and his staff to be seated.

"In the name of His Imperial Japanese Majesty, I accept the surrender of all the United States forces in the Philippine Islands," General Homma declared.

General Wainwright hesitated a moment. He seemed puzzled. "But, General," he protested, "I can surrender only the forces on Corregidor and Fort Drum. When General MacArthur left, I was placed in command of these forces only."

Homma flared back, not waiting for the interpreter to begin repeating.

"You are in command of *all* the forces in the Philippines. This has been true since MacArthur left. I will accept the surrender of *all* American forces—or you can go back to Corregidor and expect the full force of our attack to continue."

General Homma got up. So did everyone else. He shot a parting order to General Wainwright, whom Uno described as "wilted." "When you see fit to surrender, you may surrender to the commanding officer now on Corregidor. He will bring you to me in Manila . . ." And Homma and his staff roared away in the dust.

General Wainwright and his staff were obviously worried. In a few minutes, the American Army colonel came over to where a Japanese lieutenant, a colonel, and Uno were talking.

"General Wainwright wants General Homma to know he will accept full responsibility for the surrender of the American troops in the Philippines," the American colonel said. "And he asks your courtesy in recalling General Homma before he gets away. Because the lives of so many men are at stake, he requests that you be good enough to contact General Homma quickly."

The Japanese colonel asked Uno to translate. He said there was nothing he could do.

The American colonel replied, "General Wainwright will send me under your flag of truce to Mindanao to contact General Sharp in charge of our forces down there."

The Jap colonel replied, "It is too late now."

Escort to Surrender

Uno said he and the lieutenant talked with the Japanese colonel, who finally agreed to accompany General Wainwright and his staff across to Corregidor and to take General Wainwright to the headquarters of the Japanese commander.

"I will go to Corregidor to see that you surrender to the right man," the Japanese colonel told Wainwright. "Then he will take you to Manila to see General Homma."

It was after dark when General Wainwright "and his dejected staff" landed on the beach at Corregidor. Since the Jap landing boat was of too deep draft to get in close to the shore, two of the American noncoms made a hand chair and carried General Wainwright the remaining few hundred feet to shore. The other officers

(Continued on page 56)

EXPENSIVE AIR

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Joan Brooks on the air. In the control booth, husband Bob Kerr (right) and the program director. This fifteen-minute show represents a weekly outlay of more than $21,000. Below, Joan, one of the chosen few, has talent, had luck

The nation is full of potential radio stars who will never get a break. Here's why you shouldn't beat your brains out trying to come face to face with a big-time microphone

TWENTY years ago, anybody with the singing voice of a goat could get a chance in radio. Innocent men who wandered into radio stations and could speak without a splutter were practically impounded and forced to work as announcers. Today radio has become the toughest of all amusement professions to break into. Thousands of promising unknowns are beating at its door, and only a few ever get in. It requires Herculean effort and the greatest of luck to get started, and a capital outlay of considerable proportions to get established. Newcomers who think otherwise will get nothing but disillusionment for their pains, and this article is an attempt to prepare them for that shock.

As an example, Joan Brooks sings five nights a week from a New York studio over a national network of seventy-seven stations. This daily fifteen-minute performance requires the active collaboration of forty-three persons in the New York studio at an estimated weekly cost of $21,345 for talent and radio time. For this service, Miss Brooks is paid the remarkable sum of $100 a week. If she makes good and gets a sponsored program, she will soon be in the $100,000-a-year brackets; if she fails, her husband and manager, Bob Kerr, will be out approximately $25,000 for the first year's work.

"In all radio contracts," says Mr. Kerr, "there should be an extra clause, namely the Santa Claus. That's the agent."

Experts have told us that the odds facing Miss Brooks in getting her opportunity were almost 10,000 to 1. This seemed ridiculous to us, and we said so and were immediately shown a file by an agent in Rockefeller Center in New York of thousands of hopeful singers, some of them fairly well-known names in other amusement fields.

"I can put my head out of that window and yell 'Soprano,'" said the agent, "and one whole wing of this building will be torn down in the rush. And if it's true here, it's also true in Hollywood and Chicago."

Radio, in short, has become Big Business in large capital letters. When the Columbia Broadcasting System decided it wanted to build up a new singer, this one to be a young contralto with a soft, appealing voice that would soothe the nation around eleven-fifteen at night, it prepared to invest $150,000 before getting a cent in return. It sent out a call for talent, stating its prescription. None others were to apply and in no case was anybody to apply in person. Recordings were made of more than two hundred singers, after auditions more strenuous than anything experienced by movie novices.

Good News for Young Singer

The auditions and recordings cost real money and, after months of conferences attended by CBS bigwigs, Bob Kerr received a phone call: "We've picked Miss Brooks for that new spot."

Being husband as well as manager, Kerr was properly elated, but he knew also that his troubles were just beginning. With CBS drawing up all the heavy artillery in the rear, he knew the Brooks' personal campaign was also going to be heavy. Miss Brooks was abroad with a USO unit and didn't get the news of her good luck for two months, but in the meantime Kerr was conferring with the network people about the program. It was plain immediately that she was to get big-time treatment and it was up to her to make good.

While the spot was only fifteen minutes a night on a sustaining program, here was the list of workers involved: Producer, director, assistant director, musical director, engineer, three musical arrangers, script writer, announcer, orchestra of 18 men.

Each show has two hours of rehearsal each night before the program goes on. The musical director draws down $210 for this stint, and the total orchestra cost is $2,160 a week. Back of everything is a mélange of program directors, eager vice-presidents, musical-clearance authorities, song pluggers, advertising-agency executives, and a very critical group of small station managers.

Miss Brooks sings thirty-seven songs a week and tries to have a new number on each night's program. There is always a group of three old melodies (for heaven's sake, don't call it a medley) and a "memory" song, a special number for men in the Armed Forces upon the request of their wives, mothers or sweethearts.

Right at the start of the new deal, Miss Brooks contracted a cold, was off the program for a week and not at her best for two months. That put the fear of heaven into all concerned and brought about a change in regime that is costing the Bob Kerr family dearly in doctor fees, special diets and expert attention. If there is any one place a radio star can't be, it's off the air. Money is no object; you either sing or you retire.

As a result, this is now Miss Brooks' daily routine:

10 A.M. Up and off for a thirty-minute walk in Central Park before breakfast. Doctor's orders.

11 A.M. Breakfast of steak and a baked potato. Doctor's orders.

12 noon. Three times a week she visits her dietitian; once a week she goes to her physician-osteopath, her throat specialist and her dentist.

2:30 P.M. Rehearsal with her pianist, Bernie Weissman, at home.

4 P.M. Two days a week she works on her program schedule, lays out new music, goes over music with three arrangers. Three days a week she keeps appointments with agents, representatives of CBS, hairdressers, dressmakers, etc.

(Continued on page 29)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

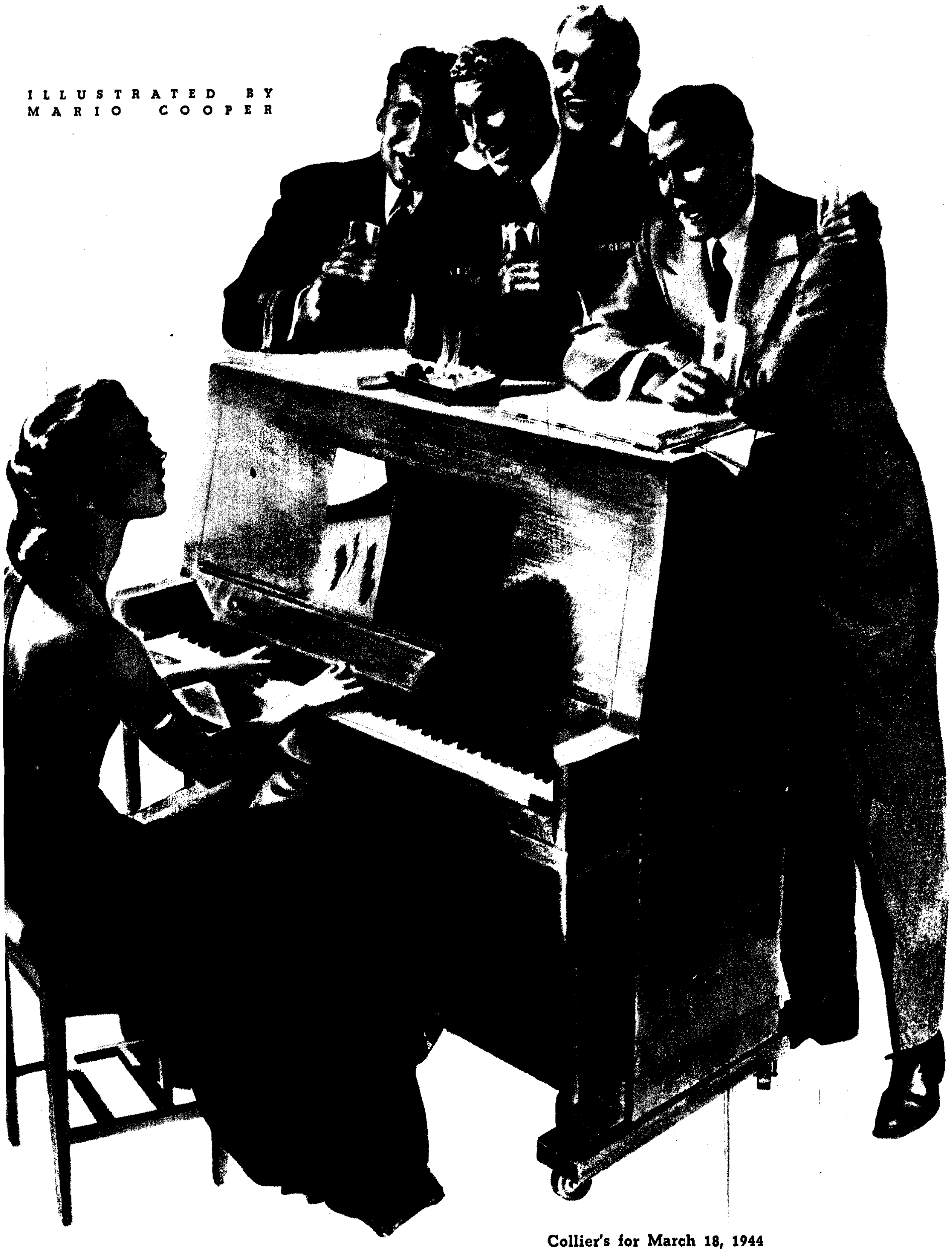
A GIRL TO REMEMBER

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Music hath charms and even boogie-woogie can beat it out on the heartstrings, but this boy and this girl had to learn the very hardest way of all

The same mob was standing around singing Anchors Aweigh at the top of their voices. Bill sang, too

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



BILL was dead tired and cold the night he discovered The Nip. He'd promised himself a hot bath and eight hours sleep all the way in from the plant, but the name of the place intrigued him, and he parked his car and ducked in for a nightcap. It was one of those luxuriously padded spots, dim and inviting; as he came in from the January snow, it hit him just right. It was a place that gave you a nice feeling of intimacy with the guy next to you, but a good, impersonal kind of intimacy, if that makes sense.

Bill checked his hat and coat and walked down the two little steps into the bar. Off to the left a girl in a red dress was playing the piano and singing. He ordered a Scotch and drummed his fingers on the counter while the waiter measured it out. It went down smoothly, and immediately he felt warm and relaxed. The girl at the piano was good. He wanted to join the mob around the piano, but they were all Navy, and he felt foolish in his gray flannel business suit.

If only you could explain it over a public-address system every time you came into a room. "Look people. I was washed out of the Navy. Good old medical discharge. Maybe you never heard of the battle, but it was pretty hot while it lasted. I got a hunk of junk in one lung, and they bounced me." He wondered how long it took you to get used to the looks people gave you. The dame in the red dress playing the piano, for instance. Eying him up and down to see if all his arms and legs were there. Nuts to her, he thought, and took his second drink over to the piano.

When he got up close to her, he knew he'd seen her before. Once you'd looked at that face you didn't forget it. The pale, perfect skin. The shining black hair. Bill liked the way she wore it, swept back from her forehead in a smooth pompadour. He caught her eye, but she obviously didn't remember him. He tried to remember where they'd met but it eluded him, and she obviously didn't remember him. One wouldn't. He was neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly. Just another guy with a funny, shy smile and an incredible amount of gray in his dark hair.

She was playing that funny thing about 90 Church, and some of the boys were singing. Then she rippled a few chords and sang, "The Wacs and Waves will win the war, so what the hell are we fighting for? Hinky, dinky, parlez vous." They all laughed, and Bill laughed, too. Then he remembered the gray flannel suit and stopped. She played one after another—even the obscure ones like Dirty Gertie from Bizerte. Bill wondered if she'd ever heard the thing his bunch had dreamed up, Moon Over Tulagi. But he guessed that was strictly a family affair.

Eventually, she looked up at the people hanging over the piano and said, "How about sitting down, kids? I'm supposed to solo now." Her speaking voice wasn't anything like the torchy job she sang with. It was soft and very young. Bill tried to gauge her age. The skin and hair were twenty-one. The eyes—oh, the eyes were old. And where had he seen her before?

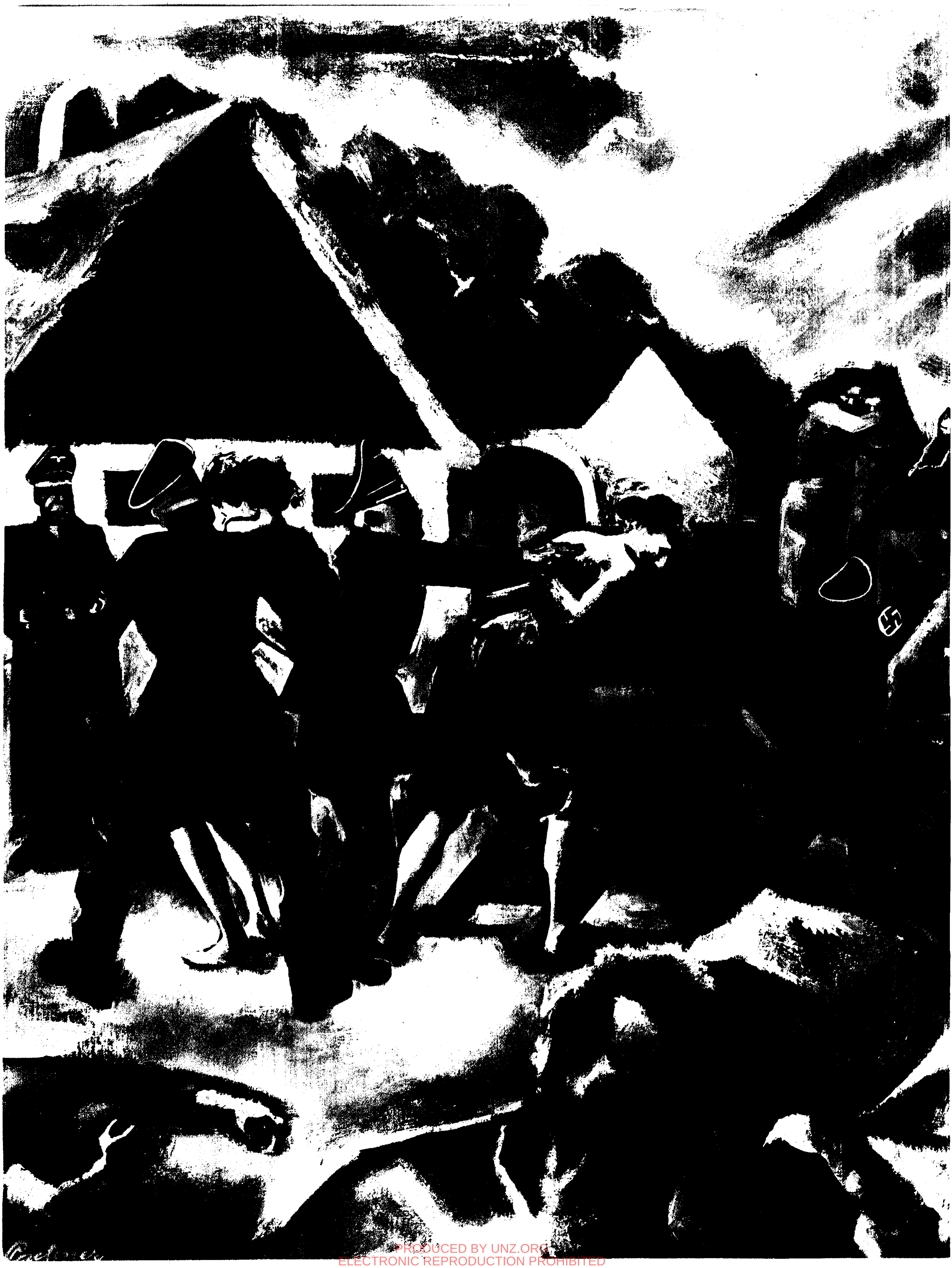
HE WENT back to the bar and listened to her play. He'd never heard anything like it, Hazel Scott included. He forgot everything but the beat of it in his ears and in his veins. When she was finished he felt the way he always did after hearing terrific music—contemporary or otherwise. Out of breath and excited and unspeakably humble. There was a great deal of applause but she didn't play any more. She got up and smiled at everyone, and then she left. He wanted to follow her. To take her some place and talk. To find out what went on inside someone who played that way. But he just sat staring at the door, and after a while he paid his check and left.

Getting into his car, he saw her. She was standing near the curb, the tiny leopard collar on her black coat turned up to ward off some of the wind. She looked small and cold, and impulsively he called out to her. "Taxi? I'm going uptown."

"No, thanks, very much." She didn't sound affronted or frightened. Just quite capable of taking care of herself.

He was ashamed of having asked her. "I'm sorry," he told her. "I heard you play inside, and I—" It petered out on him. There really wasn't anything to say. He started the car, but just before he pulled away from the curb, he told her what he suddenly had to tell her. "That

(Continued on page 87)



Three Poles

By Martha Gellhorn

RADIOED FROM LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

They spoke quietly of the inhuman Germans who rule Poland but who never conquered it. Now they know their country is rewarded, for the Germans are afraid

"IN MY village," the man said, "the people stood in front of the church and cried 'Is there a God? If there is, He would not allow these things to be.' "

That was when the Germans came for the men and boys to send them away as slave labor. They took also what women they wanted. It was known that from these they would pick the girls to use in brothels on the Eastern front. The other women would become work animals.

In a near-by village, when the Germans made the Jews dig their own graves and afterward shot them, the peasants ran away because they were too frightened to watch. Then the Germans confiscated all the farms and gave them to German colonists; some Poles were allowed to remain as servants in their own houses, as serfs on their own land.

The man went on speaking of these things slowly, in an ordinary voice. He had a good face with a wide, sensible mouth and gray eyes that before must have been laughing and kind. He could have been thirty-eight or forty-eight or more or less. His hair was brownish gray and he wore a new, badly fitting suit. He had just come to London and he was ill, with his skin very yellow about the eyes. He had been four months en route from Poland, which is quick for these days.

Before the German occupation he had been a farmer owning some few acres in Silesia and he had stayed to slave for the Germans in his own fields. He became the chief of the underground in his district and now, after four years, he had been sent as a representative to the Polish National Committee in London.

The Germans are very kind to animals, the man went on. They sent commissions to Poland to verify that the dogs and horses were living under good conditions. These same committees then arranged to send our old people to concentration camps to die, since the old are useless. The Germans, of course, took all the young. There were 300,000 people deported from this part of Silesia. The land is not especially good, he said, though the coal mines are very valuable. The Germans sent their own colonists because they intended this part of Poland to remain German forever.

It is very interesting, the man said in his quiet, unchanging voice, to see that the exploitation of our coal mines under German rule is greater than before the war; in the same way the forests are four times more productive. The Germans conserve nothing; they cut down all the trees, mine all the veins. It is not their own property they are destroying.

"We could do nothing for our own people," the Pole said in a calm voice, "because they had been sent into Germany. One's parents, you understand; one's daughters"

Then it is so easy with labor, he added, if workers are slaves, and all you have to do is give them barely enough food to keep them alive. If a farm laborer is late for work, if a miner is sick for a few days, his German boss can always report him to the Gestapo as a saboteur, and the penalty for sabotage is death. The Germans do not tolerate labor problems.

In the morning we began work on the farms at four o'clock in the frozen dark and we finished when the Germans decided we had worked enough. They gave us whatever food we had; each Pole depended entirely on the German colonist who owned him. There was not much food. For breakfast, we had potatoes and salt; for lunch, vegetable soup, potatoes and vegetables; for supper, potatoes. The Germans gave us three slices of bread a day and sometimes currant jam. We had no fats, of course, and no meat. The tuberculosis is bad now, especially among the children.

If you were lucky enough to live near forests or coal mines, you could steal a little wood or coal, but if not, then you would live in a house without heat. The Germans gave us some work clothes. We wore *ersatz* nonwool suits, wooden shoes, and had no underwear or socks. But people still owned some clothing of their own from the time of peace.

We did not complain, the man said. We were happy to stay and work as serfs on our own farms. We would be there then when the day came and we would catch the necessary Germans. We could also prevent the Germans from destroying our mines or burning our villages before they left. We have seen everything, the man said simply, the cattle trains where they kill the Jews, the executions of Jews in the village squares.

The Germans never hid any of this; they wanted to terrorize us with their murders. They have killed millions of Jews, he said, and thousands of Polish families have been shot for trying to help Jews.

They published an order that any Pole who gave a piece of bread to a Jew would be killed. We used to leave bread, or whatever we had, in the forests where the Jews were hiding. We could do nothing for our own people because they had been sent into Germany, and we never knew where the Germans had our girls or our old people. One's parents, you understand, he said; one's daughters.

Not So Confident Any More

Just before I left. the man said, the Germans were changing. In the beginning, they were so sure of winning the war that they did not even bother to work; the colonists were lazy and incompetent, but lately, they tried to bribe us with food and to make friends. The German colonists began to cry on us, saying, "Look at our side of it. If we lose the war we will have no farms to go back to." We said nothing and we smiled to ourselves and we are all waiting and ready, and the Germans know it and they are afraid.

For an instant, the man's face looked less stony and tired. The fear of the Germans who had done nothing but torment others with fear was a patiently awaited reward. Now the man did not wish to talk any more. He was not going to talk of himself, since clearly he did not care about himself. In a way, too, it made him uneasy to speak so freely of these things which had been spoken of only in secret.

The younger man had been in London longer and he was used to talking by now. He was tall and dark, twenty-eight probably, good looking, too thin.

Before the war he had been a student; he was writing his thesis in Paris when the war started. Like the Silesian farmer, nothing about his own life seemed to surprise the student, nothing of his own life seemed important. He spoke of the Germans in Poland as if he were describing a deadly disease which must be controlled and eradicated. Obviously it was hard, dangerous work. The Poles had not invented the disease; they simply fought.

It did not seem amazing to this younger man that 85,000 to 100,000 children in the Warsaw district alone were going to secret schools. The Polish underground state paid the teachers and printed the textbooks and carried education through from primary training to the final examinations and awarding of diplomas.

The teachers were shot if the Germans caught them; the parents of the students were sent to concentration camps, and the children who studied were deported for forced labor. But naturally the schools continued; the Germans could not be allowed to destroy all education in Poland. There were also technical schools in the country where young boys and girls learned to make grenades, to derail trains, to ruin motor transport—as a side line.

There were four branches of the government: the civil administration, the army, the parliament, the judiciary. The Polish ex-student himself acted as a liaison officer between the army and the other three branches of the government. It sounded so orderly and normal that you could make no picture of it.

Then he said, "Of course, the official of the government must always seem to be something else: a shop owner and advertiser, a bank clerk, a milkman—working for a few hours at these ordinary jobs and equipped with the necessary German identity cards and ration books. We often had meetings inside the German factories," he said.

He himself had jumped from a train when the Germans deported him for forced labor to East Prussia. He returned to Warsaw, changed his appearance, his name and his papers, and the man who jumped from the train was officially dead. He was a bookkeeper in a German barrel factory during these years. The underground government sent him on missions around Poland to make reports on the German New Order for Poles.

Not many civil servants are called upon to report the functioning of German breeding farms, where selected Polish girls are kept so as to augment the great Aryan race. Not many civil servants in their normal course of duty make eyewitness reports on the German policy of extermination for the Jews. This was perhaps the worst, the young man said, for he had nightmares for weeks after that. There were Jewish women and children and old people as well as men; they were packed 130 to a cattle car. There were 46 carloads of them, and the train was run 12 kilometers outside a town, and it took the Jews seven or eight hours to die.

"The whole train was moving with their cries," he said.

He spoke of what the Germans were doing to his country, very calmly relating facts, and he spoke without hate. It is possible that disgust can be greater than hate—that disgust can be the strongest emotion of all. The Germans were a disease that had spread over Europe.

If one was healthy in spirit, one could only feel disgust for this sickness.

In their quiet, factual voices the two Poles had been telling of horrors which to them were the very climate of life. But when the Jew, speaking in the same way, began to talk of the ghetto in Warsaw, even the Poles were appalled.

This man wore British battle dress and is now a private in the army here. Before the war, he was an official of the League of Nations, a lawyer, a traveled, cultivated man. He left all this freely and went back to the ghetto until the last desperate battle. The Poles helped him to escape to France because his knowledge could serve those of his people who were still alive in Europe. He worked in France as long as he could and then came to England to join the army. He was thirty-six and he had seen too much and it showed in his eyes.

The Jews fled from other parts of Poland to Warsaw. The Germans rounded up all the Jews in Warsaw and drove them into the ghetto; then they built a wall ten feet high and sealed off this corner of the city. Inside the wall, 555,000 people were herded together, then were denied the right to go outside the wall and work. They were kept alive by the rations the Germans allowed them. So there was hunger tightening around them every day.

Hunger is a slow torment and can be used to destroy the dignity of man. You can throw bread into a street and watch starved people scrambling for it. That is a funny sight, and young, uniformed Germans always had it to laugh about. If there is hunger and people living crowded into unheated houses and no way to maintain the sanitation system of a city, there comes disease. Typhus spread through the ghetto. The Germans did not allow doctors or medicines to the Jews. In the mornings, the Jew said, people went out and covered the corpses in the street with newspapers. It was all they could do for the dead. Later the German trucks would drive through and collect the bodies.

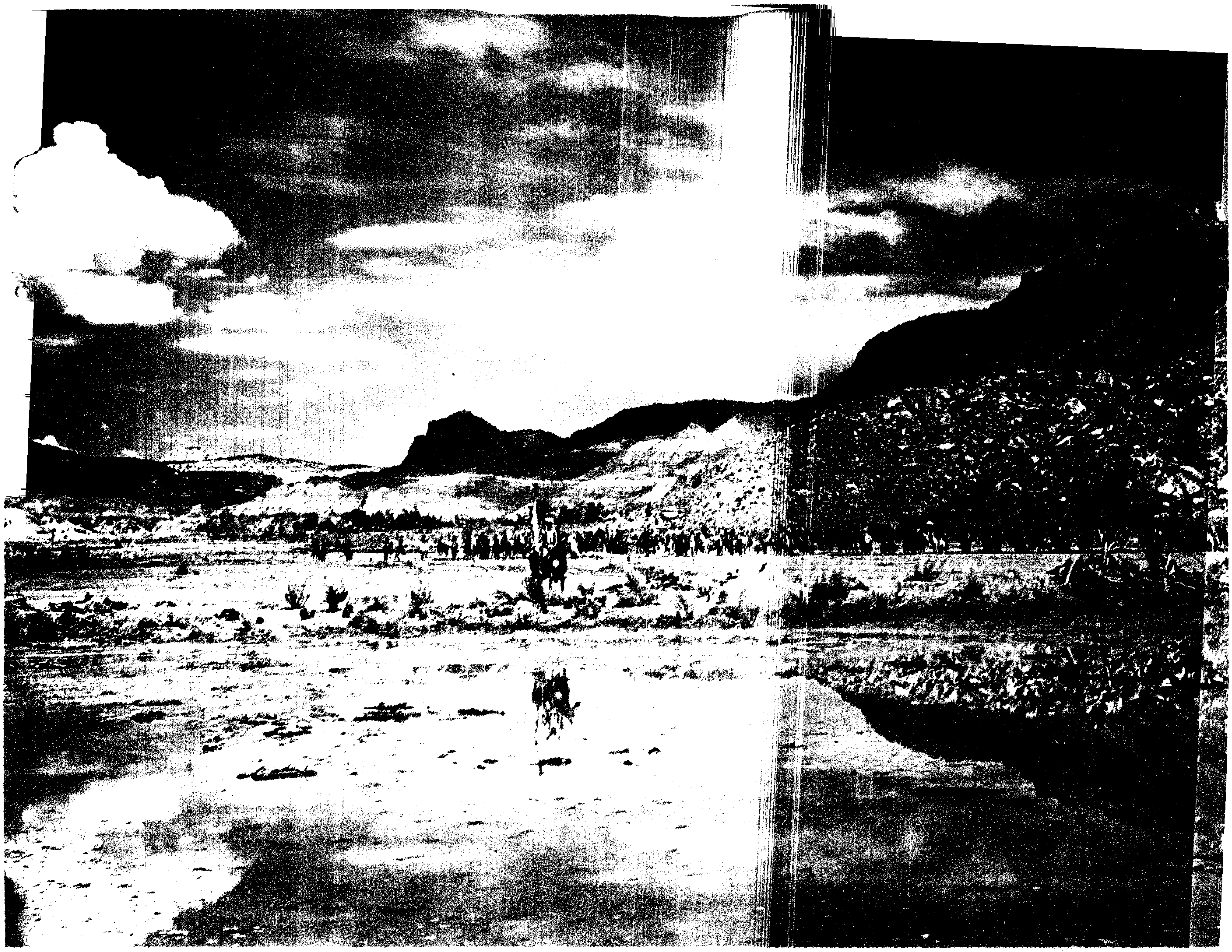
Amusement for the Germans

The Germans also organized shooting parties, the Jew said. He spoke of this wryly, as if he were ashamed to repeat it. Young German soldiers would prowl through the ghetto shooting at anyone they saw, and the Jews fled from them like hunted animals. The Germans never killed many that way, the Jew said, but it amused them. All the time, the Jews waited in the ghetto never knowing what was going to happen to them. Always they hoped. They could not believe that every Jew in Warsaw was meant to die.

But they did know this finally, having watched hunger and disease and the execution of hostages and murder in the streets. They looked at the wall around them and they realized exactly what it meant. Then they decided to fight with what few smuggled arms they could get. It was obvious from the beginning that the battle of the ghetto was a mass suicide; but it was a beautiful gesture and the last one the Jews could make. The people in the ghetto never doubted that the Allies would win the war, the Jew said, but they knew it would be too late for them. It is a hard thing to die, knowing that help is coming.

He spoke now for the dead—for the two and a half million Jews who were killed in Poland alone. He had watched the greatest organized destruction the world had known and he refused to believe in it. His people could not be destroyed. The Jews are a nation, he said; they must have a country. They must never be driven over the earth again. They must have a home. This colossal suffering could not be wasted. He was thinking of the future; he was thinking of a world that would be safe and honorable and free. It was amazing that he never commented on the Germans at all.

Poland seemed dreadfully far away, dark and silent, and the Germans had tried to make it into a cemetery. But here were these men and in Poland there are tens of thousands of others like them. In four and a half years of organized repression, the Germans have never been able to stop them. It is almost impossible for us to imagine life in Poland, but these men without names can testify to that life and speak for the silenced millions of their own people. It is not impossible to imagine that the Germans who have ruled Poland and never conquered it must now be afraid. ★★★



In this stream, dammed up for the purpose, the battle of War Bonnet Gorge was fought for the technicolor filming of Buffalo Bill

THE RED MAN PLAYS INDIAN

BY JAMES F. DENTON

The Sioux and Cheyennes you'll see in the new movie about Buffalo Bill are really Navahos. They got a lot of fun and some cash money for letting the white man teach them how to act like Indians. But they still think the movie people are a little off the beam

BUFFALO BILL might be a legend to the youth of America, but to the red man, as exemplified by the Navaho tribe in southern Utah and northern Arizona, he is worth $6.50 a day and a good laugh.

William F. Cody, known to millions as Buffalo Bill, the last of the great scouts, had a record bag of 4,862 buffalo in one season, but this didn't mean a thing to the Navaho who is a great eater of sheep and goats.

Nevertheless, 251 men, women and children of the Navaho tribe were busily engaged last summer in learning all about Buffalo Bill at a wage of $6.50 a day each. Their interest, in truth, didn't run exactly at fever heat, but they did seem to have a lot of fun playing Indians in the Technicolor film about the great plainsman's life which 20th Century-Fox filmed in the Utah mountains near Kanab. "Playing" is the proper word because the Navahos didn't appear in the film as Navahos, but as Cheyennes and Sioux.

They had things at hand that were new to them. They had to learn to fire old-fashioned rifles and to shoot bows and arrows, a very difficult feat, even for an Indian. They had to learn to live in tepees instead of hogans, to wear strange and cumbersome clothing and to fight with knives and tomahawks.

One of their more difficult tasks was to learn to run without jouncing the arrows out of the quivers on their backs. Howard Hill, probably the greatest bow-and-arrow expert in the United States, who has appeared in numerous Hollywood films, was brought up from Hollywood to add the finishing touches to the Indians' education in this ancient art of their ancestors.

For the purposes of this film, the Navahos came up from Tuba City, Arizona, by the truckload, and pitched their camps in small groups near the film site for the historic fight at War Bonnet Gorge led by Buffalo Bill. It is in this great battle that Buffalo Bill, played by Joel McCrea, kills Yellow Hand, portrayed by Anthony Quinn, and keeps the Cheyennes from joining the Sioux in a great war against the white man.

No Taste for History

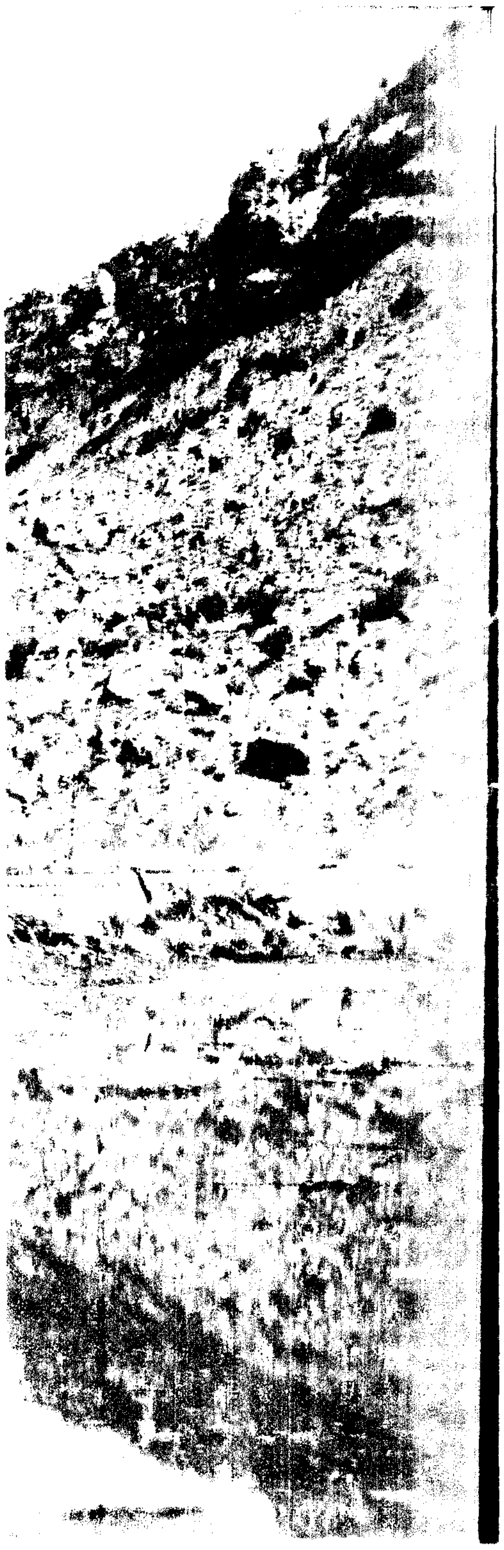
The Navahos didn't know about all this history and didn't seem to care; their only interest lay in the fact that this furnished them a pleasant interlude in their summer wanderings over the reservation.

If the white man wanted to make a motion picture and dress the Navaho up in outlandish garb he had never seen before, it was all right with him, and he would laugh with the white man over the problems of filming such a picture, provided, of course, he got his $6.50 a day. He was a stickler on this point, and not in the least naïve. These particular Navahos were selected because they were pretty good horseback riders. It's one thing their ancestors did that they still do, and bareback, too. No Indian had to bite the dust, either. Hollywood brought its own stunt men along to do this.

William A. Wellman, noted film director, proved that he was a very smart manager of the Navaho from the very start. He sent each group a goat with his compliments. That was right down their alley. They understood such sign language and they enjoyed the goats. From that understanding start, Wellman became the hero of this film. The Navahos were perfectly willing to let history take care o Buffalo Bill.

Chief Thundercloud, a Cherokee wh has been Hollywood's mainstay on India lore for many years, was taken to Kana to advise on technical matters of the Buffalo Bill period, such as the technique c wielding a scalping knife, how the Cheyennes wore their war bonnets, how the looked in their war paint, and such oth details.

The Navahos were very philosophic and took all these things in a good-natur



The Navahos thought war paint was a bit thick, and they got a laugh out of their costumes. Below: Howard Hill explains the workings of bow and arrow

way. They did seem to think it was a confounded nuisance, however, to carry a heavy rifle around all the time. When Chief Thundercloud and other technicians were busy with other problems, the Navaho would lean his rifle against the far side of a tree and relax. Director Wellman, their great and good friend, finally devised a simple way of overcoming this difficulty. He discovered that the Navaho kept up his interest in carrying the rifle if he was allowed to shoot a blank cartridge every now and then.

Linda Darnell, Maureen O'Hara, Joel McCrea, Anthony Quinn and others of the film cast mingled freely with the Indians and were welcomed into their camps. Miss Darnell, who is one-eighth Cherokee Indian, interested the Navahos very much. When asked what they thought of her as an Indian (she plays the role of Yellow Hand's sister), one of the Navaho leaders looked at her hands, smiled and remarked:

"Hands no work. No good squaw."

The Navahos taught Hollywood a few new things about work. Every morning, the Indians wanted their pay before they would work, instead of waiting until the end of the day or the week. Consequently, they lined up before breakfast in their camp every morning, and each received his pay of $6.50 and his food allowance of $1.50.

The Indians didn't want to be fed. They didn't like the white man's cooking, preferring their own, which consisted mainly of sheep and goats, beans and a bread made from corn meal. The Navahos were divided into small groups. Each did its own cooking over small outdoor fires and each was represented by a group leader who negotiated directly with Director Wellman and his staff.

The daily pay checks were the occasion of a difficult problem at first. The Navaho didn't like all the various deductions for social security, unemployment insurance, income tax, and so on. The problem was solved by the studio paying him a flat day rate of $6.50 and assuming all the other costs.

The first day of work was the most difficult. The Indians lined up before the wardrobe tent, and costumes were handed out. They had to be shown how to wear the feathered headdress, leather breeches, and fringed leather shirts. They didn't think this was the kind of thing to wear in that summer heat, but they put their costumes on uncomplainingly.

When it came time to have the war paint smeared on their faces by the make-up experts from Hollywood, the Navahos objected at first. They thought this was a bit thick, and that Hollywood was overdoing the thing. Chief Thundercloud finally persuaded them that the Indians of old really dressed and painted this way. The Navahos were self-conscious at first, but apparently overcame this when they were given a fine horse each to ride bareback. They laughed and joked over their costumes.

Giving Themselves a Laugh

As soon as he was issued his costume in the wardrobe tent, the Navaho would yell to his friends in his language, "Look what I'm wearing!" They all would break out into laughter.

When Chief Thundercloud explained a torture scene in the picture, wherein the Cheyenne proved his bravery by having his back cut, the Navahos laughed uproariously; they thought such action was downright nonsense. There is nothing stoic about the Navahos. They do not bear pain with fortitude nor do they practice self-torture as a sign of bravery.

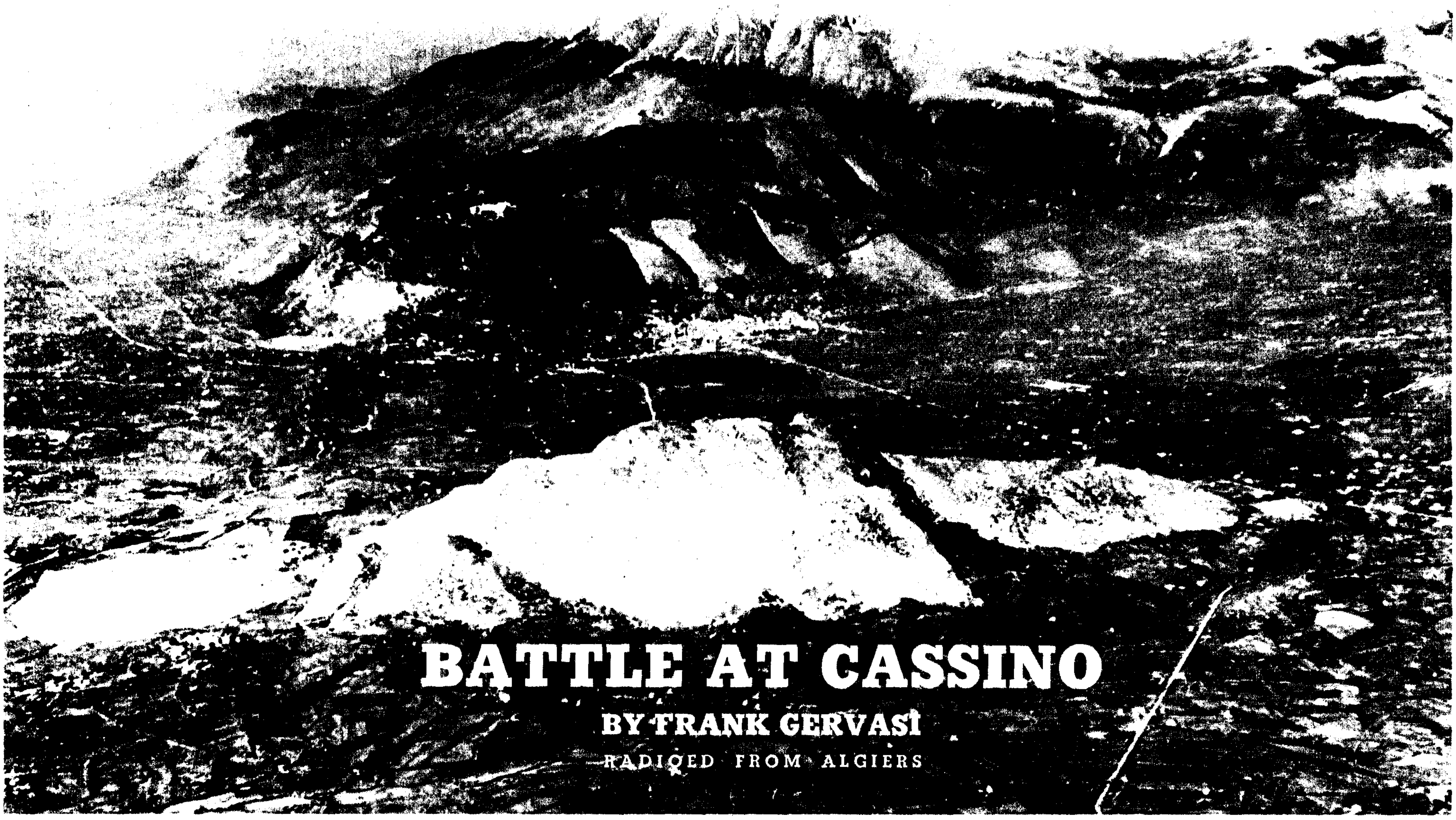
Among themselves, the Navahos are merry and jovial. Their sense of humor is quick and ready and evident. They admitted that they had a very good time making Buffalo Bill and would be interested in seeing the finished picture in one of their two motion-picture theaters on the reservation, where films, mostly action ones, are shown every Friday night.

They seemed interested in seeing just what kind of fellow Buffalo Bill really was, now that they had heard so much about him for the first time. They also admitted that they were tired of staying in one spot. They had been on the film location for three weeks and they were anxious to be on the move again. Their sheep would look good to them again after all this talk about buffaloes. ★★★

Authentic Cheyenne hair piece [illegible] imported from Hollywood to adorn the Navahos, who were unscalped by M[illegible]ge

The war council, at right, cost the studio $8 a day per man, including the food allowance. The Indians demanded their pay in advance and ignored tax deductions

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



BATTLE AT CASSINO

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM ALGIERS

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The bitterly contested village of Cassino lies at foot of mountains in the background. The historic monastery is white patch at left above

The road to Rome will be costly and bloody. Cassino, its hills and its olive groves studded with incredibly vicious German weapons, was one murderous obstacle. And, says Collier's war correspondent, there also will be others

JUST over the hill beyond my tent, the artillery is pounding so hard that the steel mirror that hangs by a tape on an open flap quivers and sends meaningless heliographic messages down the valley toward the south. From the sound of things, the stuff is going both outbound for Cassino and outskirts, and inbound as those Hun 88s grope in these hills and terraced olive groves for our guns. Cassino is up the road about four miles as the shells fly, although the concrete roadside marker reads "Cassino 10.9 kilometers." That's not very far. A good walker could do it in a couple of hours, and it is about a 20-minute run in a jeep. But it has taken the Fifth Army a long time to come from Salerno and Naples to where we are now, within striking distance of the town that constitutes—at the moment—the major road block on the road to Rome.

Cassino lies just across the Rapido River, a tributary of the Garigliano, at the base of tall Monte Cassino, where stands the abbey that St. Benedict founded in the ninth century. The abbey served as a refuge for priceless manuscripts and great paintings in the Middle Ages. In those days, it was practically inaccessible. Now it is reachable by a narrow winding road hacked out of the rock face of the mountain. After bombarding the abbey with leaflets warning the occupants to evacuate, the Fifth Army turned its artillery on the ancient building and bombed it with Fortresses.

As this is written, there are German tanks and Hun tank destroyers in the town, secreted in thick-walled ancient houses. From their positions, they command Highway No. 6, the more inland of the two west-coast roads to Rome. Our artillery is trying to drive out the Huns. Our tanks are on the southern outskirts of the old town where, in peacetime, almost 20,000 people lived.

Cassino then was a good halfway house between Rome and Naples, where you could refill your gas tank or pause for an omelet, bread, cheese and a bottle of wine. It was a reasonably clean town in those days, and if you were headed for Rome after a week end in southern Italy, at Cassino you began to feel that you had left poverty and filth and unlovely people behind you and were entering more inspiring atmosphere.

There won't be any omelets in Cassino now, or any cheese or wine or attractive signorinas on the streets. There will be an all-too-familiar desolation. The Germans have determined to fight for Italy, town-by-town, mile-by-mile. Each village they convert into a fortified point, and they have planted guns on the mountain walls overlooking the valley through which Highway No. 6 (I remember it as Via Casilina) winds from Naples to Rome through Cassino, Frosinone and the lovely Alban hills.

Even now, when we are pressing the Hun hard on the southern Italian front and have landed a large force behind him just south of Rome, our objective seems distant. The progress from the bloody Salerno beaches to the Cassino halfway house has been slow, and we don't anticipate a quick victory now. Even if the Hun pulled out tonight, it would take a good two weeks to travel the seventy-odd miles to Rome with our troops, trucks and tanks. It would take that long, just to clear the roads of blocks and mines and to restore blown bridges and to sweep the areas adjacent to the roads of antipersonnel mines.

It all looks so easy on the map. Cassino is only four miles from where I sit on a water can, with my typewriter on my cot and the sun golden in the valley to the south, burnishing mountains on either side to a rich gold. But there may be no sun tomorrow. Tomorrow it may rain, and those vehicles which roll steadily, smoothly, uninterruptedly northward with supplies will bog down somewhere. Their flow will be slowed, and up forward the war will stand still.

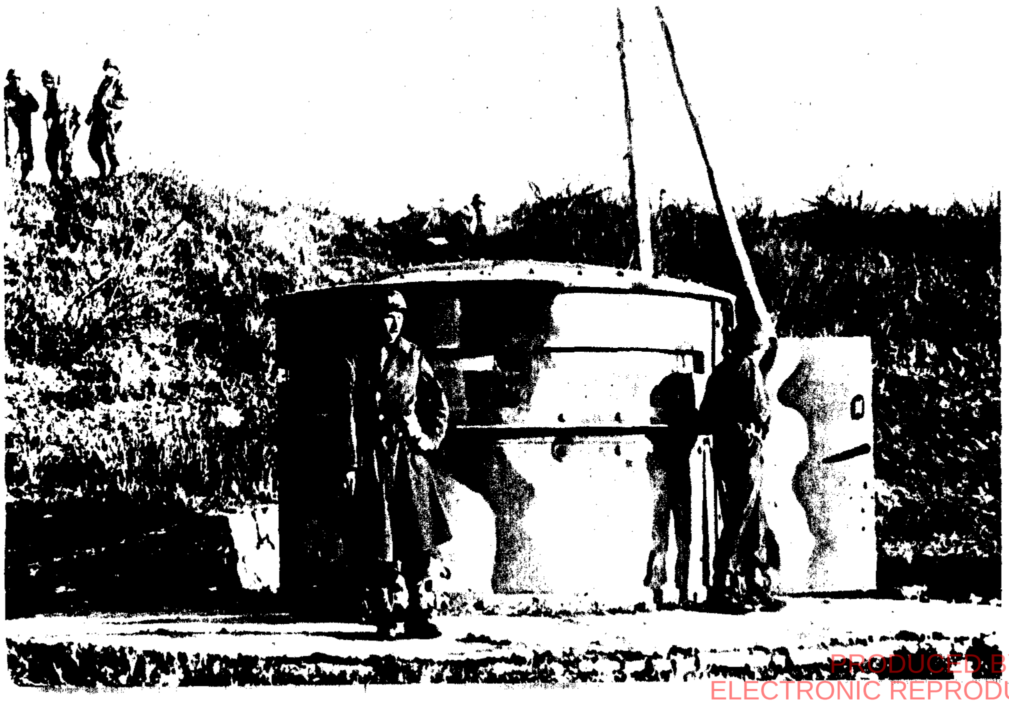
It is clear now. The sky is pale blue, and the clouds are distant and friendly. Tomorrow we may be groping about in mist and rain and shivering with cold around charcoal fires lighted in empty cans with holes punched in them, as we do even now at night. It's always cold at night—too cold for a sleeping bag and two blankets and shelter half to be of much help.

When the weather is bad, our planes are grounded. Swells, urged by unfriendly winds, make it more difficult for our landing craft to supply those troops on the beachhead south of Rome. The weather has been intermittently good for some days, but all of us know our luck won't hold.

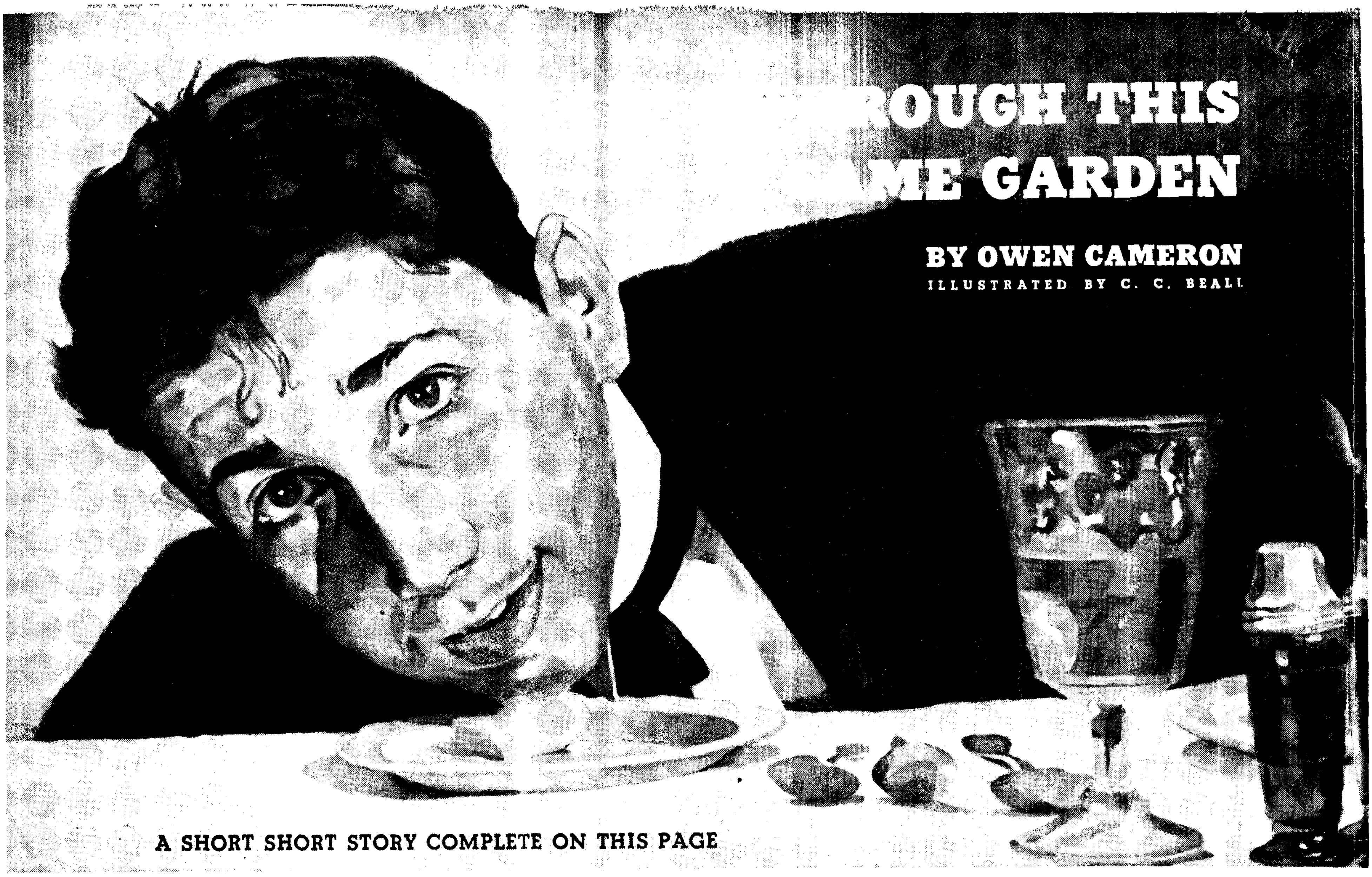
On clouded days and during the night, the enemy moves about while shifting his forces and bringing reinforcements down from his vast reservoir in the north. He brought them from the Po valley and from Rome to hurl them against our troops in the vicinity of Anzio, and he's taken some from our front here. The enemy still has overland communications. We depend on the sea, and when you

(Continued on page 61)

INTERNATIONAL



This captured German pillbox on the beachhead near Nettuno indicates thoroughness of enemy preparations



ROUGH THIS ME GARDEN

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE WAS a lean, round-shouldered man, forty or a little older. He said flatly that he wanted a corsage. His clothes were not expensive, and he obviously was not a man who bought corsages often.

"A nice gardenia?" Joseph suggested.

"Well, all right," the customer said uncertainly. "But I want something extra. You understand, I don't care about the price. I want something really special."

"Ah! Maybe an orchid?"

"Orchids, that's it! You know. I'll leave it to you."

He said he would wait while Joseph made it up. He followed Joseph to the back room, where his wandering eye saw the blue star above the workbench.

"My youngest," Joseph said. "I guess now he is in Italy."

"I've got a boy—in the Navy. He's on a destroyer."

"So? He enlists?"

"He wanted to go," the man said. "But when I signed him in, my wife said I was a monster. She said he was only a baby—and suppose he got killed, how would I feel?"

Joseph's voice echoed hollowly from the icebox. "Well, it is war."

"That's right. And death isn't the worst thing that can happen to a man," the customer said. "But I didn't think she knew why I let him go. Oh, I know how I'd feel if anything . . ." He was peering over Joseph's shoulder, and he pointed at a gardenia. "What do you call that?"

Joseph let him examine it. He sniffed at it and said, "Put that in, too. That smells nice. You see, when he wanted to go, I let him go without any argument, because when I was his age, there was a war on, too. They say he looks like me. And I was in high school then. I was tall—tall and skinny. My legs were too long, and I was as awkward as a pup. Once I took a girl to dinner, a special dinner at a hotel, and I dropped my knife and when I stooped for it I stuck my chin in the butter."

Joseph laughed politely.

"There was only that one girl," the man said, watching the corsage take shape in Joseph's hands. "I can't remember ever going out with any other girl. There never was anyone like her. I thought so then—and I still think so."

"When we are young," Joseph murmured. "So with me, once in Mexico City—"

The man gestured impatiently. "No, not because I was young. I still think so. But you see how it was? I was so awkward and overgrown. Oh, she liked me, but I wanted . . . Well, there was another boy, and I wanted to be like him. He was a black-haired, snub-nosed boy who did everything well. He was a good dancer, he was witty, he was a star athlete. You know? There are people like that, who do everything well—as though each thing was their specialty. *He* would know just what kind of bouquet to ask for."

"Trust me," Joseph said. "I fix you something very fine."

"He wasn't a show-off, either. Everybody liked him, even older people. The girl . . . I usually took her to parties, but she was always one of the group around him. I hated him! Probably he never knew it. But the girl knew it. She said I was stupid and unreasonable, and I tried to hate her, too. At school I would not look at her, trying to make her as miserable as I was. But at night I would walk to her house and stand watching the lights inside. Then I would give in and apologize, and on Saturday we would go swimming or hiking, or to a show or a party at night. The other boy was always at the parties. No party was a success without him."

"No more tinfoil, because of the war," Joseph said.

"Yes, the war," the customer said vaguely. "That was the other war. His father let him enlist. That was the way life was for him. He always did the right thing, and did it so easily and so well! I begged my mother to let me enlist. She laughed at me and told me I was still a child. She acted for the best, and I should thank her, but even now I can't do that. I had told the girl I was going to enlist, but either she had known I never would, or she didn't care one way or the other. She had room for only one hero in her heart. You see how it was?"

"When I was young, in Mexico City—" Joseph began again, but the customer interrupted:

"She was always looking past me, looking for him. When he spoke to her, her small, freckled face would get red, and she smiled at him in a way that made my heart hurt. He went off to war. She had his picture, but so did a dozen other girls. They forgot him in a month or a year. She didn't forget him."

JOSEPH held the corsage up for inspection, and the customer looked at it and nodded and went on. "After he had gone overseas, it was worse. At night, the young people went to his house to see if there was any news. He only wrote to his father, and his father used to read the stupid, dull letters out loud. I went because the girl did, and I wanted to be with her even when being with her made me miserable. I told her that if 'they' had let me go, I would have written every day to her, but she would rather have no letter from him than a thousand from me. And, of course, he was killed in action. He was a hero.

"There was a piece in the paper, and the town talked about him for a week and then forgot him. But she never forgot him. When I talked to her, she would look past me, seeing him. If I kissed her, she closed her eyes and saw him. His picture stayed as clear in her heart as hers in mine. I had ways of knowing. When you are married to a woman twenty years—"

Joseph looked up from the flower box. "You married her?"

"Yes—nearly twenty years ago," the man said. "And if there wasn't anything else, there was his picture on the dressing table. I pretended I never saw it. We never mentioned it between us, and if anyone else spoke of it, she said it was a friend who had been killed in the last war. But the picture didn't matter, you see that?"

"It is too bad," Joseph said. "But women—"

"It was what the picture stood for," the man said earnestly. "You can't blame me, can you? When my son wanted to go, you can't blame me if I let him, can you? She said I was heartless. But I had to let him go, didn't I? Even if I don't know if it was for my sake or his. But you wouldn't think she could guess why I did it, would you?"

"I was as awkward as a pup. Once I took a girl to dinner and dropped my knife and when I stooped for it I stuck my chin in the butter"

Joseph offered the corsage for a last inspection before putting the cover on the box.

"Very nice," the man said mechanically. "But yesterday we got some pictures from the boy. Did I say he was on a destroyer? They got leave in New York, and he had some pictures taken. And this morning on her dressing table, on the place and in the very frame where that other boy's picture stood so long, was our son's picture. My son—you see?"

Joseph gave the man the wrapped box, and he stared at it blankly for a moment. "Oh, yes. Very nice. I didn't mean to—How much do I owe you?"

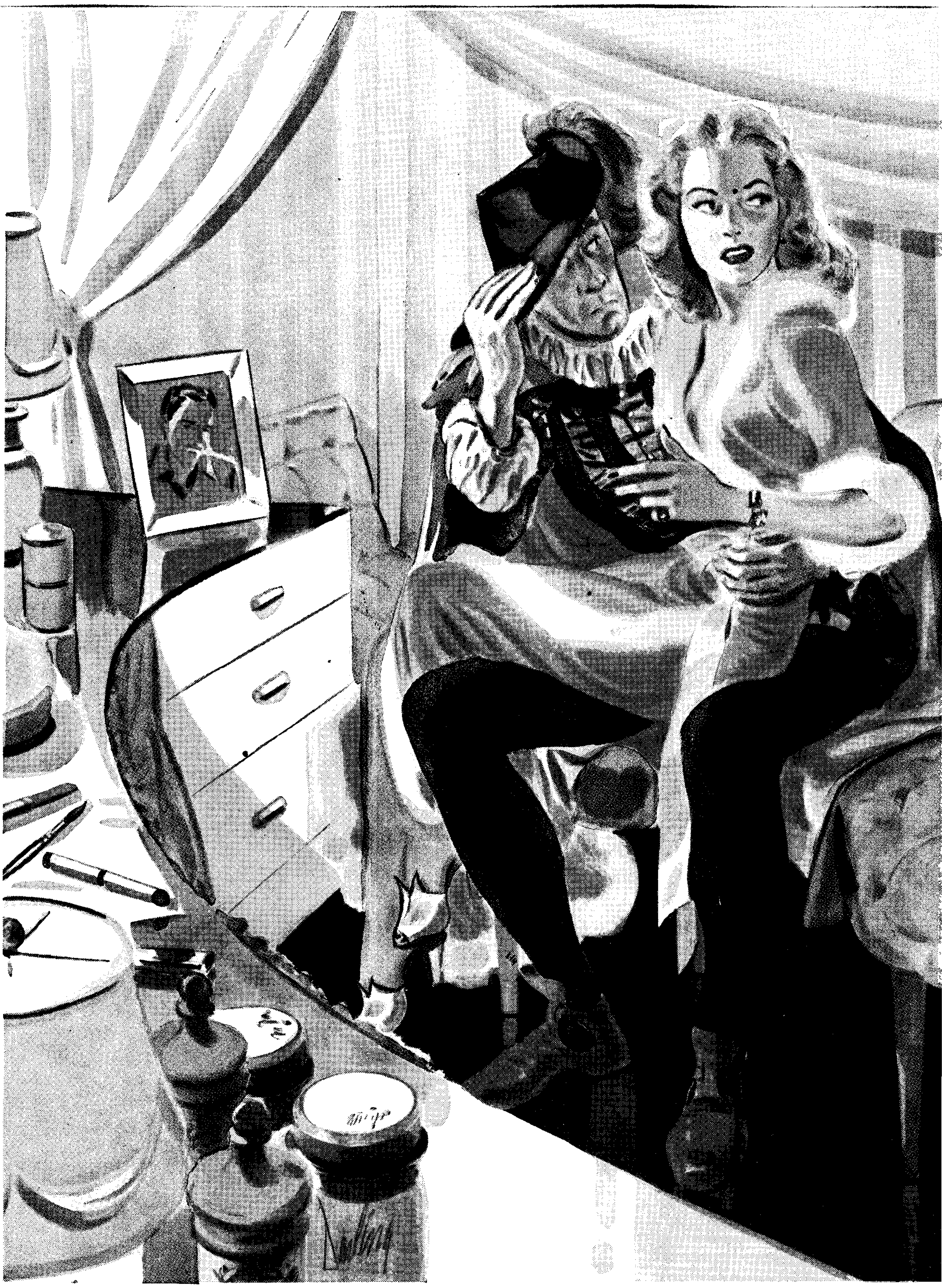
Joseph opened his mouth to say, "Five dollars," but instead he said, "Oh, this one is for your boy. Come in again."

After the man had gone, Joseph stood in front of the long mirror, scowling, and said to himself, "Old fool, how do you expect to make a living?" Then he added forgivingly, "After all, it is wartime. Who acts sensibly in wartime?"

I HATE ACTORS

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT DARLING



The Story Thus Far:

FEATURING two stars—Dennis Wilde and Elvina Bliss—Sons of Destiny, an old stage hit, is being filmed by Empire Studios in Hollywood. Laurence Bison, a has-been, is making frantic efforts to get Wilde's part. John Paul Jones, another principal, is balking; a pacifist, he objects to the production's militaristic tone.

Empire's big-shot, "J. B." Cobb, is frantic. Likewise, Orlando Higgens, a wily agent who is deeply involved in the operations. Standing by, observing all, is The Author. While doing a polishing-up job on the script, he sees everything; and it is he who tells the story.

A series of astounding shenanigans comes to a climax with the murder of Wilde, whose throat is neatly cut—by *Orlando Higgens?* The cops opine that Orlando did the job; they cart the fellow off to jail. At this dramatic point, Gilbert Higgens (the suspect's eccentric father) goes into action. He convinces four movie moguls—Messrs. Zupelman, Winkelberger, Arlington and Sloggins—that Orlando is innocent. He urges them to protect The Industry's Good Name. The Mighty Four do not hesitate—they swear that, at the time of the throat-slitting, Orlando had been playing cards with them. They lie superbly—and the victim is released.

Is Orlando guilty? He stoutly maintains that he is not. He claims that, at the time of Wilde's liquidation, he was in the company of a lovely dream girl: Miss Betha Fancher. The story sounds fishy; but—incredible though it may seem to those who know Orlando—it happens to be true.

Smelling a story in the situation, Chester Devlin, a gum-shoe reporter, questions the Fancher girl. She tells him all she knows. Which is just too bad for the alibi artists, for, when Devlin breaks the story, the D.A. has them indicted!

Miss Fancher now begins operations. She announces that she has a child, begot by Dennis Wilde; that Elvina Bliss had ignobly filched her lover from her; and that her life is ruined. She repeats the story of her *tête-à-tête* with Orlando. Unfortunately for her, Orlando, bitterly disillusioned, states emphatically that he never before set eyes on her. So the cops put her in jail.

J. B. Cobb now gets a dreadful shock. He receives an anonymous letter, in which he is threatened with dire things if he doesn't scrap Sons of Destiny and fire the whole cast! J. B. reads the letter. "A murderer is loose," he says. He is correct—quite!

A few hours later, Hercule Potnik, who is directing Sons of Destiny, is *almost* murdered. Upon his body a message is found: "This is my last warning. Down with Sons of Destiny!" A short time later, poor John Paul Jones is shot to death near J. B.'s beach house, while J. B. and the other moguls are busy at the card table. It appears that guards (hired by J. B. to protect him) had detected Jones snooping about in the rear of the house. It appears that the guards had liquidated him.

Jones *shot?* The cagey Devlin does not think so. He insists that Jones was either asphyxiated or poisoned—*before* he was shot! As the local forces of the law swarm in to inspect the corpse, Devlin phones his paper. "Hello, Chief," he drawls. "Chester Devlin speaking. I've got a little story here that may interest you."

III

I DON'T know (exactly) why it is, but the newspapers—who look up to almost everything else—always look down on Hollywood. It may be due to the fact that Hollywood, in the eyes of journalism, is neither a citizen nor an industry, but a press agent who makes a fabulous living by doing little more than pulling the newspaper leg.

Which is why, when anything goes wrong in Hollywood, the press descends on that town, looking as much for vengeance as for news. I awoke the next morning to find an army of newspaper sleuths storming our cinema capital as if it were a second front.

The murder of John Paul Jones, beloved international scientist and millionaire father of the screen, following upon the murder of Dennis Wilde, its beloved Lancelot and Swamp Man, was hailed by the front pages as an unprecedented carnage in the arts. The rearrest of Orlando Higgens for this second piece of deviltry stirred the movie fans of the nation even deeper than had Dunkerque and the fall of Paris. Bales of letters were received by Lieutenant Egelhofer demanding that he rush "that hell's agent" to trial or face the prospect of lynching posses converging from hundreds of fan-club centers upon his police station.

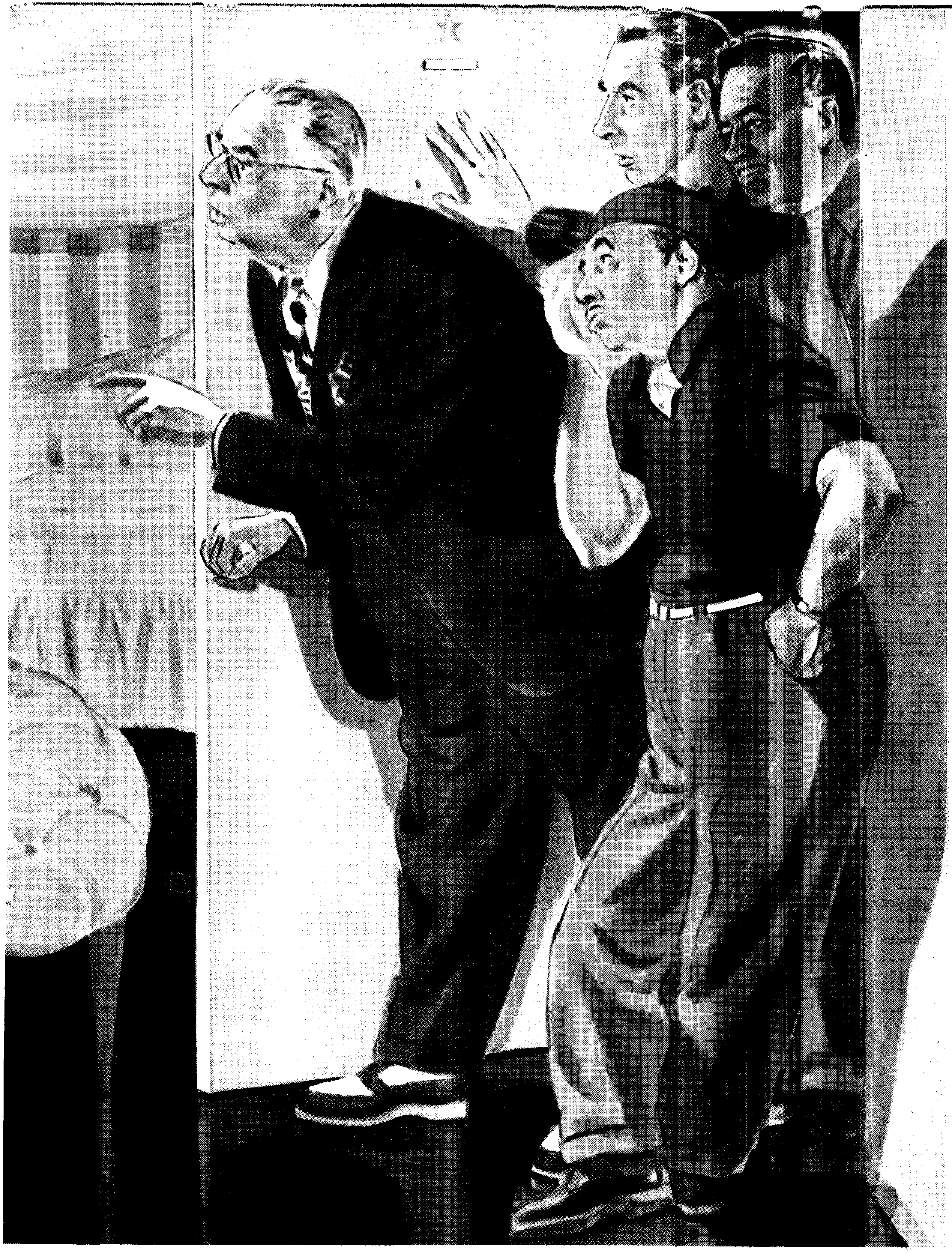
Demands for action against Orlando's father—"the eminent international banking figure"—were tempered somewhat by the fact that he was confined in his hotel suite with pneumonia, and his death was expected hourly. A great deal, however, was made of Gilbert's fevered protests against being removed to a hospital. All his friends, said the powerful banker, had always died in hospitals, and he regarded entrance into one of them as a death sentence.

"It is my desire," Gilbert dictated this statement, "to remain alive long enough to clear my son of the ridiculous charges made against him. I have nothing against hospitals, except that I am too old to risk going into one."

THE first extras divided their space almost equally between father and son. The autopsy had revealed that John Paul Jones had died of arsenic poisoning. Orlando's arrest for this crime seemed almost entirely based on his parent's activities on that fatal night. The story broadcast to the ends of the earth was as follows:

The film idol had come staggering into the Higgens "murder bungalow" at 6 P.M. Present had been Gilbert Higgens, a Miss Jessica Flannigan, and William Perugi, a notorious character with a police record, employed by Orlando Higgens as a chauffeur. Orlando himself had been, cunningly, absent. The film idol had looked wildly around him in quest of his agent and announced, "I am dying. I have been poisoned to death by Orlando Higgens. I want the world to know my agent has murdered me."

Higgens *père* had remained seated, pooh-poohing this outcry, until the celebrated actor had fallen dead at his feet. Convinced then that his son was a killer, the father had "sprung into action to cover up the crime." With the aid of the notorious Perugi, he had carried the body into an automobile, intending to tie a rock around its neck and cast it into the sea. The automobile had broken down on its way to the Santa Monica shore. Wrapping the dead film idol in a blanket, the banker and his accomplice had carried the body a mile and a half on foot through the heavy rain. Some score of people had witnessed the interesting procession and were able to reveal to the police and press



"Excuse me." Mr. Cobb coughed. "I would like to talk to you." Elvina turned around. "You got your nerve," she said. "What do you think this is—a hamburger stand?"

the step-by-step movements of the two conspirators.

Arrived at the Santa Monica beach, the two men had laid down their burden to get their breath, and here a more devilish scheme had occurred to "the facile mind of the powerful banker." A pair of lovers, who had sought seclusion from the world in a station wagon parked near the beach, were startled from their cooing by an unholy spectacle. They had watched, appalled, as "the fat man, after some arguing, induced his companion to hand him over a gun and a flashlight." Whereupon, this fat man had propped a third member of their party against a beach pier and turned the flashlight on him.

The lovers had recognized John Paul Jones, one of their screen favorites, at once. They had sat, riveted, as this same fat man had pointed a revolver at the movie star and pumped eight bullets into him at close range. The two spectators, fearing for their lives (and, incidentally, both being married folk, though not to each other) had driven wildly away from the scene of the crime.

Some fifteen minutes later, two other enamored natives of Santa Monica who had sought quiet in Jerome B. Cobb's private beach bathhouse had heard this same fat man (whom they identified in a twinkling as the pneumonia victim, Gilbert Higgens) arguing loudly with his companion. His voice, they had reported, was so excited it could be heard plainly above the storm.

LISTENING raptly, less than five feet away from the fat man, they had heard him tell his sinister-looking helper "to start shooting in the air and yelling at the top of his voice at exactly 10:45." He had explained to the other man (who seemed the dumber of the two) that the sentinels who were protecting Mr. Cobb from an expected murderer would then rush to the beach and begin firing at shadows in a panic. Thus it would appear that "Jonesy" (as the fat man called the bundle they had brought along) had been killed by the Cobb bodyguards.

The two eavesdroppers, in reporting this incident to the police the next morning, had quoted the fat man as saying, "It's a hundred times better than drowning him. The beauty of it, old boy, is that nobody in the whole wide world will ever figure out that Jonesy died of poison. He's got enough bullets in him right now to have wiped out a regiment." His final instructions to his associate had been "the minute you hear the bodyguards start shooting right and left, you hop into that ocean and swim off."

At this point, the two bathhouse lovers, also fearing for their lives, had bolted the scene in the rain.

The journalists, having made this all clear to the public, devoted the second day to reports of Orlando's peculiar behavior in his cell. Due to "cinema influence which was thwarting the police at every turn," the murder suspect had been allowed a companion in his barred cage—a man in a turban whom he called Mr. Albert. This outlandish figure had spent most of the day "holding the alleged poisoner's head in a pair of pudgy hands." And when Lieutenant Egelhofer had tried to separate the two at nightfall, Orlando Higgens had screamed that he would drop dead if the turbaned figure was removed.

"If you want me alive for your damn' trial and execution," the famous agent had roared, "leave Albert where he is. He's the only thing keeping me from going nuts."

The press had been divided in its discussion of this curious Albert factor in the case. Some of the journals held that Orlando Higgens was cleverly laying the groundwork for a defense of lunacy. Others had it that "the celebrated agent and actor-hater" was actually in the toils of some sort of "devil worship." A number of books dug out from under Orlando's hotel bed—"an ornate ivory cream affair he had designed himself"—bore out the second theory through several "Hollywood Devil Cult" extras.

AFTER taking testimony from the scores of witnesses who had followed in detail Gilbert Higgens' attempt to "cover up his son's crime," and after obtaining a full confession from the notorious ex-rumrunner, Bill Perugi, and taking down for good measure the fevered ramblings of Gilbert Higgens himself, the police considered their case finished.

There had been only one slight stumbling block: Miss Flannigan, Orlando's secretary, had maintained through two days of grilling that she "hadn't noticed anything" when John Paul Jones had entered her employer's office, made his accusation of murder and fallen dead. Beyond the statement, "I never pay much attention to what goes on in Mr. Higgens' office that doesn't concern me," the police had been unable to budge the stubborn girl.

On the third day, the Orlando Higgens case received another jolt: Messrs. Sloggins, Arlington, Winkelberger and Zupelman, under advice of counsel, confessed their criminal action in providing Orlando Higgens with a fake alibi for murder No. 1. Their joint statement read:

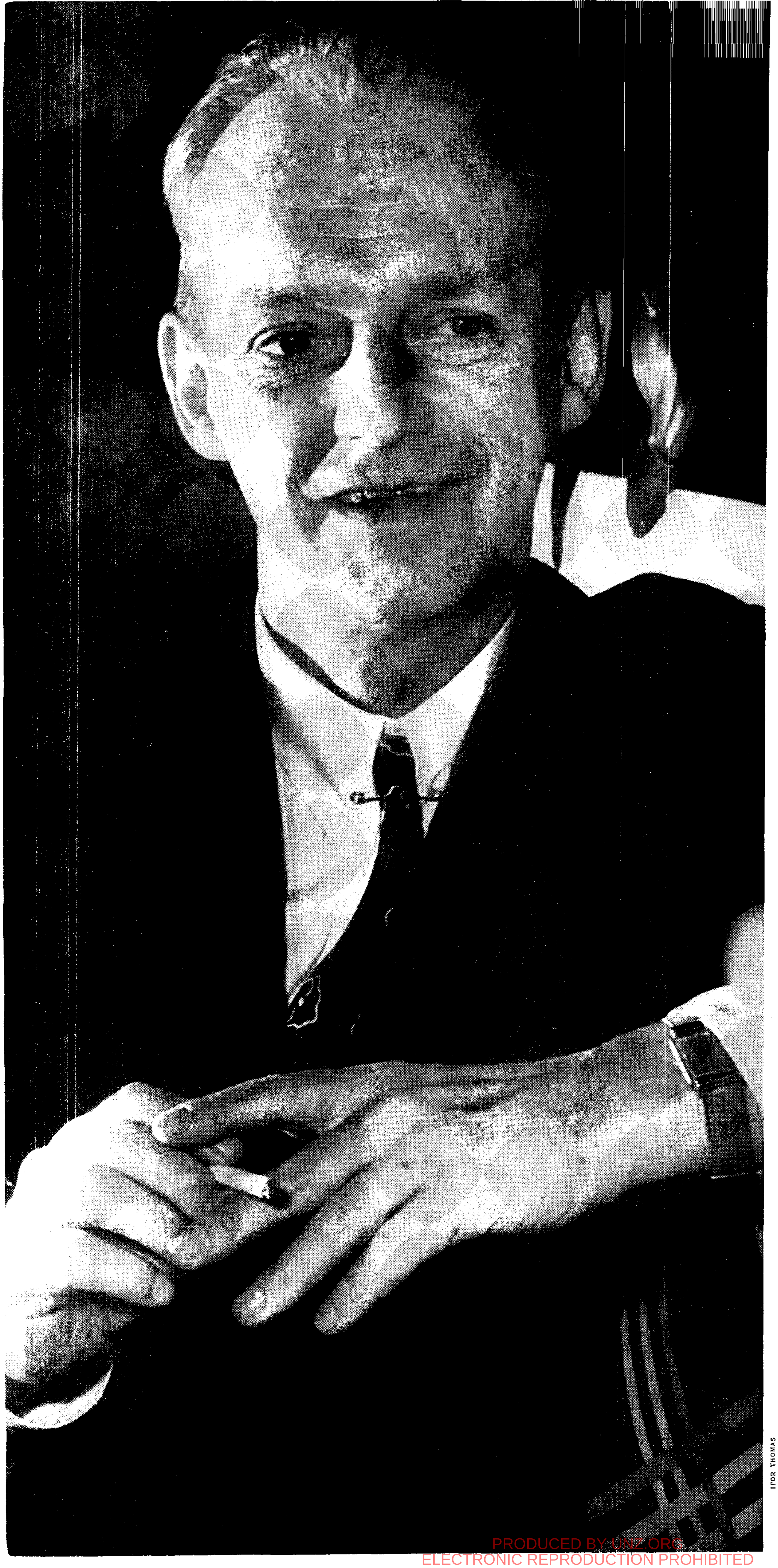
"We did this loyal, but unconsidered act, convinced at the time that Orlando Higgens was an innocent man. We feel it our duty today, however, not to stand in the way of the police in their difficult task of bringing Higgens to justice. No one in the cinema industry more than us desires to see justice done and the murderer of Hollywood's two most beloved stars punished in full. If that murderer is Orlando Higgens, we join the rest of our grieving country in demanding the earliest trial and final disposal of the culprit."

Orlando, from his cell, refused to make any comment on any of the denouements brought him by the press. He was concerned chiefly with his father's condition and kept begging the friendlier of the scribes to "lay off the old man. I can't bear him reading all that gup about what a jackass he is. It'll kill him."

Such was the general situation when Chester Devlin, who had been toiling twenty-four hours a day, uncovered the fact that Orlando Higgens was as innocent of the Jones murder as a child unborn. The evidence was overwhelming.

Three electricians, playing pinochle on an unused set, had seen a man, with his hat pulled over his eyes, enter John Paul Jones' empty dressing room and emerge five minutes later. They had watched him

(Continued on page 35)



IFOR THOMAS

TO PAY PAUL

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Randolph Evernghim Paul, scandalously little known, is the guy who thinks up new ways to divert money out of your pocket into the Treasury. He's one of the world's great taxation authorities. Ever hear of him? Well, here he is

THERE was a time when, after a hard day's work on Mr. Henry Ford's or Standard Oil of California's tax problems, Mr. Randolph Evernghim Paul liked nothing better than to crawl into bed with a good book on the history of taxation. Sometimes he varied this with an old annual report of the United States Treasury or something even closer to the lighter narrative side like Professor E. R. A. Seligman's *Shifting* and Incidence of Taxation.

Thus ensconced in the hay with a sturdy Scotch and soda or bourbon and ginger ale within reach, Mr. Paul was happy and relaxed. But having grown older (he is now 53), he had to give this up. It kept him awake.

Now it would be very foolish of you to quit reading at this point, snort "Who the hell is Randolph Paul?" and thumb over to something with gayer prospects. Randolph Evernghim Paul, small, shy, graying, monkish and as tidy as a button, is perhaps more intimately associated with your daily life than any other man in your boundless federal government, and more particularly is that true if you are one of the 55,000,000 Americans who now pay federal income taxes.

Even in Washington where, with an irreducible minimum of disturbance to those about him, he occupies a large, depressing office on the third floor of the Treasury Building, he is unknown to thousands, and even among those who do know who he is, the majority only know that: who he is.

Not to keep you in suspense which is doubtless killing you, Mr. Paul is tax adviser to the Secretary of the Treasury. As such, his first duty is to think up for Mr. Morgenthau additional and ever-new ways and means of imposing taxes on the American income without resorting to taxes which he and the Administration alike regard as unworthy—sales taxes, for example.

The Answer is Usually "No"

Of course, that couldn't be accomplished without Congressional sanction, but handling Congress is Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Morgenthau's job, not Mr. Paul's. He is the Treasury's general counsel with 450 lawyers helping him. Furthermore, he is acting secretary in charge of foreign funds, in which capacity he has listened to more than 600,000 requests in many dialects for access to such foreign frozen funds. To the overwhelming majority of these requests, he has uttered a mild but adamantine "No."

In appearance, he is neat to nattiness. He looks like a tweedy but severely brushed headmaster. He has a chill charm, and his emotions are so rigorously disciplined that to a new acquaintance he has at first all the warmth of a freshly dredged oyster. When he knows you better, however, the early frost vanishes.

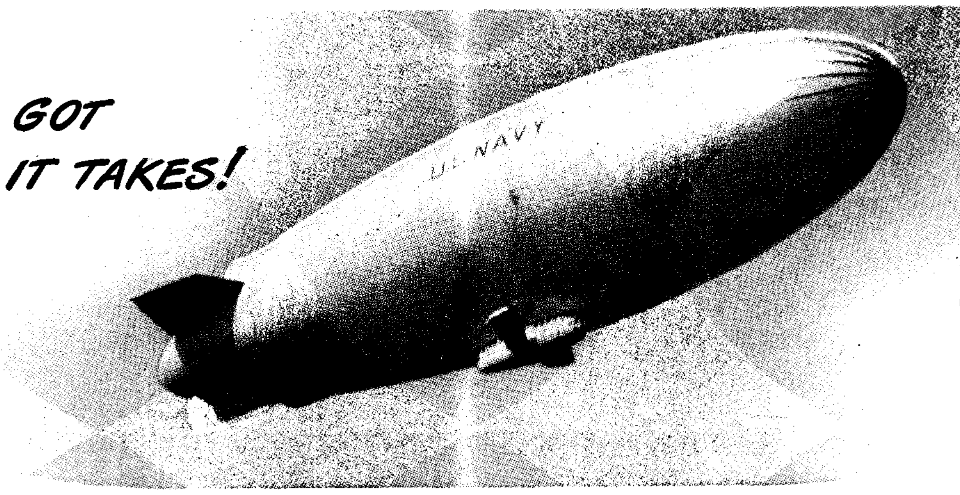
He's an occasional lecturer at both Harvard and Yale on taxation science, and he is as patient as a pine tree although, actually, he cannot for the life of him see why anyone should have trouble understanding anything, from the earliest tithings down through Adam Smith, and on to his own *Studies in Federal Taxation*, a definitive work to which he adds a volume every year or two.

This kind of writing has come to be Randolph Paul's almost sole relaxation. In fact, he told us that it requires so much research, study and concentration that he has little if any time for such fripperies as bridge, golf, fishing and the laborious gaieties of Washington society, none of which he'd give a last week's doughnut for, anyway. When we asked him whether he played bridge, he said no. And when we asked why, he said, "Don't like it. It can't be controlled." Similarly, he doesn't play golf because "it is not consistent."

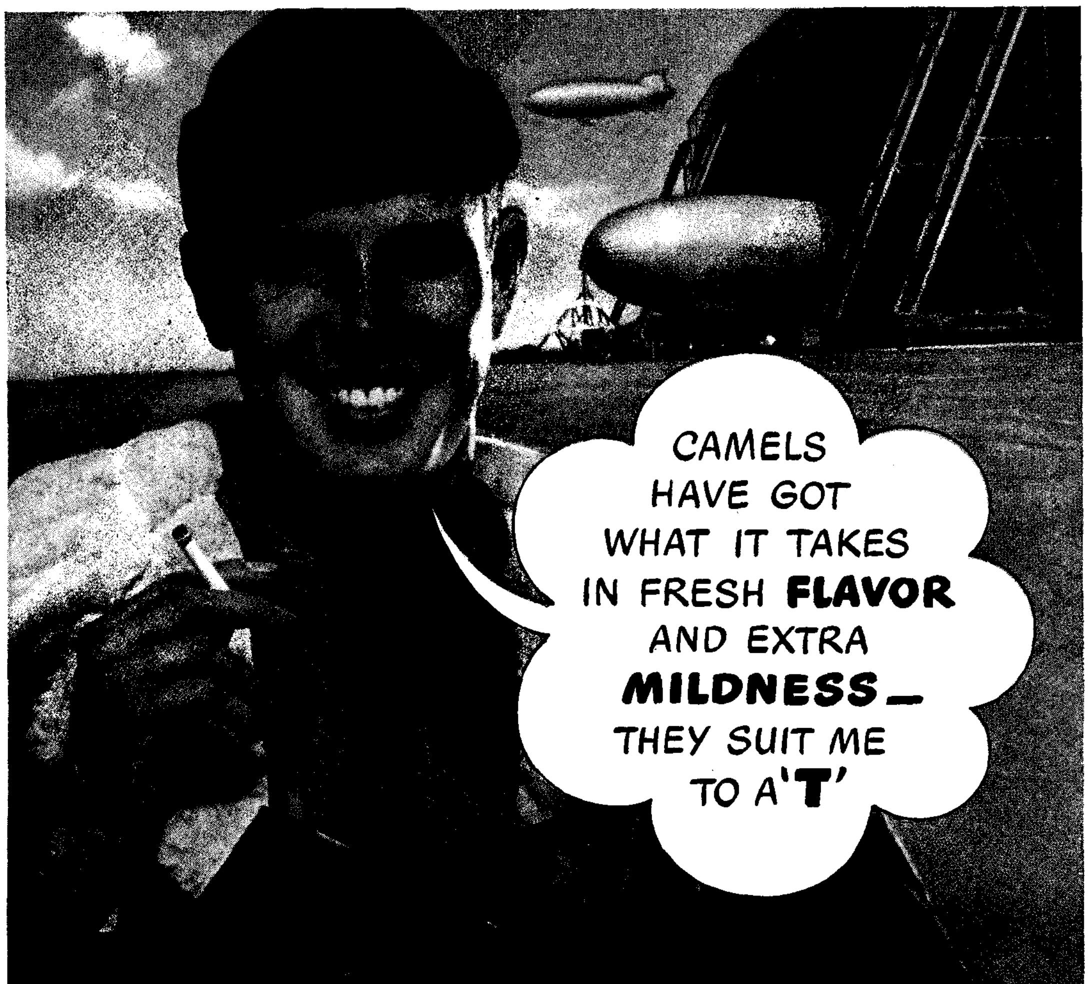
During one period of his career, he tried his hand at squash and at tennis but his heart wasn't in them, so he returned to the much more exciting game of taxation which can best be played sitting down. Like Mr. Beardsley Ruml, with whom he served on the board of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York and with whom, later, he was to fight an epic pay-as-you-go *(Continued on page 32)*

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

"Sentries of the Sea" on BLIMP PATROL!

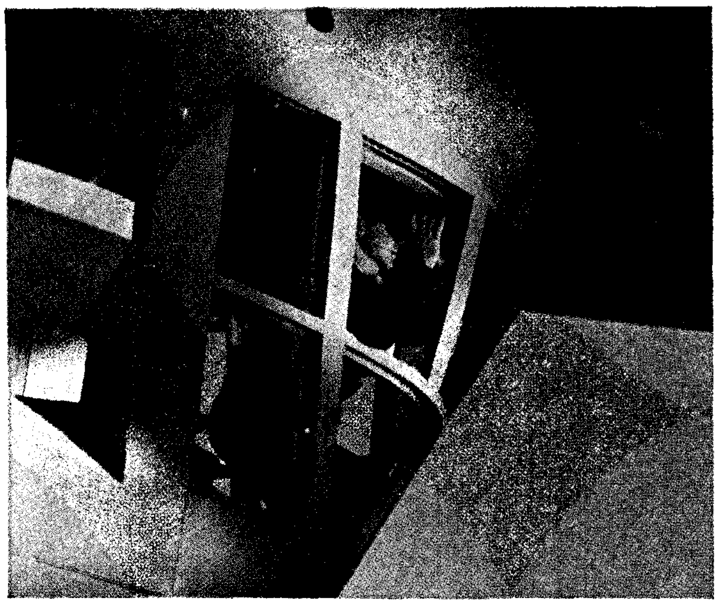


YOU RIDE the swaying gondola of a helium-filled bag poised above the convoys—you guard the life-lines of war, and patrol America's endless coast-lines. And after those long hours on sentry-go above the waste of water, a Camel with its fresh, full flavor is a mighty good friend to have handy! Let the "sky sailor" at the left tell you one reason why Camels are the favorite with men in the Navy.

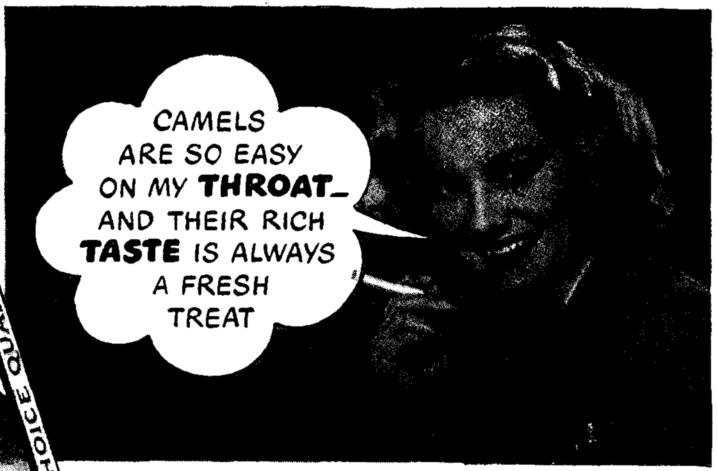

CAMELS HAVE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN FRESH FLAVOR AND EXTRA MILDNESS— THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



TOP SPEED, 70 knots; cruising radius, over 1,500 miles—and through the wide windows of these big gondolas the crew of ten keeps constant lookout—with a bomb-bay full of bad news at the first sign of a U-boat!


CAMELS ARE SO EASY ON MY THROAT— AND THEIR RICH TASTE IS ALWAYS A FRESH TREAT

LENS GIRL—Anne Basa, inspector of Navy binoculars for Universal Camera Corp., turned to Camels because, "Camels are so easy on my throat—and they taste so fresh." Right, Anne! Camels stay fresh—because *they're packed to go round the world!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Check Camels with your "T-Zone"

How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically . . . for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels in your "T-ZONE."

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camel

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

One of the smartest hats you'll see sailing through the air
Some day not too far away . . .

(*Mallory Hats have helped celebrate every American victory since* 1823)

"The Versatile"

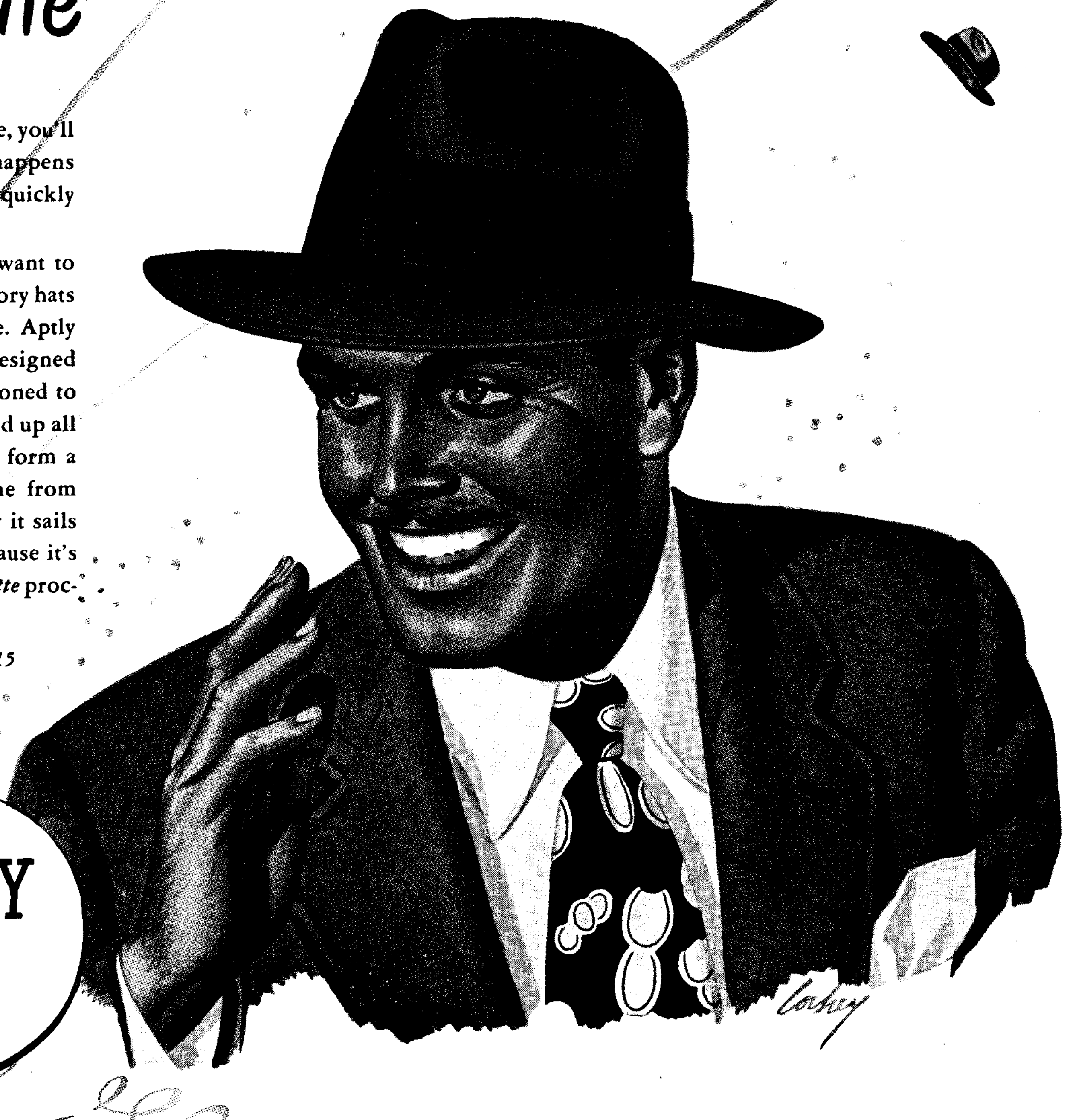
"CRAVENETTED"

What a day that will be! Like everyone else, you'll throw your hat in the air. But if that hat happens to be this new Mallory VERSATILE, you'll quickly retrieve it, too!

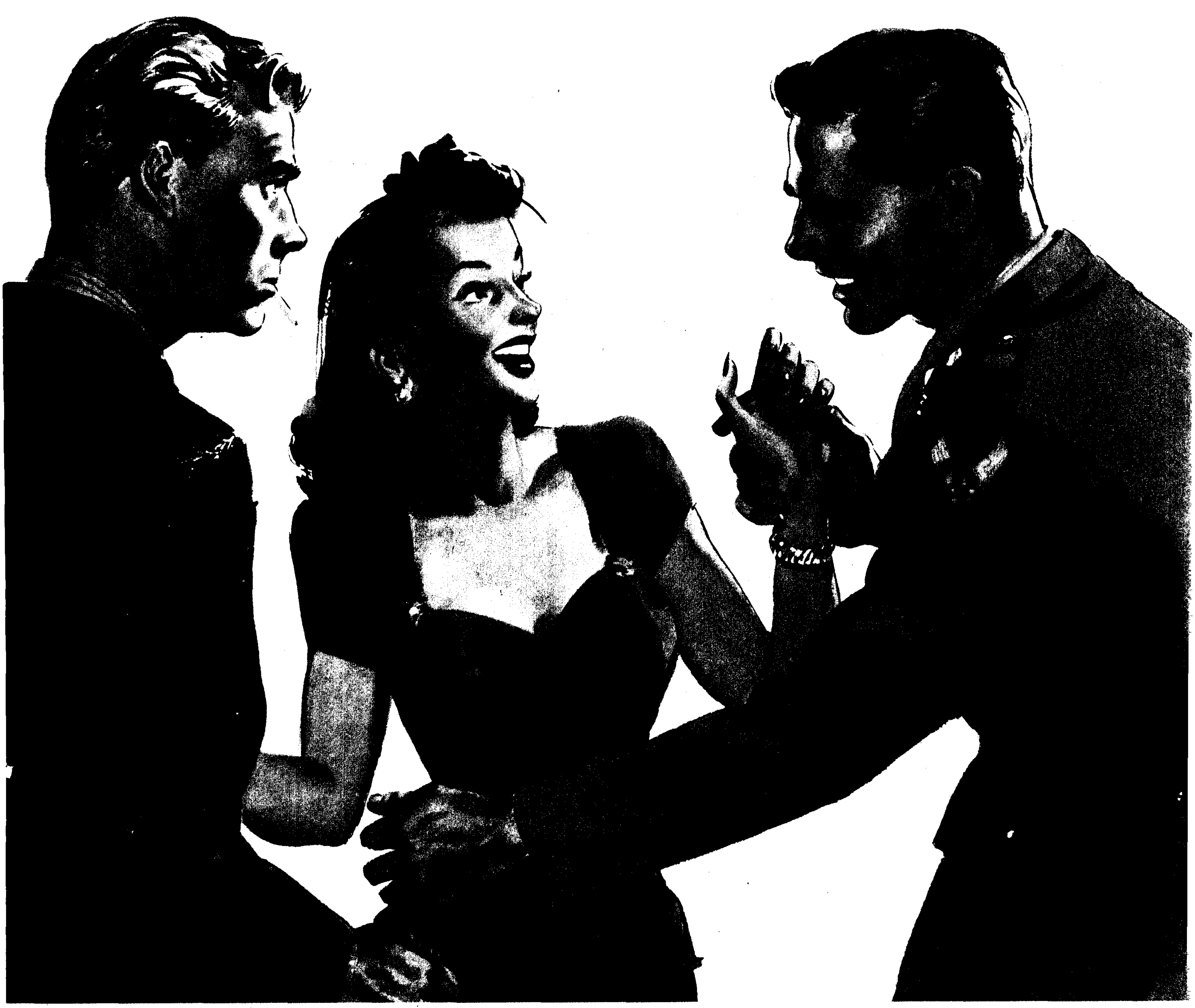
For under no circumstances will you want to risk parting with one of the smartest Mallory hats you ever owned—and the most versatile. Aptly named—The VERSATILE is a specially designed two-way hat that's been artfully proportioned to look equally flattering with its brim turned up all around or snapped in front. Its outlines form a versatile silhouette—one that's handsome from every angle. And it's versatile in the way it sails through foul weather as well as fair, because it's been *style-protected* by the famous *Cravenette* process. In new Mallory Spring colors, $7.50.

Other Mallory Styles from $5.00 to $15

Buy more War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top!



MALLORY
hats
STYLE LEADERS FOR 121 YEARS



"Excuse us," Joe said to Steve. "I only got one day here. I got to make the best of it!" And he swung Sophie out on the floor

THREE-DAY LEAVE

BY MARION VALENSI

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Joe Stefanik learned a lot of things in the Army, but it took a faded flower of Southern chivalry to make him understand women and their ways

WHEN Corporal Joe Stefanik started on his three-day leave he was thinking how swell it would be to get home, to get back north to Pennsylvania, to see the gang, and to see Sophie Hovak. Mostly he was thinking about seeing Sophie again. He knew he was spending a lot of money and time just to have twenty-four hours at home. But it was going to be worth it. Boy—was it going to be worth it!

Joe caught the eight-thirty bus from camp, and got off a little after nine o'clock at the town where he would take his train. The train didn't leave until nine forty-five and he had only three blocks to walk. He wished he had something to do to put in the time, but all he could think of was stopping in at the Greek's for a drink. He walked down Main Street to Cypress and past the big white house on the corner. In the dusk, you couldn't see that the paint on the house was peeling, and that the big pillars needed patching, and it certainly did look kind of like the houses they always showed in the movies of the South. So some of the things Bill Stuart had said the other Sunday when they walked past the house didn't seem so crazy.

Of course Bill was a kind of nut—cracked on art and all that sort of stuff. But now, looking at the house in the dusk and smelling the mimosa, or whatever flower it was, Joe kind of got the feel of what Bill had been trying to tell him. What Bill had been spouting was some kind of stuff about classic lines being like the bony structure of a beautiful woman's face—beautiful even when she was old. But now Joe grinned and said to himself, "Nuts—you'll be writing poetry yourself pretty soon!"

At the corner of Cypress, Joe noticed the letter box, and thought: Maybe I ought to have sent Sophie a wire. While he stood hesitating over his thought, an old lady came around the corner. She was old all right, but straight and tall and she walked with a cane. Maybe there was a loose brick or something in the pavement, for just as she reached Joe, she tripped and almost fell. Joe stuck his hand under her arm and said, "What's the matter, Grandma—dizzy?"

The old lady said, "Not exactly, Corporal. You just gave me a little turn, standing there."

Joe said, "Gosh—I'm sorry if I scared you, Grandma!"

The old lady smiled. "It isn't your fault, Corporal, that you are tall and fair and right handsome," she said slowly. "But

(Continued on page 79)

They're taking the "high" way to Berlin

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

As THEY help carry the fight to the home grounds of the enemy, many American troops must battle their way over miles of rocky, snow-covered mountains.

To give them safe, sure footing on stone and ice, and also to provide ideal footwear for use with skis, Goodyear Research, in co-operation with the U. S. Quartermaster Corps, has developed a new rubber sole and heel design for mountain combat boots.

Lighter, warmer, more water-proof than the conventional leather boot with steel cleats, the new boot with the Goodyear sole and heel design wears longer . . . gives firmer grip on hard and slippery surfaces . . . enables soldiers to creep silently over jagged rocks . . . eliminates all danger of telltale sparks during night movements.

Into the design and production of the soles and heels for this new combat boot have gone all of the research, skill and experience which made Goodyear the leading manufacturer of rubber soles and heels for civilian footwear in peacetime.

A pioneer in rubber — Goodyear also works in many other vital fields — metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . and from the Goodyear Research Laboratory, after the war, will come many new, useful products for you.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Expensive Air

Continued from page 14

5:30 P.M. Facials, massage, etc.

7 P.M. Dinner, generally with a music publisher, writers or other people in the professional field. Steak and a baked potato.

9:15 P.M. Rehearsal for two hours at CBS.

11.15 P.M. Broadcast.

11:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. Works on songs and in composition with co-writer. If hungry, a steak sandwich and a baked potato. To bed.

In addition to this personal expense, there is a campaign going on in the office of her agent and man of the house, Kerr. It includes a certified public accountant for income-tax matters, an attorney for contracts, photos by J. Kreigsmann, dues in four amusement unions, a personal press agent (Ben Pratt), program recordings for rechecking, trade-paper advertising, special agency promotion in the hope of wangling a sponsored program, entertainment (press, clients, etc), and general office expense (printing, phones, wires). This runs to around $250 a week, and no radio performer who hopes to get into the big money can avoid it.

The truth is that radio is the most ruthless amusement medium ever invented. There is nothing easier in the world than turning a radio dial, and the listener in Terre Haute or Oskaloosa will certainly turn it if he isn't interested. When enough dials are turned, the Crossley rating sinks and you are off the air. It is a law as inexorable as fate.

Miss Brooks got her chance because she happened to be singing on a small station, KOMA of Oklahoma City, and because she had luck. She had graduated from Central Teachers College in Oklahoma and was teaching school when two young men named George Hogan and Del Sharbut heard her sing at a school dance and arranged for an audition at KOMA. She was there doing a routine commercial job when Bob Kerr arrived in town with the Olsen and Johnson show.

The latter gentleman had just had to part with a male singer who had lost a severe bout with the Demon Rum, and Kerr, in his hotel room listening absently to a local radio program, noted that the young lady sang in the same key as the late lamented brother. That meant no onerous changing of musical arrangement and seemed a fortunate coincidence. The local singer was hired and later appeared in New York with the outfit.

The shooting of guns and falling of dummy corpses finally wore Miss Brooks' nerves down, and she was glad to try radio, catching on as a singer with Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra. By now, she was married to Kerr, who had become a successful radio agent, but that seemed to mean nothing to her chances.

Getting Nowhere Fast

"Five years and we get nowhere," says Kerr. "I can put everybody else across but my own wife."

After leaving Spitalny, her chances looked anything but bright, and she was finally forced to take hotel and night-club dates to keep going. The occasional guest shots on radio meant very little, and she was getting nowhere extremely fast when the break came with CBS. An idea of what a regular spot on the air can do for a performer is seen in a recent national poll which finds Miss Brooks fifth in popularity among all women singers.

Out of the list of the six best, three of them—Kate Smith, Connie Boswell and Frances Langford—are comparative old-timers. Bea Wain and Ginny Simms are new, and Dinah Shore, most popular of all, has been on top for several years. Fame tends to obscure the fact that such singers as Dinah Shore had a hard time getting launched. She plugged along on sustaining programs for years in New York, getting nowhere. Only the faith of her agent kept her going, and it was her work on the nonsponsored Lower Basin Street program that finally launched her. After that came the Eddie Cantor program and the big dough.

If anyone still needs convincing that radio is no longer a five-and-ten business, the career of the fabulous Frank Sinatra can be analyzed. He is the most sensational thing in show business, and there are critics who say that naturally a man with an appealing voice like that was bound to get to the top, but it was noted that his success coincided with a series of lawsuits which showed that Mr. Sinatra had been cut up into small financial bits.

Despite his fame with Harry James and Tommy Dorsey, it was evidently necessary to raise a large sum for promotion when he decided to go out on his own. Hence, the various backers who had Frankie tied up in such a way that he could draw ten thousand dollars a week for the rest of his life and have nothing to show for it but a grave in potter's field.

It is generally understood that Tommy Dorsey's contract for one third of Sinatra's earnings was settled for a lump sum of $65,000. In other words, it even took bales of money to get Sinatra launched.

Radio is not only conservative by nature but it is scared to death. One slip on the air can ruin a performer. Mae West has never been heard since her famous Garden of Eden broadcast. Al Jolson was off the air for years because of a misinterpreted reference to Clara Bow's sleeping habits.

Dozens of lesser performers have ruined their careers by unfortunate slips and, on top of every other hazard, radio has the sponsor. This gentleman is the czar; he pays for the tune and he calls it. If he dislikes the leading lady's hair-do or finds her smile annoying, she may suffer professional decapitation—and often does.

Tough Racket for Amateurs

The effect of this on radio directors, producers and officials is fatal. They are not risking their necks and their nice, cushy jobs on amateurs. That is why a comparatively small group of dramatic actors have almost a monopoly on work on big radio chains. The directors are no fools; they are taking no chances.

Beauty and talent have nothing to do with it. Putting in a personal appearance at Radio City will lead to nothing but heartaches. Even girls with real talent find the walls of radio impossible to blow down. The best advice, and the only advice, is to get work on a small station, study hard and send a good recording to the big shots, if you feel you have reached a point where they might be interested.

If the hopeful girl still has illusions, let her remember:

(a) The listener with the nervous finger on the dial.

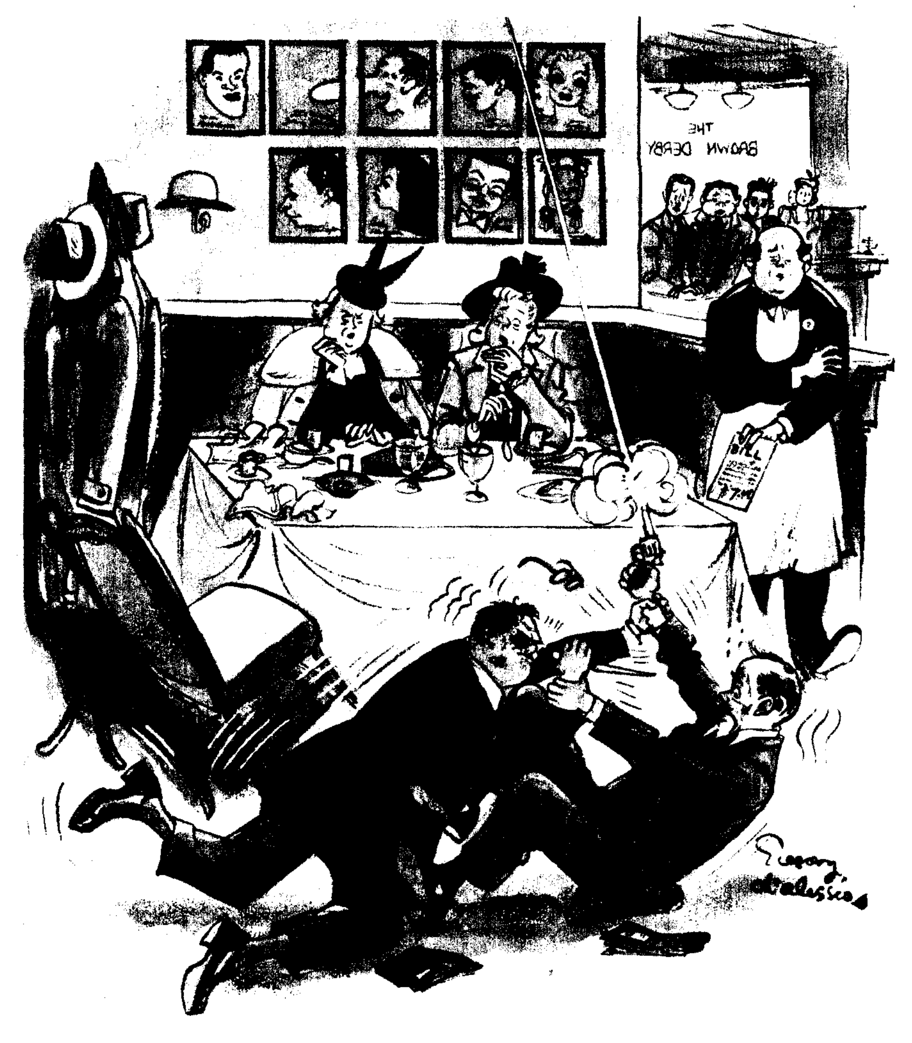
(b) The money needed for promotion both by radio and the performer.

(c) Radio's own fearfulness of everything.

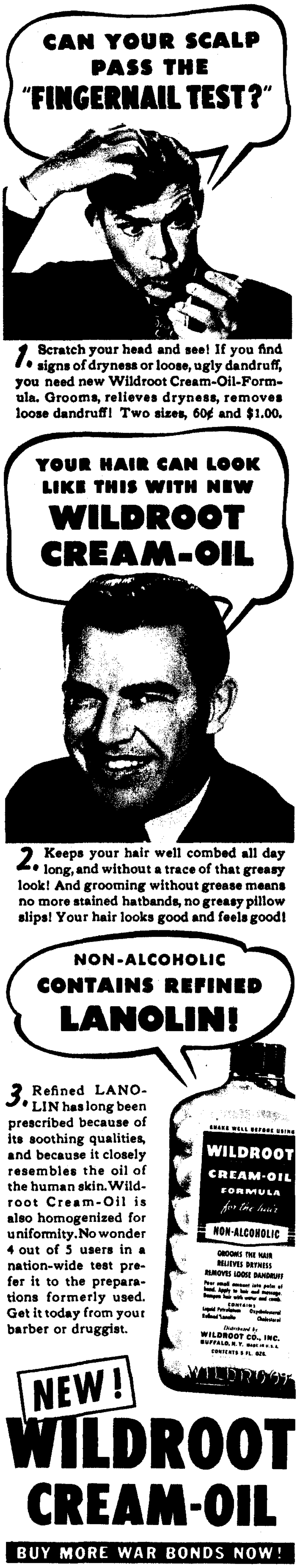
(d) The thousands of other girls with hopes just as warm and illusions just as profound.

It is a tough racket; don't try to meet it head on. In a war, there is such a thing as outflanking an objective. That's about the only chance a talented youngster has in radio.

THE END



COLLIER'S "But Virgil, you paid *last* time!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO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GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N.Y.
NEW!

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

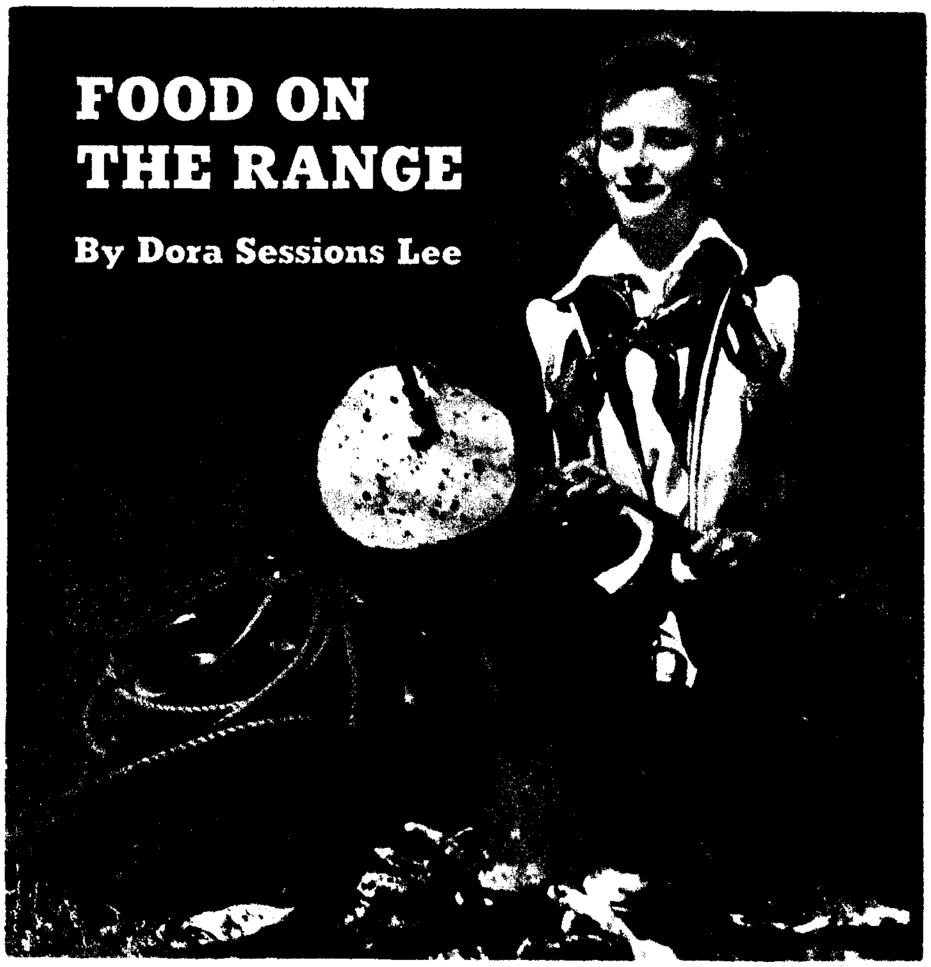
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

FOOD ON THE RANGE

By Dora Sessions Lee



HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

In the old days, Western cookery stuck to your ribs and guaranteed ripe old age. Today it has the added virtue of being easy on the ration book

YEARS ago if an Easterner, after sampling a cowboy's diet of the four Bs—beef, beans, biscuits and bacon—happened to remark, as he reached for the bicarb, that he could stand a little variety, the chances are he'd find himself looking down the barrel of a .45 and hear: "Think *you* can find better grub, mister?"

For though the average waddie lived on the four Bs, plus dried fruit, coffee and "lick" (cowboy for sirup, because he always licked the last drop off his fingers), while on the range, he kept truculently healthy, often lived to be ninety-six and didn't cotton to an outlander who scorned his menus. Just the same, he spent a good share of his waking time dreaming about ordering "$50 worth of ham and eggs" or a full case of condensed milk the first time he hit town.

Milk, either fresh or canned, was virtually unobtainable in those days, eggs were just hearsay, and green foods were regarded as not necessarily fit for humans just because they were good for cattle. Beef and sour dough were the muscle and sinew of Western eating—and still are. And the recipes that the strong, silent men are so fond of can offer many a pinch of spice to the ration-bedeviled Eastern meal planner. For instance:

The Westerner's Staff of Life

Sour-dough bread is so important to Westerners that it's almost a shooting matter if a sojourner in another's cabin doesn't leave a cup of "start" in the bottom of the owner's 5-pound lard bucket when he leaves. One old sourdough, thus betrayed on returning to his cabin after a week's absence, was incensed to find the following note tacked to his door:

"Dere Mid. We et all your sower dow. We was plum starved out."

A lard bucket is the traditional thing to make and keep your "start" in—because it was easy for a puncher to carry from one camp to another in the old days. But if you're not going to ride horseback with it, you can, of course, use almost anything else.

To make "start" take a dry yeast cake, 2 cups of water, about 3 cups of flour and mix them well in the bucket. Then set it aside for a couple of days in a warm room. For sour dough must really be sour; it's a saying out West that the worse your dough smells, the better your bread will be.

In the evening of the second day, add a cup of water and one of flour, and the next morning when the dough is—or should be—light and fluffy, pour as much as you need into a mixing bowl, add a small cup of warm water with a teaspoon of soda dissolved in it, salt, a generous sprinkling of molasses, a couple of well-beaten eggs (or forget them) and a few tablespoons of liquid shortening. Then bake it.

Give the Sour Dough Time to Rise

Warning: Always start a batch at night because it takes the batter 8 to 10 hours to rise. And don't allow it to become too thin when you add the morning liquids, because you can't add more flour then. If you do, the bread will immediately fall. Don't forget to leave some of the "start" for the next time; it will keep indefinitely.

With his sour dough, the puncher wants his beef. One-inch porterhouse steaks cut from prime steer and broiled over an open fire (stop drooling!) have been known to make a cowboy part with his favorite pony, and even the innards are much more popular than in the East. Beef liver, heart, tongue, brains, sweetbreads and marrowguts are well liked, and waddies do eat stew and hamburgers if there isn't a well-seasoned slab of saddle leather near by.

Marrowguts may not sound so nice and, in the butcher shop may look about as attractive as a couple of yards of rattlesnake, but they have it all over fried oysters for taste, and there is nothing better to build rich, red blood in you. When you get one home (sure you will; you'll try anything once) unbraid it, but don't cut the strings or you'll lose too much of the marrow when you boil it. Boil it in salted water until the "skin" can be pierced with a fork. Cut it into pieces about 1½ inches long, dredge in flour and fry in hot grease until brown. Then, as you taste it, regret all the nasty things you've been thinking.

Out here we've taken advantage of the Good Neighbor policy to draft unblushingly a lot of very fine recipes from south of the border. Tortillas, tamales, enchiladas, chile con carne, Spanish beans, Spanish rice and half a dozen versions of Spanish sauce give zip to our menus.

One of the most popular sauce recipes, which can be used on almost anything, takes 5 tablespoons of olive oil, 2 small onions and 2 cloves of garlic minced, and a green pepper chopped fine. When these have been browned lightly in the oil add 2 small cans of tomato sauce. If you're using it on fish, add a quarter cup of good white vinegar, but otherwise omit it.

Or maybe you'd like to try a tamale pie. First make a thick, well-salted corn-meal mush and set aside to cool. Melt 3 tablespoons of oil in a heavy skillet, add 2 onions and 2 cloves of garlic well minced, and 1 green pepper finely chopped. Also 1½ pounds of hamburger, 1 can of tomatoes, 2 tablespoons of chili powder, 1 can of ripe olives, and salt to taste. Cook these all together until pretty well drained. Line a large pie plate with corn-meal mush. Place your meat mixture on this and top with another layer of mush. Bake a while in a moderate oven. Brother, that's eatin'.

Tortillas à la Mexican

As for tortillas—well—tortillas are one of those things that, for some people, it is easier to tell how to make than to actually make. But if you want to try, here is the true Mexican recipe: 1 cup of boiling water, 1 cup of corn meal, 1 teaspoon of salt. Make this into a mush and set aside to cool. Then take up a small lump of it and gently pat it into a large thin cake and bake on an ungreased surface.

While a Western cook is perfectly at home with the fancy spicing and seasoning of Mexican meals, she really shines in her ability to pull a nourishing, balanced meal out of a cupboard an Easterner would think was as bare as Mother Hubbard's. Her chief prop for this culinary magic is bacon—not the neatly sliced and wrapped package bacon of the East, but good, fat side meat, well salted.

Your Western housewife can make a slab of this do triple duty in a hurry-up dinner for a blizzard-bound range crew, and send them to bed full and happy. First, she cuts some of the pork in medium-thick slices, places them over the fire in a skillet of cold water. When the water begins to boil, the pork is removed, rolled in flour, put in a greased skillet and returned to the fire. Well browned, it is placed on a platter to be the meat course. Next, 2 or 3 tablespoons of flour are stirred into the grease until it is brown. Then she adds 3 cupfuls of half condensed milk and half water, and stirs until the gravy is well thickened and bubbly. The result is "hound gravy," because when the boys rise from the table, someone always says, "Give the rest of the gravy to the hound." This, ladled onto boiled potatoes, can make them sing sweet nothings to your palate.

But the slab of salt side still hasn't finished its job; now it's got to make a pork cake. Grind up a cupful, add a cup of hot water, a cup and a half of brown sugar. Stir in one well-beaten egg and mix. Sift 1½ cups of flour with a teaspoon of baking powder, one of cinnamon, of nutmeg, ½ teaspoon of soda and the same of cloves. Add this to the mixture.

Then dredge a cup of raisins and ½ cup of chopped citron with flour and add that. Finally, add a teaspoon of grated lemon rind. Mix it all up well and bake for an hour in a moderate oven, and there's the climax of your meal.

If you want to complete the menu, rustle up a batch of baking-powder biscuits, cut raw onions into quarters, brew a pot of coffee and don't forget the "lick." Eat it from the back end of a chuck wagon under a pine tree, or in the modernistic dining room of a city apartment; it will stick to your ribs and make you young before your time. ★★★

Any Week

Continued from page 4

to be complete. The following letter from Mrs. Clark requires no further explanation: "It was with a shock that I saw letters to me from my husband printed in your December 4th issue. I do not recall in any way the conversation in which the author of the article states he secured my authorization. The letters were apparently pieced together by newspapermen who sent them to you, from quotations I had made in speeches during various War Bond drives. Had I been requested to give permission that they be printed in a national magazine, I certainly would have refused. They fell far short of the warmth and clarity characteristic of the general's letters. More important still, I should not like anyone to think that I had sold my husband's letters or profited in any way from their publication."

AND Miss Juliette V. Branchton of Washington, D. C., is already worrying about the nasty time the next First Lady is going to have in the White House. "She is certainly going to have trouble getting service from a servant corps who by this time have got used to having no women around." But we're not going to help Miss Branchton worry about that. Something tells us— But never mind.

ON THIRD AVENUE, one of our favorite New York streets, we happened upon Grift Bowser. We hadn't seen Grift (for Grifter of course) for five or six years. He used to sell two-dollar fur hunks for ten bucks, telling the suckers that they were valuable neckpieces which "fell" out of expensive furriers' delivery wagons. Hot air, the boys called it. Grift is now selling jewelry. It's refugee stuff—smuggled in by refugees from Europe via South America and Mexico. Or it's swell stuff that once-rich refugees have to part with that they might eat. If the victim looks overripe Grift even offers a crown jewel or two. Grift said business was terrific. "It's so good," said he, "that sometimes I feel kinda sorry for the jerks. Only the other night I didn't have the heart to sell a Jersey City pearl necklace to a guy who wanted to give me five bucks extra because I made such a hot-molasses story about the old refugee countess who I told him cried all night before she'd agree to sell. Honest, kid, I ain't fit to be at large."

A LADY in Springfield, Illinois, advises us that she has just had a V-mail letter from her son, from which the censor deleted only one word. The sentence began: "We boys in the (deleted) Army, especially in the USAAF . . ." She wants to know what army we think her son was referring to. And a soldier who is not overseas writes to us without a word censored: "I don't blame the boys in Washington for being afraid to let us vote," says he. "If they do let us, most of them will be unemployed after November."

THE rest of our mail has to do mainly with postwar jobs—you know, whether there'll be enough and how much and what kind. That sort of stuff. Servicemen seem the least anxious, most of them vowing that, with what the government gives them in bonuses when they're demobilized, they intend to retire for six months or a year. But war-production workers are more apprehensive, wondering whether they'll be shoved aside at employment offices in favor of returning servicemen. Our old man always said that steady work was the curse of mankind. But he was pretty hard to curse. Just refused to work steady. In fact, refused to work. Never missed a meal, either. . . . W. D.

SALUTE TO A CLEAR-HEADED AMERICAN

The Victory Gardener

Not he alone, nor the family that gathers
at his table —
But all men everywhere, fighting for
Freedom's cause,
Are richer for his work.

For the food he does not buy is theirs to have . . .
In camps, in ships on every bloody sea,
On battle fronts where food is life itself . . .

And in those dark and hungry lands
now being freed —
Where food is more than life . . .
Where food means tyranny's long hoped-for end.

The seeds of Victory are planted in his garden,
And he will harvest them with all his will!

He is a Clear-Headed American.

Published in the interest of the home front war effort . . . by the makers of CALVERT

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[illegible] Year 'round. CSC Complete Cooling System Service is good life insurance for your car.

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CSC

YEAR 'ROUND
COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS Corporation

To Pay Paul

Continued from page 24

income tax battle which neither won, he was never again seen on a tennis court except to cross it to get a Scotch and soda. He drinks ten cups of coffee a day.

Parties, social and political, bore him. He has voted all over the lot and has nearly always considered himself cheated. By no means a misogynist, he nevertheless finds it regrettable that, as a substitute for party chitchat, taxation and its corollaries do not enthrall many otherwise extremely delectable women. Not that he hasn't been successful in finding at least one. Muriel Shaver Paul, his second wife, whom he married in 1931, is also a taxation lawyer with a job in the Department of Justice.

Randolph Paul looks more like a New Dealer than any of Mr. Roosevelt's chosen, with the possible exception of Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell; but he wants it thoroughly understood that he is not and never was a New Dealer. He wishes it made clear, too, that, without mentioning any names or projects, there are New Deal men and New Deal activities which not only seriously interfere with the equilibrium of his stomach but make him positively ashamed that such unscientific thinking should be going on in America.

He would, he says, be the very last to launch and advance a social cause through the instrument of taxation. In the abstract, taxation to him is a delicate science to be worked in only by scientists; and, concretely, taxes are dynamite, to be levied and administered only by men experienced in handling them and interested in nothing else—particularly politics.

He has worked both sides of Taxation Street. Before entering the Treasury Department at the behest of his old friend, Professor Roswell Magill of Columbia University (who, before he went back to the university and his private legal practice, was Undersecretary of the Treasury), Mr. Paul was the tax pundit in the Wall Street law firm of Lord, Day & Lord.

Adviser to Corporations

In addition to tax-advising Mr. Ford and the Standard Oil of California, he was similarly retained by such wealth as General Motors, the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, Douglas Shoes, the Murphy interests in Detroit, the B. V. D. Company, Reader's Digest, the Union Sulphur Company, and many other large contributors to the government's coffers. His income was well above $100,000 a year. He now gets $10,000 from the government and somewhat less than half that from his lecturing and books.

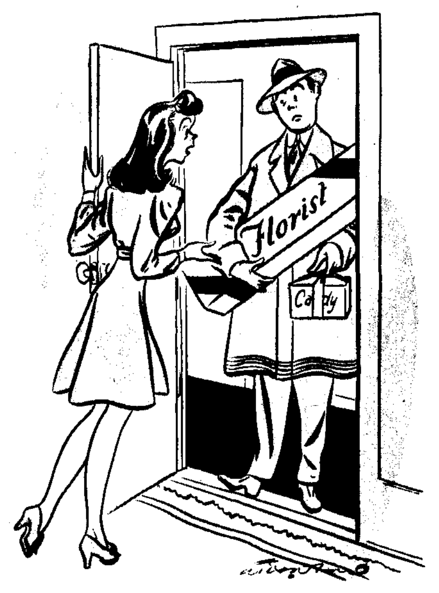
Mr. Paul represents no particular "school" of taxation unless it is "the conventional, guided by reason and framed to meet the exigencies of the period." Thus, he would impose no tax without first considering its effect on the economy of the country; and thus, he is opposed to a federal sales tax because, he says, to amount to anything worth mentioning, it would have to be ten per cent and would "rest most heavily upon the very low income groups since, on the average, persons with small incomes spend larger percentages of their income for taxable articles than do those with larger incomes, which normally are, in considerable part, saved."

Such objections to sales taxes do not derive from anything approximating a breaking heart within the Paul bosom. He regards it as inefficient and nonproductive. In his opinion, a federal sales tax would "prevent the maintenance of an absolute minimum standard of living necessary to maintain health and working efficiency."

Anyway, he adds, "Even a ten per cent sales tax levied on all retail sales, except on those to governments and war contractors, would yield only some four billion of additional revenue, an amount far short of fiscal requirements." Furthermore, he goes on, "if additional exemptions commonly suggested, including food, medicines, clothing and articles subject to excise taxes, were provided, the yield would be reduced to about $800,000,000."

And yet there are Mr. Paul's friends, less fearful of visible emotion than he, who will deny that his opposition to a federal sales tax derives solely from the presence of chill precept and the absence of cold cash. They trace the roots of his abhorrence to his own lowly beginnings and his severely unmonied youth.

He was born in genuinely humble circumstances in Hackensack, New Jersey, in 1890. His father, Charles B., was a "property custodian" for a large insurance company. Mr. Paul gets his uncommon middle name from his mother, who was Martha Evernghim. His progress through public schools was unspectacular. He was a diffident lad, a plugger who was much more interested in reasons than in the facts themselves. Becoming more and more convinced that education could be useful to anyone who preferred to rely more on mental than physical energy, Paul odd-jobbed his way through Amherst, being graduated (B.A.) in 1911.



"When I asked you if you knew what day it was, I meant the income-tax installment was due!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Two years later, he emerged from New York Law School with a Bachelor of Laws degree, still odd-jobbing his way along.

He recalls one of these aids—a Miss Bliss, who he thinks was a sister of the late Cornelius Newton Bliss, Secretary of the Interior in President McKinley's Cabinet. She had taken as her protégé a small boy who she was sure was destined to become a famous violinist. Mr. Paul remembers nothing about the lad except that he fiddled prodigiously.

Miss Bliss hired Mr. Paul to catch the lad between fiddlings and teach him English, grammar, history, geography, simple mathematics and other fundamentals. Mr. Paul is quite sure that the young fiddler achieved no fame, although he knows only that his pupil showed up one day with the announcement that he had got a job fiddling in a cabaret for twenty-five dollars a night. Having arrived, the lad needed no further education.

It was wholly by accident that Mr. Paul became one of America's foremost tax experts. Upon graduating from New York Law School, he got a job operating the telephone switchboard in a law firm at five dollars a week. He passed the New York Bar Association examinations and, although he was offered ten dollars a week to continue to run that switchboard, he quit for a desk job at fifteen a week in the firm of Bowers & Sands, who had defended Theodore Roosevelt when sued for libel by William Barnes, the boss of the Republican Party in New York. He took the New Jersey bar exams, passed, and forthwith answered an advertisement of the law firm of Reed, Gwinn & Deming for a managing clerk at a hundred a month.

His next job was an associate counsel post in the Newark, New Jersey, firm of Lindaberry, DePue & Faulks. His chief duties were to investigate negligence cases for one of the firm's best clients—the Travelers Insurance Company. He started at $1,800 a year and quit at $2,400; and thus far, no yearning to know more about taxation had assailed him.

But it came to Mr. Paul's attention that the late Mr. George Holmes, a lawyer in New York City, needed a bright young man to whom, if bright enough, he was willing to pay $3,600 a year. He had no idea what sort of law Mr. Holmes specialized in and he does not remember that he cared. Thirty-six hundred dollars a year meant going places. He got the job.

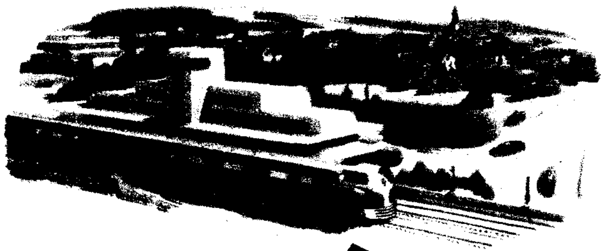
How to Be a Tax Expert

He then discovered that Mr. Holmes was a tax expert and he concluded that if tax experts can afford to hire young men at thirty-six hundred a year—well, he'd be a tax expert and stop fooling around. So assiduously did Mr. Paul apply himself to the study of taxation and so many were the forbidding volumes on taxation he read, that presently he found himself writing books on the subject for Mr. Holmes. And that's how it started. Mr. Paul denies that he is an economist. Neither has he any claims to being an accountant, nor yet a statistician. He's a tax lawyer.

Almost invariably when the Treasury goes before Congress with its ideas on the sort of taxes it relishes, considerable acrimony ensues. Bitter exchanges between the Ways and Means Committee and the Treasury experts enliven the pages of the hearing reports, and Congress frequently adopts undecipherable tax bills for no better reason than that they are diametrically opposite everything advocated by the Administration. But you find little or no venom or malevolence in the recorded exchanges between Mr. Paul and Congress. On the contrary, Mr. Paul's words and phrases seem to leave his congressional audiences in a defenseless stupor, some legislators being so far gone that they murmur bemused thanks.

Persons familiar with fiscal affairs have no trouble whatever following Mr. Paul's spoken and written words, but the lay mind is apt to stumble. We, for example, are bound to sympathize with what his son, Richard H., said not long ago. Richard is a corporal in the United States Army and assigned to the staff of the newspaper Yank, in its Washington offices. Upon the passage of the current federal income tax legislation with its seventy-five per cent forgiveness and withholding clauses, Corporal Paul was assigned to write a piece on what the new measure meant to the serviceman.

Having spent some time in the Treasury Department's Public Relations offices, in-



TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Some day this war will be won by America and her Allies.

Our first duty meanwhile is to meet the demands of the war. This we are doing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

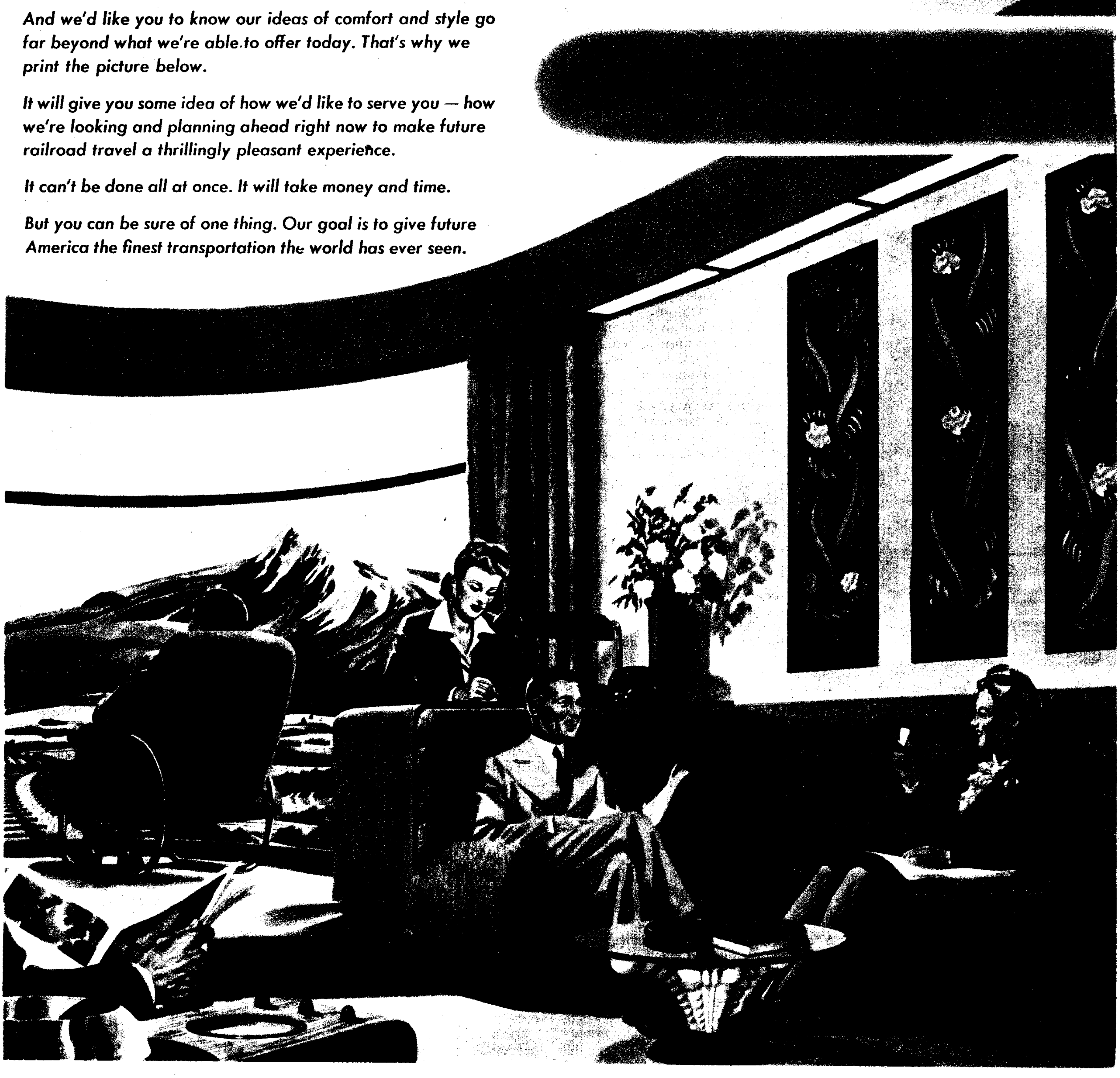
The going hasn't always been easy or comfortable. We believe you understand the reasons, and we appreciate your patience, your good-humored acceptance of inconvenience.

And we'd like you to know our ideas of comfort and style go far beyond what we're able to offer today. That's why we print the picture below.

It will give you some idea of how we'd like to serve you — how we're looking and planning ahead right now to make future railroad travel a thrillingly pleasant experience.

It can't be done all at once. It will take money and time.

But you can be sure of one thing. Our goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.



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terviewing a few of his father's four hundred and fifty lawyers, one of the latter suggested that he go talk to his old man.

"Good Lord, no!" cried Corporal Paul. "I've got to get this down in words of one syllable."

It is wholly possible that, had not the brilliant and picturesque Mr. Beardsley Ruml descended upon Washington with his plan to put us on a current income-tax basis, Mr. Paul's name would be even more narrowly known to the public. The ensuing struggle between Mr. Ruml and Mr. Paul may be likened to a tank and a barbed-wire fence, the latter giving way, but not before the former lost considerable paint. Not, by any means, that it was their first meeting. They happen, incidentally, to be rather good friends, visiting each other's homes and disagreeing handsomely.

A Complementary Pair

When both Mr. Ruml and Mr. Paul were sitting together on the board of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, they were regarded as a nicely complementary pair. Mr. Ruml, looking somewhat like a huge Leon Henderson and quite as ebullient, was the idea man, scornful of details. He was wont to enter the board meetings and in particular the board's Thursday lunch discussions, heave a brand-new idea into the midst of his associates and, laughing heartily, say in effect, "Well, men, there's the ball. Let's see how far you can run it."

It was noticeable on such occasions that Mr. Paul's temperature dropped to freezing, that he would shiver and go into a congealed silence. The others present testify that on such occasions Mr. Paul was certain to say absolutely nothing, but they add that, if he had said something, it would have been, "Oh, dear, more trouble!" Mr. Paul is not an idea man, but as a detail man he is unsurpassed.

It was at one of these meetings in New York that Mr. Ruml announced the Plan. It made no definite provision then for putting the income-tax payer on a pay-as-you-earn plan. Mr. Paul drew attention to this, and Mr. Ruml dismissed this mild objection as something that anybody could work out.

Mr. Paul, who is not a psychologist and who is more than a trifle suspicious of popular appeal, is shocked to know that public opinion had marked him down as an opponent of pay-as-you-go income-tax collections. He says that he was not opposed to the Ruml plan as such; he merely could not bring himself to go along with any scheme which included the writing off of a whole year's taxes—amounting, in this instance, to ten billion dollars.

According to Mr. Paul's way of looking at things, taxes on last year's income are assets, and it just isn't good business to write off assets. Said he: "The tax liability of the taxpayer is an asset of the government, although it is not counted as such in the general accounts of the government. Forgiving a year's tax would wipe out assets of this kind, amounting to close to ten billion dollars, the estimated amount of individual tax liabilities on 1942 income.

"The government, by forgiving a year's tax liabilities, would be discarding assets, as a business would that canceled its accounts-receivable from customers. Such a business might be able to maintain its receipts by going on a cash-sales basis. Yet no one would say that the business had not lost assets to the extent of the accounts canceled. The government differs from business in that it has the power to make up the loss by compelling quicker collections and imposing additional taxes on the same or other people. . . ."

All of this icy logic caused no one that we know of to throw his hat away. It was Singapore all over again: The tradition-bound government had all its guns pointing to sea, while the opposition came in by land. The bill passed by Congress was, as you've probably heard, much more Ruml than Paul, but Mr. Paul loses no time in assuring you that he bears no ill will. He was soundly shocked that a newspaper should quote him as saying, "Well, at least, we licked Ruml." He says that he said nothing of the sort—even to himself.

His current concern is in advising Secretary Morgenthau on the Treasury's latest hope—a spendings tax, in which he ardently believes as a revenue producer and inflation discourager.

The spendings tax is the income tax's first cousin. First, you pay on what you earn and then pay an additional tax (from ten per cent to seventy-five per cent) on what you spend, reporting your spendings periodically to the government. This is scandalous oversimplification, but it is all that we have time for, at the moment.

Mr. Paul explained it all in a terrific 332-page document to Congress, and Congress rejected it in a frustrated rage. He contends that it will produce upward of six and a half billion dollars and at the same time discourage spending, thereby holding off inflation.

It is possible that you don't know the difference between a spendings tax and the sales tax. You are not alone, although Mr. Paul is scornful of such unawareness. He says that the sales tax is "too crude an instrument and does not come within gunshot of dealing with inflation." He goes on: "The spendings tax is a very different instrument. It was deliberately constructed to serve us in inflation control. Progressive rates exempt a minimum standard of living. It imposes higher rates on persons who can reduce their purchases substantially, removes billions of dollars directly from the spendings stream. And by providing a strong financial inducement to save, it would remove additional billions from the spending stream indirectly." Clear?

In other words, Mr. Paul dislikes the sales tax, not only for the reasons set forth above but because it places no barrier in the path of inflation.

A Tax by Any Other Name!

To the ultimate purchaser, the difference between the two forms of taxation might readily come down to this: That he would be paying the sales tax over the store counter; he would pay a spendings tax directly to the government. In either event, he'd be paying a tax on what he purchased, and Mr. Paul could call it any name he liked.

But in the back of his capacious mind, he wrestles with a giant postwar finance. He says that if he knew just what we will be called upon to raise revenue for when peace returns, he'd be glad to talk about it in something more than generalities.

For nonmilitary affairs, our federal government is now spending about four billion dollars a year exclusive of carrying charges on our indebtedness. Add four or five billion for those carrying charges after the war and you have the starting point. What we shall be obligated for in addition to these eight or nine billions, Mr. Paul does not profess to know. There will be serviceman compensations and rehabilitation charges, of course, and after that, certain assistance to forlorn European and Asiatic peoples.

Perhaps Mr. Paul has not endeared himself to all of Congress but he has managed to command that body's respect. Anyway, he got a pretty compliment from the tight lips of the grudging Mr. Doughton:

"He's about like all them other fellers they send up here," said Mr. Doughton, "only he don't make you so mad."

THE END

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BACKGROUND means experience. And Oil-O-Matic precision production experience dates back to World War I. Oil-O-Matic pioneered automatic oil heating for the home . . . Oil-O-Matic pioneered *precision* mass production in the oil heating industry . . . Oil-O-Matic installations out-number those of any other oil-burner by far.

As a result of overwhelming preference for Oil-O-Matic products by American householders, Williams quickly built up manufacturing facilities unequaled in the oil heating industry in completeness . . . in productive capacity . . . in *precision* craftsmanship . . . in experience.

Add wartime know-how to this background of more than twenty pre-war years of leadership in the automatic oil heating field and you have the experience to which you can entrust the designing and building of your post-Victory heating unit.

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I Hate Actors

Continued from page 23

throw away "a handful of candy or something" as he hurried off. The "candy or something" was recovered in a police search, led by Devlin, from some cracks in the floor. It consisted of thirty sleeping pills.

The "man with the hat over his eyes" had substituted arsenic for them in the star's medical kit. Twenty minutes later, John Paul Jones was seen to enter his dressing room and come staggering out in a short time, crying thickly, "He got me. He got me." Inasmuch as the electricians had watched the drugged film idol's behavior on the set for several weeks, they paid no attention to these odd mutterings.

During the time in which the "slouch-hatted killer" had substituted the arsenic pills, Orlando Higgens had been twelve miles away, talking to Lieutenant Egelhofer in his own police station. He was waiting impatiently for Betha Fancher's release.

He was still twelve miles away when Hercule Potnik had been assailed. This event had taken place thirty minutes after the arsenic substitution, revealing rather definitely that it was the slouch hat and not Orlando who had been busy that afternoon with multiple murder.

A final and striking bit of exonerating evidence was produced in a letter that filled the front pages throughout the country. How Devlin had snatched this document out of J. B. Cobb's archives remained one of the mysteries of journalism; but there it was, clearing up the last suspicion against Orlando—and incidentally shaking the Empire Studios to its foundations. The letter read:

"Jerome B. Cobb, President Empire Studios.

"Hollywood, Cal.

"Dear J. B.: I tried to get you on the phone all day but you were busy, so am shooting you over this note. I am getting worried about Johnny Jones and feel that you ought to change your tactics in keeping him doggo. I talked to Johnny today and frankly, J. B., his health does not seem so good.

"Maybe those pills you are feeding him are having some sort of a bad effect—and maybe they are not. Nevertheless, I strongly advise you to discontinue drugging my client and am asking you to bear in mind that Johnny has only two more scenes to play. I am sure I can talk him into playing these without your having to put him to sleep in advance. I saw Johnny's rushes yesterday and they are really terrific. I'm sure he will be just as good if he is allowed to remain awake for the last few days.

"In any case, I have instructed Johnny not to take any more pills, no matter what arguments you give him. He is really in a very nervous condition. I feel I owe him this, not only as his agent, but his friend likewise."

It was signed, "Affectionately, Orlando Higgens."

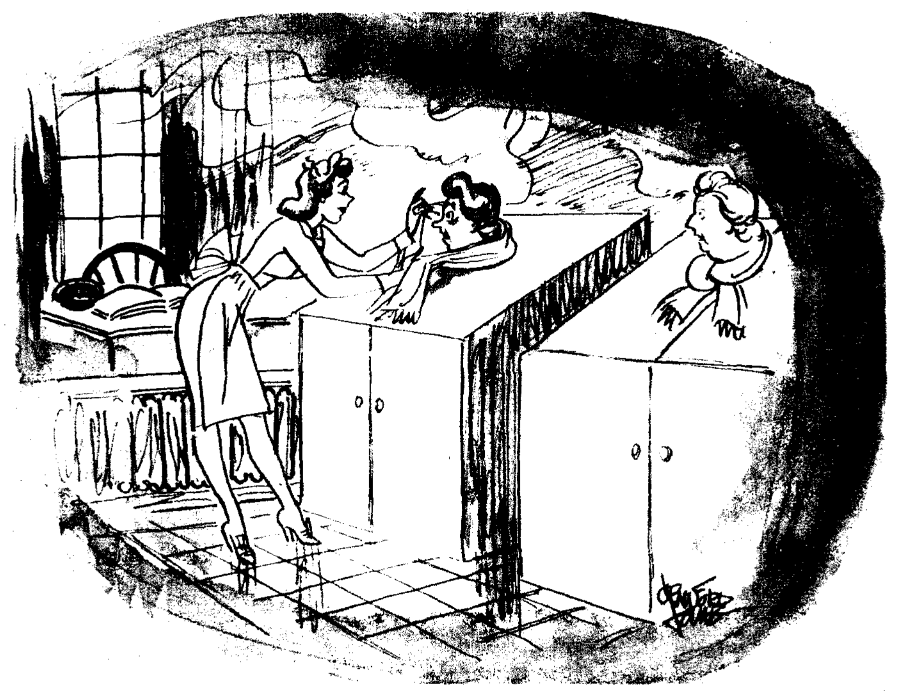
These revelations filled both press and nation with the conviction that Orlando's arrest was no more than the wretched police hounding of an innocent man. The "Secret of the Drugged Actor" was immediately uncovered—chiefly by Devlin. Mr. Cobb bore the brunt of these new developments. The papers lashed out with headlines identifying J. B. Cobb as "Master of the Robots." "Ruthless Cobb Runs Zombie Studio" and "Empire Artists in Dread of Cobb Dope Ring," were two of the earlier findings. They gathered steam by afternoon.

At five o'clock of the fourth day, Orlando emerged from his cell with Albert at his side and a regiment of jubilant reporters around him. The happiness of the press was the distinguishing feature in the release ceremonies. Just as it had celebrated Orlando's innocence as the killer of Dennis Wilde, it now hailed with open delight his second liberation. It proclaimed, elatedly, that Hollywood's carnival of crime was still a mystery unsolved. And hinting at fresh sex and murder revelations even gaudier than those served up to date, the newspapers hurled themselves at the "Phantom of the Studio" who was apparently still at large, his dreadful (and fascinating) work unfinished.

THE hotel bedroom was banked with flowers. Some fifty cablegrams were stuck in the edges of a dressing-table mirror in a display of international concern.

"I'm glad it's turned out all right, old boy," Gilbert whispered, as the nurse plucked the thermometer from his mouth. He wheezed a moment, grunted and then closed his little glazed eyes as if to concentrate.

"Forget it, Father." Orlando sat beside



"Keep your feet out of the left-hand corner—there's a mousetrap there"

COLLIER'S CRAWFORD YOUNG

← If you're always "stood up" like this . . .

When you'd rather stand up like this . . . →

← TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen yours—after eating, drinking, and smoking.

WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS

If you can't always get your favorite Life Savers flavor, it's because millions of Life Savers are going to our boys in the Armed Services. We know you would want them to get first call.

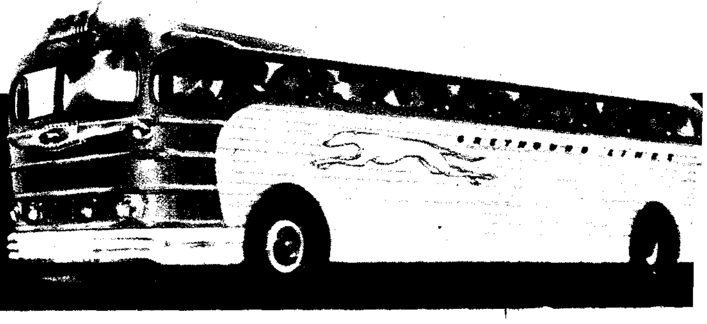
To Speed that Day...

THIS HUMAN SEMAPHORE who swings a pair of flags on a carrier's deck is guiding home fighting planes in the far Pacific. ***He's speeding the day*** when he can again swing a tennis racket, or a golf club, or a casting rod at some sunny Southern resort in the good old U. S. A.!

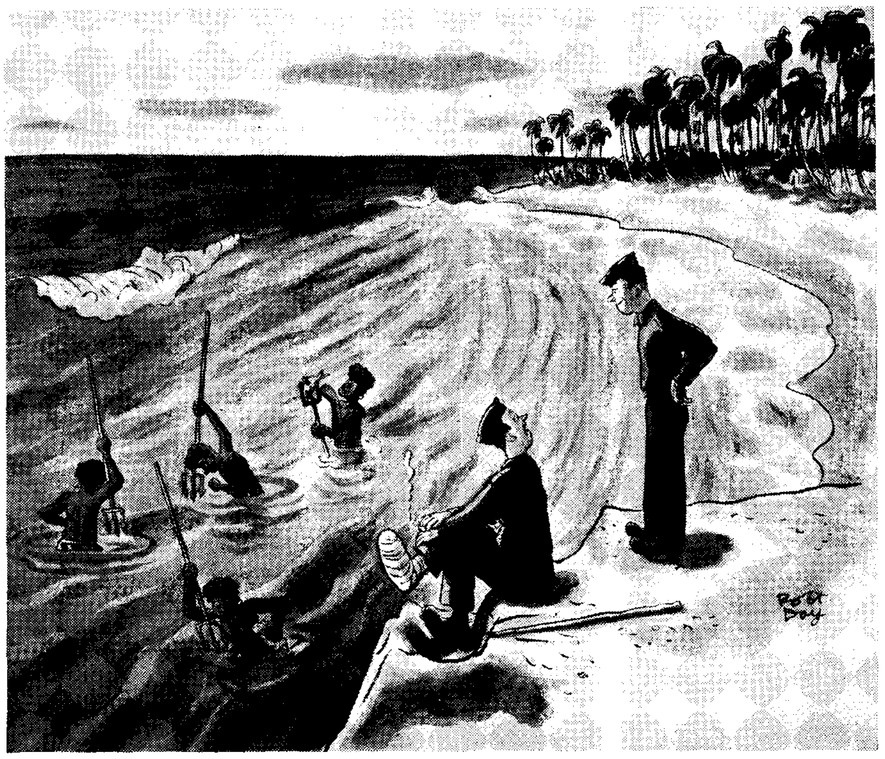
He and his buddies all over the globe are ***speeding that day*** the hard and dangerous way. Nothing we can do or say can repay their sacrifices . . . but each of us who tackles his war job at home with all his strength (and keeps buying War Bonds) is helping them bring Victory nearer.

More than 17,000 men and women of the Greyhound system have their vital share in this big job. Their task is carrying manpower—to war jobs, on furloughs, to induction centers—on literally thousands of military and civilian missions. As they drive buses, issue tickets, repair equipment, give information to millions of wartime passengers, they keep remembering 4,000 of their Greyhound fellow-workers now serving in our fighting forces all over the world.

And when Victory comes, Greyhound will help to bring 'em home—across the deck of the greatest "carrier" of all, the map of the U. S. A.! These buses will take our fighting men to the very doorsteps of their homes in big cities, small towns and farms all over the land. That kind of service is Greyhound's specialty—and, in the after-war days, you can be sure that its Super-Coaches will pioneer in finer, more comfortable highway travel than this Nation has ever known.



GREYHOUND



COLLIER'S "I tried it myself the other day" ROBERT DAY

the bed frowning. "You feel any better?"

"Quite a bit," said Gilbert feebly. "What are they going to do to that stupid chauffeur of yours?"

"They're letting Bill out tomorrow morning," Orlando said. "Don't worry about anything, Dad."

"That butterfingers," Gilbert sighed weakly, "gummed up the whole thing. He's a dangerous man. By George, if he hadn't broken that automobile down, I'd have had that spy under lock and key. Dragged him into Buckingham Palace, old boy, and saved the Crown a fortune."

"He's feverish," Orlando frowned and touched his father's forehead with his fingers. "Burning like a stove."

"I don't think he should be encouraged to talk," the nurse said sternly. "We must give the sulfa drugs a chance to take hold."

"That's a fine way you've been treating him, I must say," Orlando whispered angrily, "letting him lie there in silence. It's liable to kill him.

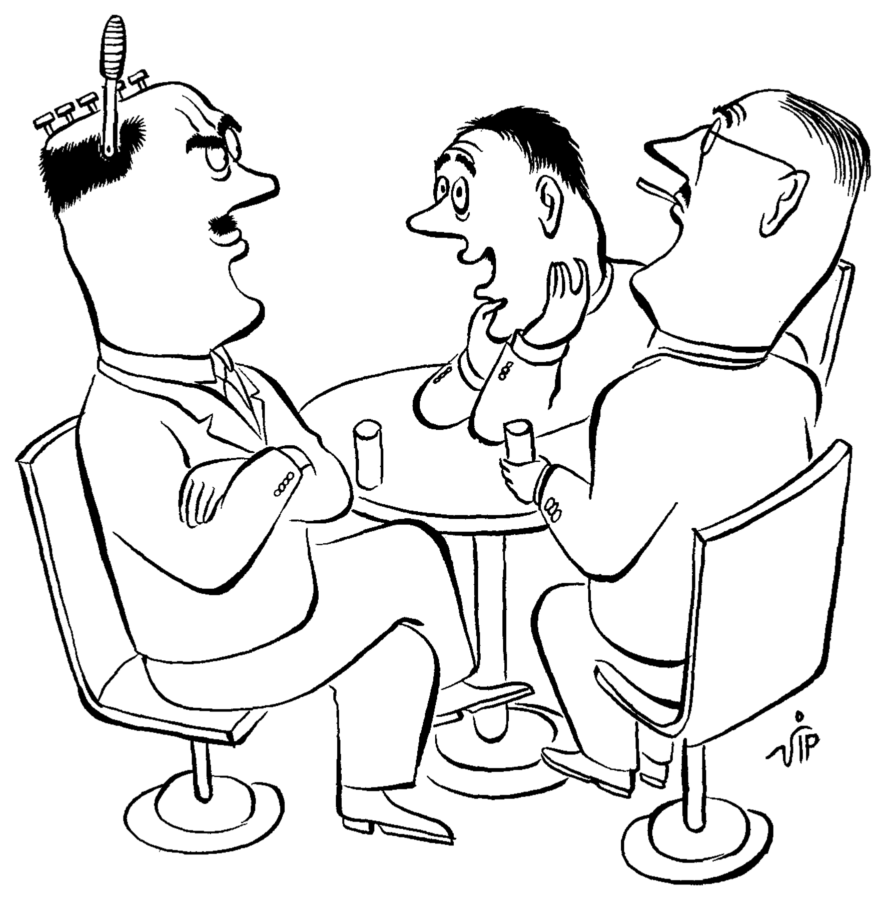
"How are you, old boy?" The glazed eyes on the pillow twinkled for a moment.

"The doctor said—" the nurse began.

"I don't give a hoot what the doctor said!" Orlando glared. "And throw those roses out of the room. He hates 'em." He looked furtively at the wheezing figure in the bed, and then, with a wink at me, continued solemnly, "They always remind him of Prince Gustave's wedding. Gussie stole his bride right from under my father's nose. She had a passion for roses and—"

"Not roses, old boy," Gilbert interrupted faintly. "Cornflowers. Always hated 'em ever since. Throw 'em out."

He lay panting while Orlando hurled two vases full of American beauties into the wastebasket.



COLLIER'S "I'll bite—what is 8521911 times 1072437?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Thank you," Gilbert wheezed. "I remember a countess in Warsaw in '22," he panted softly, "a lady of whom I was very fond. She tried to poison me, much like this. Except that she used cyanide. The Poles seem to prefer it. Sat beside my bed with a gun in her hand—in case the poison failed to finish me off. You follow me, old boy?"

"Absolutely." Orlando tried to smile.

"I had to lie there," Gilbert continued, "full of cyanide, old boy, and pretend I was dead. Just lie there, pretending." Gilbert's voice trailed off and he dozed.

Orlando insisted on remaining in the bedroom for the night.

I was summoned at 2 A.M. by one of the nurses.

"I wish you'd try to persuade him to leave," she begged me. "I can't answer for his father's life, if he's going to keep the old gentleman talking all night."

My phone rang at 3 A.M. It was Doctor Richardson with a similar request. He insisted I go into the sickroom and help hurl Orlando out by force. I promised to do what I could but I went only as far as the door. Peering into the sickroom, I saw a pajamaed Orlando sitting beside the bed, slapping his thigh and uttering soft bursts of false laughter, as a voice wheezed faintly from the pillows. Gilbert, whether or not he was dying, was having the time of his life, and I withdrew without any words of counsel.

Orlando was dressed and shaved when I came into the sickroom at eight.

"Great old guy!" he whispered to me. "I think he's pulling through. We just had a long talk about Russia."

"You've done your best to lessen your father's chances," the day nurse said angrily.

ORLANDO'S haggard face grinned at her. "You don't know my father," he chuckled tiredly. "He'll never die as long as he can keep telling somebody those—those old lies of his." He looked at me with droopy eyes. "I don't know," he sighed, "maybe they aren't lies. It's just a way Dad always has. He can always make everything sound untrue. Was there a Bulgarian king named Ferdinand?"

I nodded. The nurse removed the thermometer from Gilbert's mouth.

"Normal," she said. "It's amazing—after such a wretched night."

Gilbert opened his eyes and regarded Orlando woozily for some moments. "I say, old boy," he finally muttered, "you're through killing those damn' actors, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," Orlando chuckled. "It's getting a little boring."

"I can't save you all the time, you know, if you keep that sort of thing up," Gilbert sighed. "Very wearing." An eager, childish look came into his face. "By George!" he added, "that Jones story's going to make one of my favorite anecdotes, I'll bet you anything."

Doctor Richardson arrived and pronounced the patient out of danger.

"I'd almost given up hope on those sulfa drugs," he said.

"I had a good nurse last night." Gilbert smiled at his son. "Sort of helped a little, I believe."

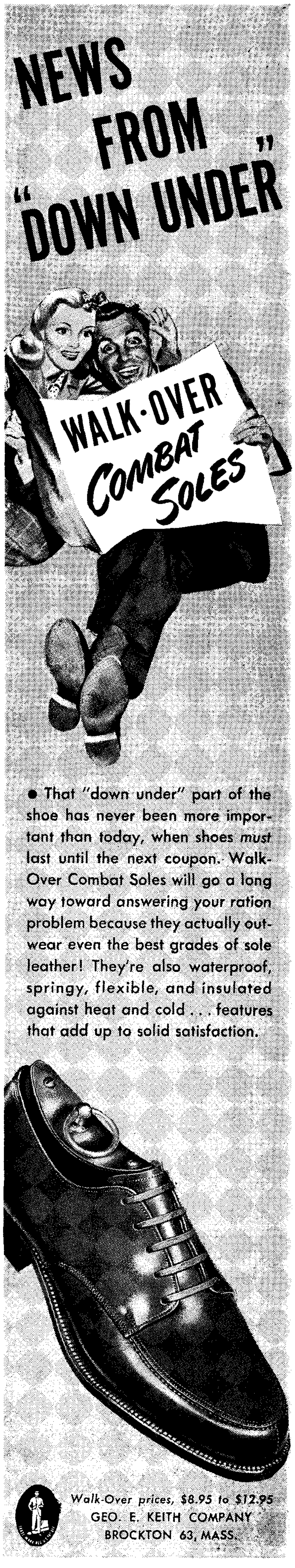
We left the bedroom an hour later. Orlando talked earnestly to Doctor Richardson in the corridor.

"Lookee," he whispered, "don't let him get out of bed, no matter how he hollers."

"He'll be laid up a few weeks, at least," the pneumonia expert answered.

"That isn't long enough," Orlando sighed. "I want that crazy coot kept in bed until this whole murder case is well over. Put his leg in a cast if you have to. He's been complaining about it enough."

The rain had stopped during the night and, looking about in the morning sun, I beheld a great part of Hollywood still intact. Here and there on the hills I



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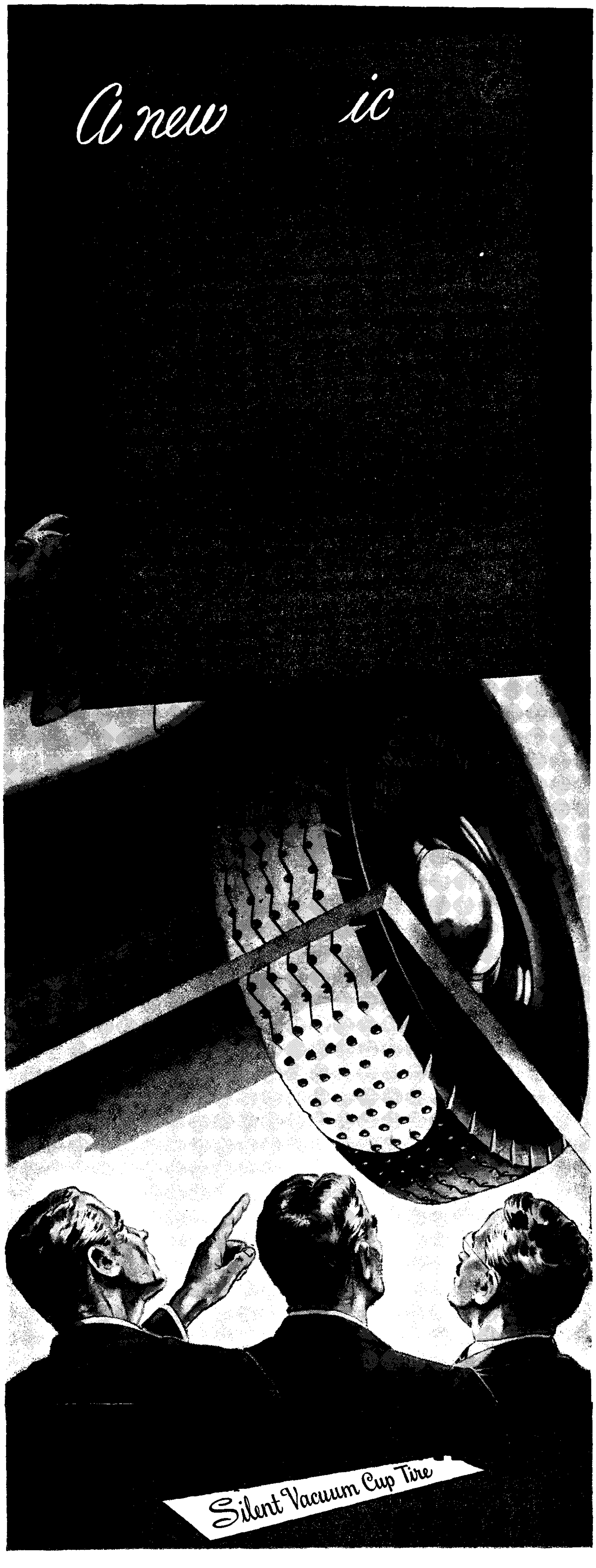


spotted empty places where homes had once stood. Some rowboats stranded in the side streets and the tumbled wall of an insecurely built Tuxberger Drive-In Eatery were the only evidences visible of flood. Hollywood has the most highly developed sewer system of any American city, designed by its stubborn civic fathers to swallow not only cloudbursts but cataracts and tidal waves. The six weeks of unnerving rain were out of the sky and off the streets this morning as if they had been part of a movie set struck during the night. A heat wave was already steaming down the mountains.

WE GLANCED through the morning papers on the way to Orlando's office. They were full of "revelations and disclosures" but no new murder suspect. I skipped quickly through one tale headlined:

Hollywood a Clinic for Debauchees
And Not Art Center, Says Noted
Viennese Psychiatrist

Mania and Movies Go Hand in Hand
Famed Sex Investigator Claims

Orlando was deep in a story headlined:

Studio Waiting Antimovie Fiend
To Strike Again As Sons Of
Destiny Goes Before
Camera Today

"I never liked that movie, myself," Orlando spoke up. "You should never have written it." He looked at me seriously. "It sure is a mystery. A lulu, isn't it? It would be a fine thing if it turns out one of my clients has been raising all this hell."

"Suspect anyone?" I asked idly.

"I wouldn't put it past hardly any of them," he said. "Some of those writers particularly. I've never seen such disgruntled guys."

Betha Fancher was waiting in the office. She was sitting on the Higgens table desk, her legs swinging. They were encased up to the knees in black boots such as are worn by street cleaners. A gray skirt topped by a jacket of red felt, with elaborate green frogs completed her attire, which, even to my untrained eye, was obviously homemade and intended to represent a Tyrolean cornet player on a jaunt. But Miss Fancher's face and hair were no part of this whimsical ensemble. A golden and goofy sort of youth signaled out of them and cast a glamor of sorts even over her outfittings.

"Be with you in a minute." Orlando smiled at her and turned to Flannigan. "What's new?"

"Nothing very much," Flannigan answered. "The lawyer is drawing up the Marco Falcon contracts. Mr. Cobb telephoned, and Mr. Zupelman. That's about all—except Miss Fancher." She looked coldly at the table sitter. "She was there when I got here."

Orlando nodded happily.

"How's your father?" Flannigan asked. "Is he getting any better?"

"All over it," Orlando said. "Fever all gone."

"But you're going to keep him in bed," Flannigan said quickly.

"Gonna chain him there," Orlando snapped. "Get me Zupelman and tell Mr. Albert I want to see him." He turned to Miss Fancher. "You're looking really wonderful. Those boots are damn' becoming. Where'd you get them, off a fireman?"

"Oh, I've had them a long time," Miss Fancher's husky little voice sounded abstracted. "I always wear them when I can—even if it's only a little wet."

"Keep your feet good and dry, I'll bet," said Orlando tenderly.

The turbaned Albert had emerged from his fastness. "Good morning, Mr. 'Iggens," he bowed to the room. "I 'ope you are over your un'appy experience."

"A little sleepy," said Orlando, "but that's all."

"Sleep," said the turban, "is purely mental. If you give yourself ten minutes in position number eleven you will get the benefits of a full night's slumber."

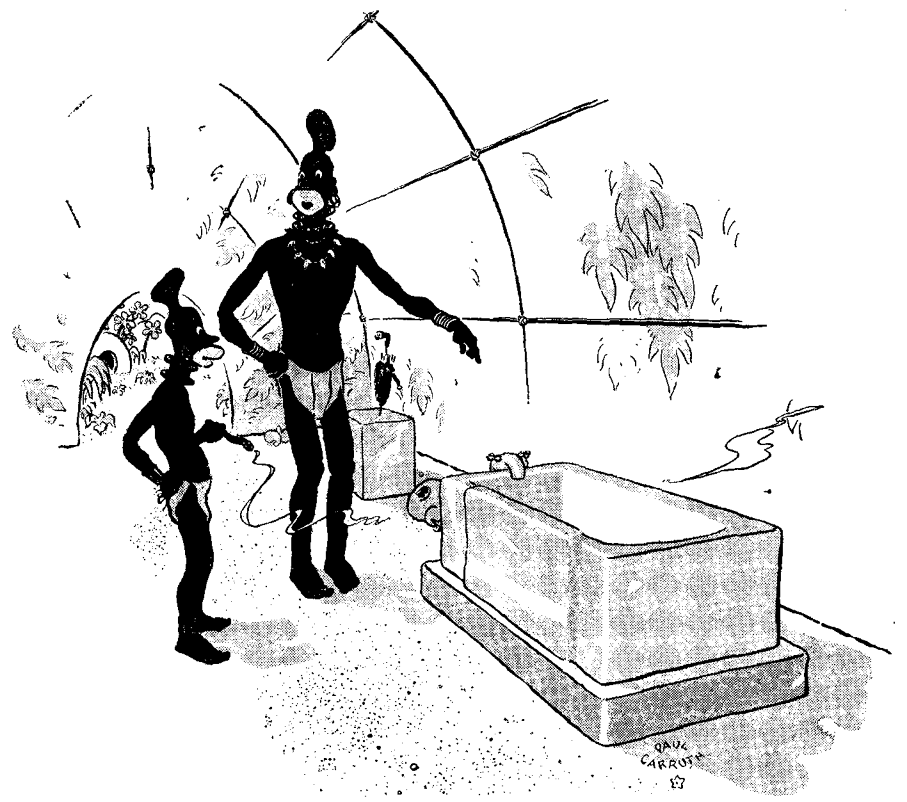
"Will do," said Orlando. "Look, I want you to go to my father and sit with him. Don't do anything while the doctor's around. But give him the osmosis whenever you can."

"I understand fully." The turban bowed. "I'll 'andle the situation carefully. I 'ave long ago given up arguing with horganized medicine, Mr. 'Iggens."

"He's a jewel," Orlando sighed, as the door closed behind the healer.

"Mr. Zupelman on number three," Flannigan called.

Orlando picked up the green telephone. "Zuppey!" he cried. "How are you? . . . Oh,



"Truly wonderful, Mooli, is the magic of the white man. Does he wish to see his friends, he steps into this, a bell rings and, lo, they are at his door"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

Work with a wartime De Soto

War workers E. H. Krug and his pretty daughter Dolores have an early morning breakfast before driving to work. Krug is factory manager of a big Detroit war plant.

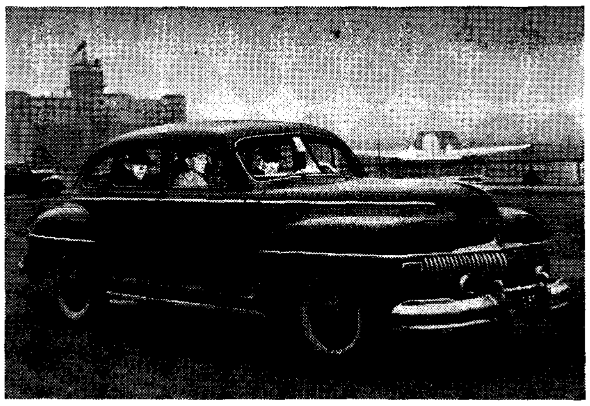
THERE are half a million of these fine De Soto cars registered and running in the United States. Many thousands of them have joined the essential work of the war and, in that role, are performing with distinction. Not only is their performance reliable, but their great economy of tires, gas and upkeep expense makes them well suited for the exacting, and often strenuous, jobs required of them.

• • •

This quick picture story has been selected at random from thousands of similar ones. The pride and confidence of this De Soto owner are typical, and the work done by him and his car is a genuine example of wartime service to the Nation.

Krug lives in Centerline, Mich., 15 miles away. In early morning darkness, he and his daughter leave at 6:45 a.m. Their De Soto is their only means of transportation.

Pulling up for his ration of gas, Krug chats with the attendant who knows Krug's efficient and economical car is typical of many other DeSotos which he services.



Day breaks as he passes busy Detroit City Airport. Krug has driven a quarter of a million miles in DeSotos. "They never fail," says Krug.

Day or night emergency calls, demanding Krug's immediate return on a moment's notice, require instant and unfailing transportation. Here, Krug is returning to the big war plant at 3 a. m.

Like other DeSoto owners, Krug services his car often. "This is my tenth DeSoto," says Krug. "I keep it running smooth with frequent dealer inspections."

Your DeSoto dealer can help you keep *your* DeSoto running smooth, too. Make periodical inspection dates with him so he can watch your car and use his trained help and factory-engineered parts whenever necessary. Frequent dealer inspections are your best insurance for a smooth and efficient car.

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DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

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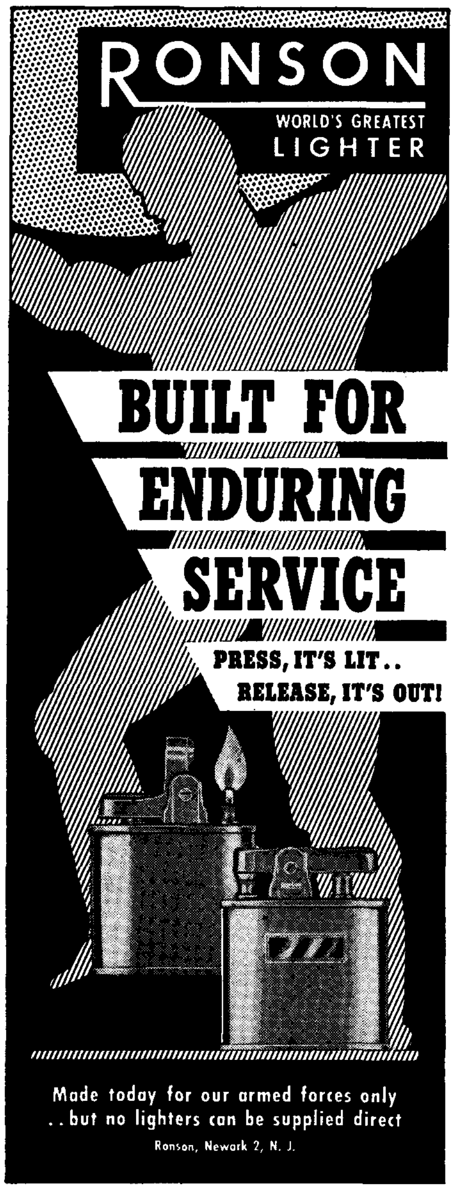

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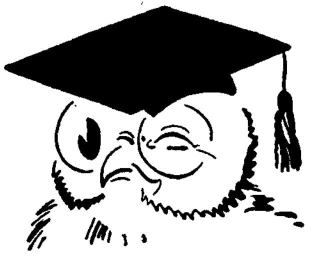

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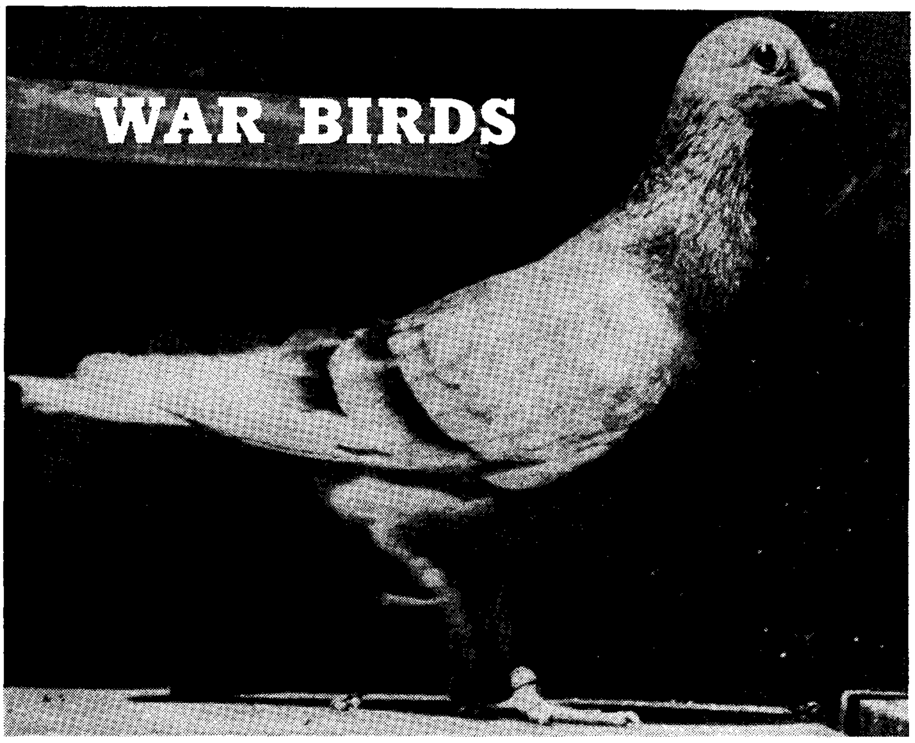


PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Yank carried the message from Gafsa to U.S. headquarters, 98 miles away, that the city had fallen to our forces

THE ground at Foggia shuddered as the big Fortresses walked down to the south end of the runways and swung their tails around for the long take-off. The target was Colvi Vecchia, a blob of pale masonry near the Volturno River. The Nazis were there. They didn't want to leave. The bombers were about to take off when a colonel dashed out of the operations office, waving them to silence. The mission was called off. In the briefing room later, he told the pilots the British were in Colvi Vecchia now, and it wouldn't do to bomb our allies.

The colonel got the news from G.I. Joe, a weary little homing pigeon. The bird had flapped his way home from Colvi Vecchia over blasted forests, dead villages, and the brain-numbing crash of concealed artillery. G.I. Joe walked into his cote, and picked up birdseed as a sergeant removed the important capsule message from his leg.

Homers are doing plenty for the American services. The British and Germans use them extensively, too. Americans have experimented with a boomerang bird, one which will deliver a message to a given place and then return home. But the old-fashioned homing pigeon, who is nothing more than a big dove with a mental automatic pilot, is still tops. You take him from his cote, send him where he may be needed, and, with a message tied to his leg, he'll fly back to the cote again.

A few of the more earthy noncoms at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, found a way to make a homing pigeon fly twenty-five per cent faster. Normally, he wings at a speed varying between forty and sixty miles per hour. They found that if, just before he is sent out on duty, he is permitted to see his mate cooing in a cage with another male, he will fly his wings to shreds getting back to the cote.

Messenger for Brutus

The use of pigeons in war is older than Brutus. One time, when Brutus was besieged by Mark Antony, he dispatched a bird to the consuls, asking for reinforcements.

Pigeons, of course, are stupid. Anything which has no stake in the war, and which will fly through AA fire, artillery barrages, infantry fire, the roar of low-sweeping aircraft, and do it again and again and again, is minus mental buttons. In Africa, one set of U.S. birds delivered 45 "secret" and "urgent" messages from the front during a single engagement.

In Italy, another homer got bewildered and did what he hadn't orter. He walked right into a Nazi encampment. They sent him home with a message on his leg: "Thanks. We are not quite that hungry."

But our Army's African records show that nine of every ten birds get through regardless of war, weather or sandstorms.

They may not have I.Q.s comparable to the Quiz Kids, but they have courage aplenty. Lady Astor flew 90 miles to an American base in Africa. After she had dropped exhausted in her loft, an examination showed she had been wounded three times in flight. California Lady was winged by a sniper, but kept flying. For that she was awarded the Purple Heart. The Marines in the Marshall Islands campaign found that they could send 4,000-word messages on the leg of a single carrier pigeon. And, despite the weight of the paper, the flak, the terrifying naval barrages and the predatory birds of the sea, the pigeons got through.

The Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth says it takes three to five months to train a bird for military duty. In six months the bird is mature and, up to that point, his flying ability and his loyalty depend on his feeding. After six months, the bird suddenly discovers that there are girl birds. Once you mate him, you can send him almost anywhere within reason, and he will fly right back to mamma the moment he's released.

They're not good at night flying. The British send birds on the big night bombing missions, to be released with the names of pilot and crew, only if the boys are about to bail out over enemy-held territory, but even then the homer will fly in dizzy circles until dawn to get his bearings.

In the main, however, their use is limited to areas where radio and telephone cannot be used. And, of course, over the doorway of almost any public library. LAWRENCE N. GALTON

---

fine. Fever all gone. He pulled through like a hero. . . . Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Oh, forget it. You boys had to clear yourselves. I understand that perfectly. What! You did!"

Orlando straightened in his cardinal's chair. He listened intently for several minutes, clucking eagerly between Mr. Zupelman's paragraphs. "Zuppey, I can't tell you how pleased I am," he spoke finally. "You've proved yourself really a great showman. I'm for it a hundred per cent. Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Will do. . . . Absolutely. . . . It's terrific. . . . Without fail."

He hung up slowly and sat beaming at Miss Fancher. "Holding out on me, eh," he said softly. "Why didn't you tell me Zupelman gave you a screen test?"

"You were in jail at the time." Miss Fancher smiled.

"But I've been here for hours right in front of you," Orlando pointed out, "and not a peep out of you." He turned to me. "Isn't that amazing?"

"I didn't consider it important," Miss Fancher said.

"Ho, ho, ho." Orlando was full of mockery. "Two weeks ago, you were breaking your neck, young lady, trying to get by the studio doorman. And yesterday Mr. Zupelman himself tests you for the lead in Dragon Moon. I'd call that a little exciting." Orlando winked at me as he studied the abstracted face of his table sitter. "Wouldn't you like to hear what the great Mr. Zupelman thinks of you as an actress?" he added teasingly.

"Not particularly," said Miss Fancher.

"WELL, Your Royal Highness, I'll tell you anyway." Orlando winked again, this time at Miss Flannigan. "He thinks enough of you to sign you up to play the lead in Dragon Moon, his biggest production since the war started. He's going to sink three million dollars into that picture. The Chinese government's in back of it." He paused and then went on softly, "Honey, wake up! You're a star! A movie star! It's like one of those Cinderella stories, isn't it?"

Miss Fancher frowned.

"What's the matter?" Orlando inquired. "Stunned?"

"I knew we'd have a quarrel," the table sitter sighed.

"About what?" Orlando chuckled. "I'm tickled silly about this whole thing."

"That's what I was afraid of," said Miss Fancher.

Orlando was not one unused to the vagaries of artists. "I see you don't care to play in Dragon Moon. Is that it?"

"Uh-uh," said Miss Fancher.

"Scared, I suppose," Orlando sneered.

"I don't think so," said Miss Fancher.

"Listen," Orlando spoke hopefully, "that goopy Zupelman didn't say or do anything to offend you?"

"Oh, no," Miss Fancher was shocked. "Mr. Zupelman is a very nice man—in his way. But Nanki Lee is putrid."

"Who the hell is Nanki Lee?" Orlando demanded. "And what's he got to do with it?"

"Nanki is not a 'he,'" Miss Fancher explained. "It's a she. It's the part I'm supposed to play. She's not only putrid but utterly silly."

"I can't stand this." Orlando jumped up and walked the length of his table desk. "Listen, dopey," he shouted suddenly. "Nanki Lee is the biggest lead in pictures since Scarlett O'Hara. You're talking like a pernickety half-wit."

"I'd like to explain it to you"—Miss Fancher was husky-voiced but cool—"if you care to hear what I think or feel about anything. I realize it's all a matter of business to you. It's something else to me."

"Shoot," said Orlando and clenched his teeth. He returned to his chair.

"I thought I wanted fame," Miss Fan-

a Pilot's letter advises:

"Better fly Buick"

SHE is a three-star mother, with one son an Army pilot, one a Navy flier, one an Army cadet meteorologist – and a wartime job of her own to handle.

When a letter came from the one who has been out in the Pacific for 15 months – much of the time in a big Liberator bomber – she passed it on to us, with quite needless apologies about "a mere mother's pride" in her son's good efforts.

She sent it on because her son wrote:

"These engines I fly behind are built by Buick, so I have the utmost faith in them. You take care of them and they'll take care of you."

And you can be mighty sure that made us feel good.

But listen to what the mother added and see if you wouldn't feel both proud and a bit humble in the face of such obvious appreciation:

"Thank God," she wrote *"that if our modern machines must be used as instruments of war, Buick does build them. It means much to us mothers of men that, as they defy death in the skies, you have done your best to see them through."*

Keep America Strong
BUY WAR BONDS

Yes, we have done our best. And we are glad that best has been good enough to give fighting men faith in Buick-built war goods.

But who wouldn't try to *better* his best when to such faith you have added the sincere gratitude of mothers who send their sons to fight for us?

Certainly *we* shall – every hour of every day – from now till Victory!

Every Sunday Afternoon – GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR – NBC *Network*

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

ROSEDALE IS READY TO FLY

Inexpensive "L" Landing Strip on Edge of Town, Illustrated

Rosedale is just an average small town, but it is progressive. Already it has built its airplane landing strip—for the convenience of its own and other postwar fliers.

The mayor realizes that the coming air age is nearly here—that forty-eight local boys in the Air Force and three local girls in the WAFS will want to fly after Victory. Also, he knows that everyone is air-minded and that the community with landing facilities, however modest, will go ahead. So he has done something about it!

When you get your peacetime Piper Cub, you can land at Rosedale for the big county fair. And, you can go to thousands of other towns, take vacation and business trips with ease, pleasure, safety and economy.

But, will you be able to take-off from your own town? For the convenience of its citizens and for its future, your town should plan inexpensive landing facilities now. A new booklet "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age" gives the why, where and how of building local landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. R34W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET—"Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. R34, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★

PIPER Cub

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

cher went on huskily, her gentle young face aglow with something—possibly wistfulness, "but I don't at all, now that it's at my feet."

"Go on," said Orlando grimly.

"I'm grateful to you for getting me that starring part," Miss Fancher went on, her booted legs hanging quietly, "because it's shown me that that sort of thing isn't at all what I want of life—to become famous playing putrid heroines."

"MR. ZUPELMAN might agree to have the part rewritten," I suggested.

"It wouldn't help at all." Miss Fancher turned her sapphire lamps on me, and I became conscious of something remarkably attractive, possibly mania. "Because the whole script is second rate."

"Those things are easily changed," I argued.

"Just let her talk," Orlando ordered, and shut his eyes and breathed deeply. I hoped he was in position eleven.

"You see"—Miss Fancher turned to me, my eyes being open—"the basic thing is that one has to live with oneself. Fame is really an outsider. It never gets inside of this." She tapped the red felt jacket. "One is alone from the cradle to the grave. And one answers only to oneself."

Orlando's breathing grew slower and deeper.

"If I appeared in such a mess of tripe as Dragon Moon," Miss Fancher continued, "I could never forget it. Even if other people did I'd remember. And it would haunt me to the grave. It's the only sin an artist can commit—to become deliberately not an artist. To do something second rate for mere money and fame—and let yourself wither inside. I remember," the eager child face looked over my head, "I remember a sonnet I read long ago: 'On that pilgrim's staff, who betrays his art, no flowers shall ever bloom.'"

"Are you finished?" said Orlando, his eyes still shut.

The table sitter was silent. Orlando stood up. He seemed refreshed. He walked to Miss Fancher and, taking hold of both her arms, addressed her in a low voice.

"You're going to play Nanki Lee," he said.

Miss Fancher's eyes blazed back at him, and I felt that Orlando's sleepiness had blunted his sense of danger. Warning, however, would be wasted. Orlando in the throes of salesmanship was as heedless as someone going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

"You're coming to Mr. Zupelman's office with me," he went on, "and you're signing a starring contract for Dragon Moon. And no more of this guff."

Orlando seemed to misunderstand utterly the silence in front of him. I noticed a strand of Miss Fancher's golden hair move, as if lifted by electricity.

"Honey," he continued, happy in his barrel, "I'm going to tell you something for your own good. You'll thank me for it—afterward. You're just a typical half-baked artistic goop—with nothing but mogo on the gogo. You're a sweet kid in many ways, but as an artist you're still wet behind the ears. Frankly, you don't know anything about anything—art, drama, movies—anything. The first minute I saw you I had your number—a typical little Hollywood fourflusher with a big phony art complex. Baby, you're a hundred per cent fake."

Miss Fancher pulled her arms out of his grasp and, slipping off the table, swung an unexpected but creditable right hook to Orlando's chin. She followed it with another blow that was a little high and landed on his cheek. Orlando blocked the third wallop—a left to the jaw—and Miss Fancher bored in and sunk two short rights into the stomach.

Orlando stepped away. Miss Fancher refused to follow up her advantage and remained standing still. She wasn't even breathing hard and, except for a remarkable widening of her eyes, showed no signs of having been in combat.

I had seen Orlando under similar, though less expert attacks by women, usually clients, and I knew he had no relish for such outrage. But this particular fracas had left him with a thoughtful look on his face. He stood regarding Miss Fancher with a mixture of pride and tenderness.

"Just for that," Orlando finally chuckled, "you're going to marry me."

"I'm very sorry," Miss Fancher's voice was soft, "but you made me lose my temper."

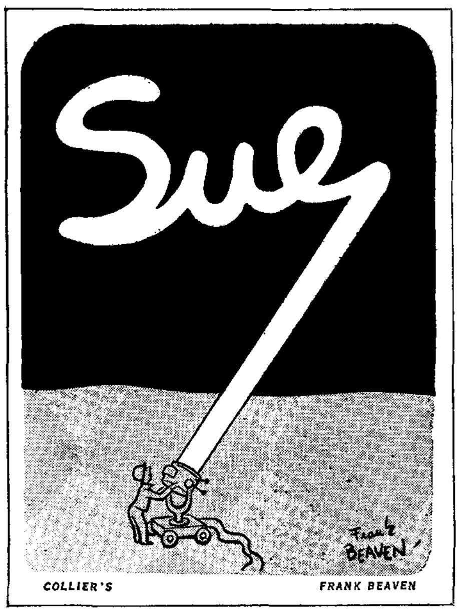
"I said you were going to marry me!" Orlando took a step forward.

"I heard you." The blue eyes widened again, and her left came up in a fine boxing pose. "Please stay where you are. I prefer not to hit you again."

"Nobody's fighting, for Pete's sake!" Orlando cried. "I'm proposing!"

"You're a horrid disappointment to me," Miss Fancher backed toward the door, her right cocked at her side. "You're just a big second-rate nothing stuffed with Hollywood sawdust. You're no better than any of those shoddy movie makers. I hate you all."

Opening the door quickly, Miss Fancher vanished like Puss in Boots.



COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

"With a little sleep under your belt, I think you could take her," I offered.

Orlando's eyes remained on the door.

"She can use that against you, Mr. Higgens," Flannigan spoke from her desk. "Proposing marriage to her in front of witnesses. I wish I hadn't been listening."

Orlando sat down and a moody light was on him. After a pause he spoke in a jealous snarl:

"I wonder who taught her how to box. Probably some boy friend."

"Mr. Cobb on number five," said Flannigan. "It's about those Marco Falcon contracts."

"I'm tied up. I'll call him back," said Orlando. A softer look came into his droopy eyes. "She probably learned off her brother-in-law. He used to be in the ring, I found out. Gosh, that's a sweet kid! Absolutely real!"

I UNDERTOOK to smuggle Devlin into the studio after lunch. It was a touchy operation. The entire Empire lot was surrounded by guards stationed at thirty-foot intervals. They were all armed.

I decided to try the main gate as the least suspicious-seeming maneuver. Our car was stopped here by three men with rifles. I exhibited identification cards as a man too old for the Armed Forces of the U.S.A., as a dead beat, three hundred dollars behind on a New York saloon bill, and as a writer employed—perhaps foolishly—by the studio. My jokes were met

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Frigidaire, busy with war production . . . today is no less proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

Today, when food is carefully rationed because of the needs of our armed forces, Frigidaire Home Freezers are helping many American homemakers make the most of the food they buy or grow.

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Tells important things to remember, gives information on preparing, wrapping and storing. Also cooking guides. For your free copy write Frigidaire, 440 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada address 40 Commercial St., Leaside, Ontario.

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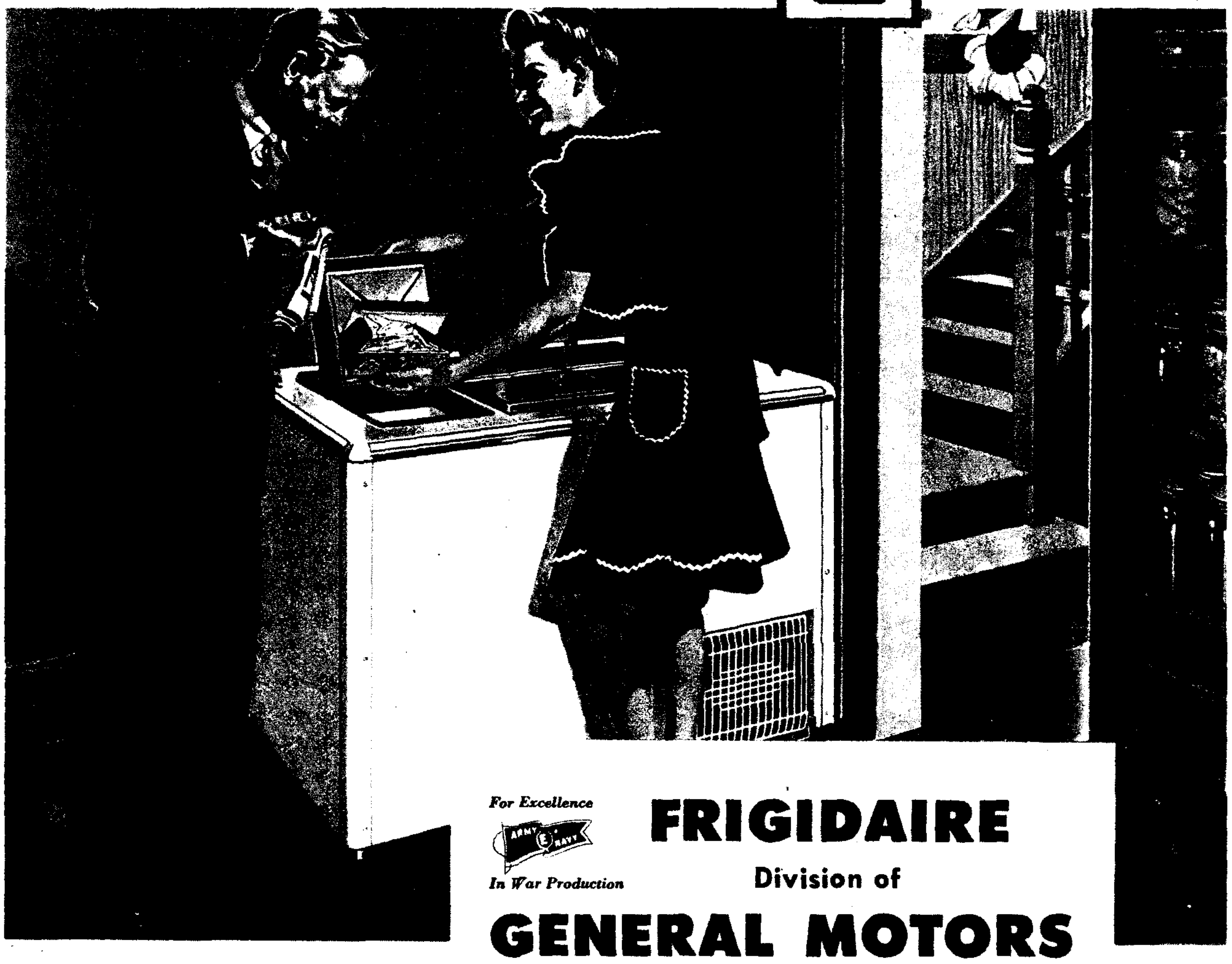

This Frigidaire Home Freezer, one of many that are now helping conserve food in thousands of homes, is typical of models that will be available when production can be resumed.

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Peacetime Builders of
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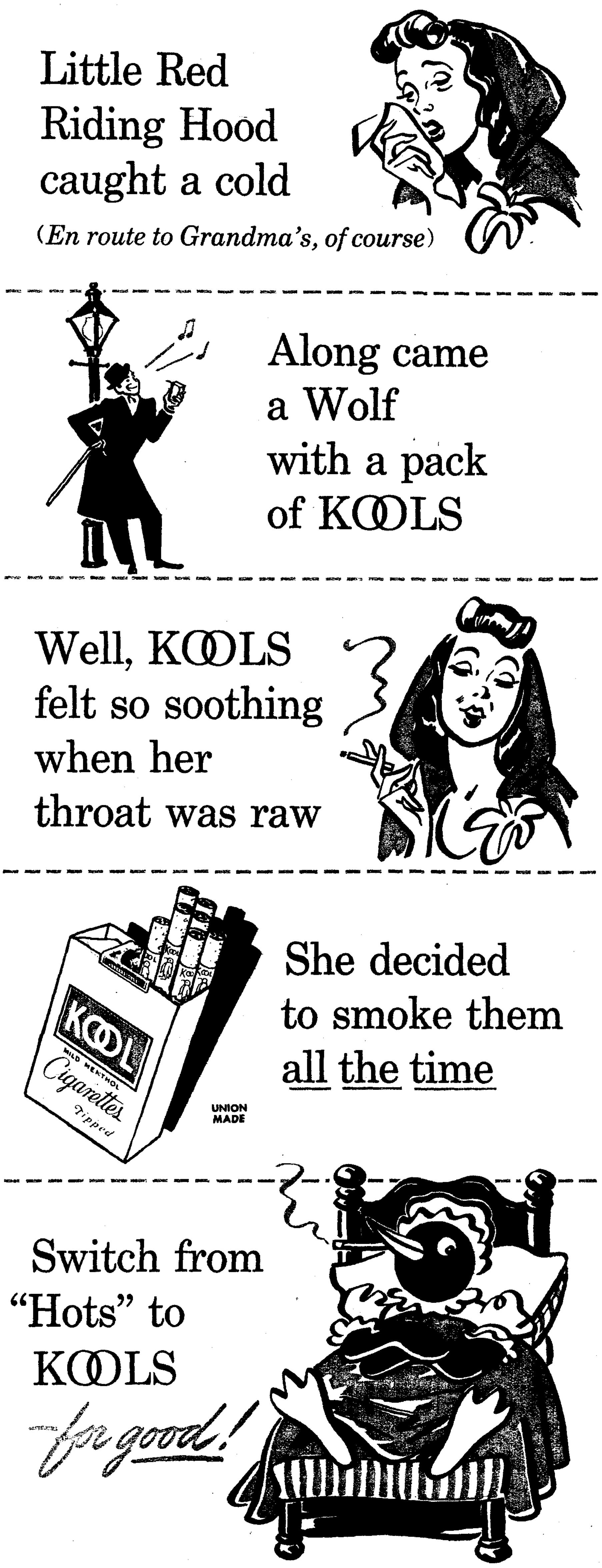


Little Red Riding Hood caught a cold

(*En route to Grandma's, of course*)

Along came a Wolf with a pack of KOOLS

Well, KOOLS felt so soothing when her throat was raw

She decided to smoke them all the time

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes Tipped

UNION MADE

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *for good!*

by grim faces. They turned on my companion. He was, I explained, a bodyguard whom I had engaged. As author of Sons of Destiny, I most certainly needed someone to protect me.

"I see your point," said the head rifleman, "but we got orders not to let anybody bring anybody else in with him. It ain't so much this fiend they're worried about somebody sneakin' in, as it is about newspapermen. They don't want any inside."

"I can well understand that," said Devlin and produced, to my surprise, a calling card reading, "Elmore Godsoe, Private Investigator," and a letter addressed to "The Honorable Bartlett MacFee, Congressman-at-Large."

"I have several aliases," he said quietly, "due to the nature of my work."

"As long as you ain't a newspaperman, it's all right with me." The head rifleman handed back Devlin's credentials. Tags were pinned on our lapels, reading, "Passed, *Gate One. Col. Ennix.*"

COLONEL ENNIX was head of Empire's legal department. He was a Marine officer who had retired after the first World War as a major. Mr. Cobb had promoted him to a colonelcy for his work in breaking the studio's contract with the aging singing star, Vivian Dalrymple.

Flaunting the "open sesames" of Colonel Ennix in our lapels, we parked our car and proceeded without further challenge to the executive building. Egress to the various sets was easiest from this point.

"I'll tell Mr. Cobb you are here," said the white-haired Quackenbush. "Mr. Cobb is terribly busy."

"Not having his throat cut, I hope," said Devlin archly. We sat down on one of the numerous leather couches reserved for heel cooling. Five armed guards were on duty in the waiting room. Two of them with rifles on their shoulders patroled the Pharaoh's door.

"Mr. Cobb *is going to sell his life* dearly," I said.

"Usury," Devlin sighed.

Two more armed guards appeared and took positions behind the Quackenbush desk. "This is almost as exciting as Guadalcanal," he added.

Quackenbush was signaling me.

"From here in you're on your own." I stood up.

"I'll see you on the barricades," said Devlin softly. "The password is 'Elizabeth Witherspoon.'"

I caught a glimpse of Devlin wandering off, a preoccupied air on his Western-pioneer face, as the Pharaoh's door opened. I stepped into the sanctum and was seized instantly by two stalwarts and rendered powerless. Monty Fineman, after looking at me intently for a moment, nodded, and I was released to make my way to the Pharaoh's desk.

A dozen guards were scattered about the room, covering all the doors and windows. I hoped that Devlin would not decide on a frontal attack.

Mr. Cobb looked up at me with bloodshot eyes. "I have read the Marco Falcon *rewrites*," he said. "Are you sure they are all right?"

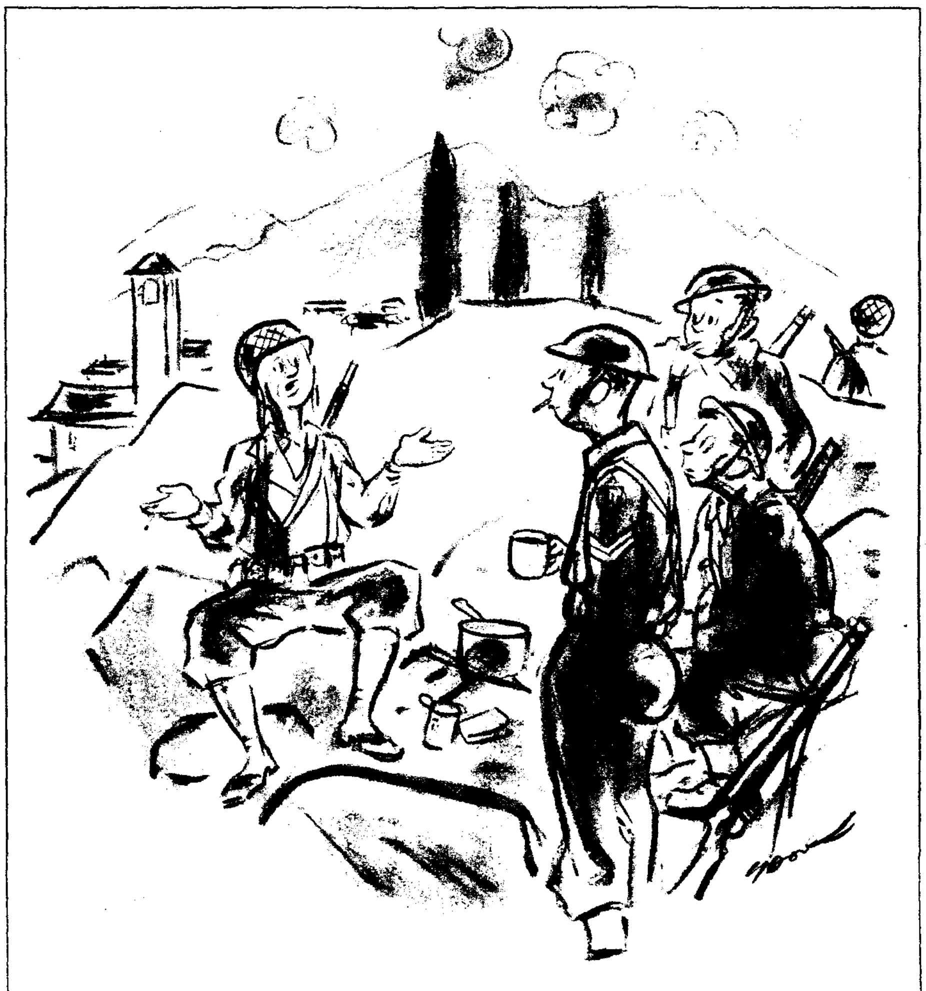
I nodded modestly.

"Notify Mr. Potnik, the scenes are okay," Mr. Cobb said to Freddie Blue; "and to shoot them to the best of his ability." He handed a phone to Freddie. "I can't take care of everything," he added petulantly. "Is the conference ready for me?"

"All set and waiting," said Monty Fineman.

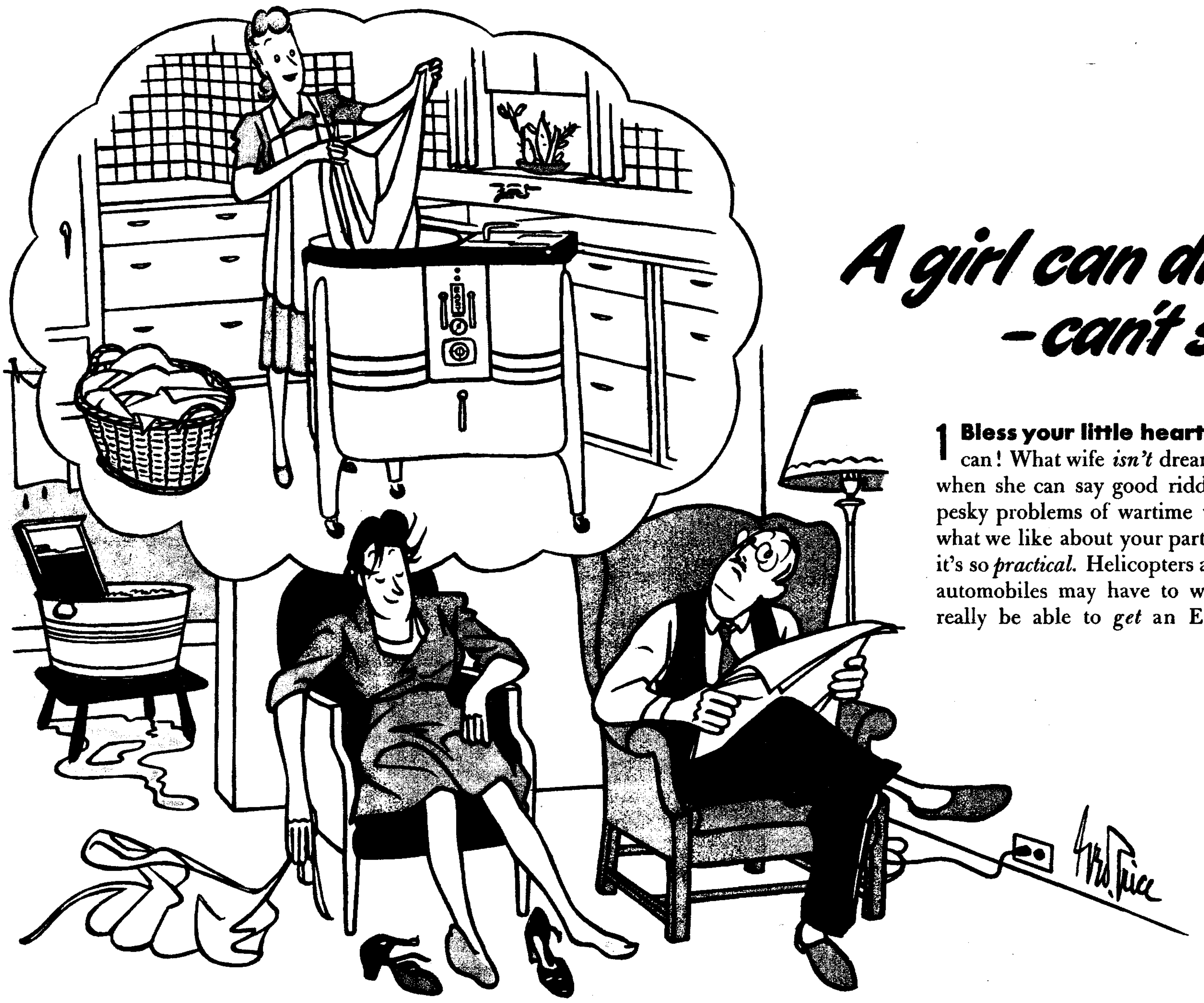
J. B. looked around at his troops. "Half of you stay in here," he ordered, "and the rest come with me. Keep your eye on the windows." He mopped his forehead. "I have accepted the challenge," he whispered, "and am going to fight to the last. Come on."

Seven of my literary colleagues were sitting around the magnificent conference table. They were Empire's picked mystery writers who had been assigned by the Pharaoh to tackle the real-life problem of who was responsible for the reign of terror in the studio. Mr. Cobb, with the unerring instinct of a salmon, moved to the largest chair at the table head. Freddie Blue and Monty Fineman flanked him,



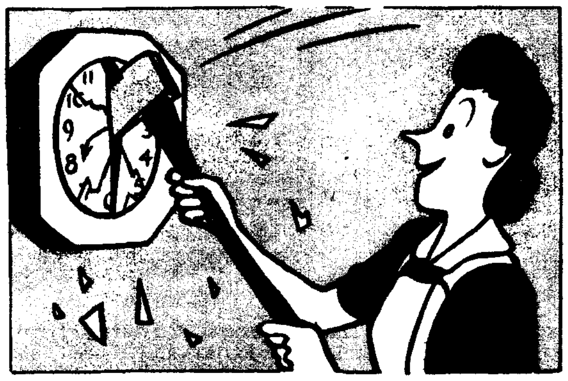
"—and to the North, South and West of Brooklyn lies the United States"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



A girl can dream —can't she?

1 Bless your little heart, of course you can! What wife *isn't* dreaming of the day when she can say good riddance to all the pesky problems of wartime washing? And what we like about your particular dream is it's so *practical.* Helicopters and transparent automobiles may have to wait, but you'll really be able to *get* an Easy Spindrier!



2 So go ahead and dream! No more dreary clock watching while washing, rinsing, and damp-drying is done all in one tub! The two-tub Spindrier cuts washing time in half by washing in one tub while the other rinses and damp-dries.

3 And while you're at it dream of a washer that *spins* the water out of your clothes. The Spindrier removes up to 25% *more water* gently and safely, without harmful squeezing. No more broken buttons, nipped fingers, or hard-to-iron wrinkles!

4 Your dream may come true sooner than you think! So keep on buying "war bonds today for an Easy tomorrow!" Meanwhile if you're one of those 2,000,000 women who own a pre-war Easy, take care of it, and it will take care of you.

5 How do we know so much about washing? Because Easy has *specialized* in home laundry problems for 67 years. We've tried thousands of ideas to make your job easier, and out of them has come the Easy Spindrier, which war-expanded facilities will have ready for *you*—soon, we hope! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 4, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY— FOR AN EASY TOMORROW!
EASY
AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER

and six guards grouped themselves deferentially in the background.

"Now, gentlemen," the Pharaoh announced, with a stern look down the table, "please don't waste my time. And don't everybody speak at once. Who is presenting the clues?"

Author Peritz, a tall, blond and nearsighted young man with a deceptively mild manner, answered, "The honor has been conferred on me, Mr. Cobb."

"Which pictures did you write?" Mr. Cobb demanded.

"My last two contributions to literature," Peritz answered, "were Murder on Toast and The Man With a Wig. In case you are interested in our general credentials as the wearers of Sherlock Holmes' mantle, Mr. Lieberman on my right is the creator of The Phantom Detective series."

Soothing Note for the Ides of March

Although our income taxes make
The most intrepid spirit quake,
They wound us only in the purse,
While shrapnel hurts a good
deal worse.

MARGARET FISHBACK

"One of our biggest grossers," said Mr. Cobb proudly.

"Thank you!" Author Lieberman said.

The Pharaoh, whose acquaintance with the studio's movie makers did not often reach to the nether levels of authorship, indicated a rotund, bearded scrivener in a beret.

"I don't recall you," he said.

"My name iss Fritz Kesselberger," the beard answered, in a thick voice. "I am the author from Broadway Zeecrets. Und I am also a former memper of the Psychoanalytik Society von Vienna. At present I am engaged on a moofing picture as yet vitout a title but vich iss a humdinker, belief me."

Mr. Cobb frowned and it was clear that he preferred his writers clean-shaven.

"Have this man investigated," he whispered to Freddie Blue. "I think there's something phony about him." He raised his voice: "Go on with the clues. What have you figured out, gentlemen? And remember, I am relying on you as the highest-paid geniuses in the industry not to talk foolishness."

"Mr. Cobb," said Peritz, on his feet, "gentlemen of letters and fellow investigators"—the Pharaoh sat back pleased—"the plot we have to solve is simply: Who killed Dennis Wilde and John Paul Jones and is threatening at this moment to assassinate a number of other people, including the head of our studio, Jerome B. Cobb, himself. We have gone over the various suspects in the case and—"

"You got suspects!" the Pharaoh interrupted eagerly. "Why didn't somebody tell me? I don't want people holding out on me."

"We had to check and check back," Peritz explained. "Otherwise we would be giving you Grade B suspects."

"Ve haf eliminated vot iss veak und kept vot iss psychological," said Author Kesselberger, filling a pipe.

The Pharaoh muttered something to Freddie Blue that I didn't catch, and Freddie nodded grimly.

"The first name on our list of possible murderers," Peritz continued, "is Elvina Bliss."

"I wouldn't hold it above her," Mr. Cobb said. "Her contract comes up for renewal next week."

"She's asking a fifty per cent boost," Freddie Blue whispered.

"I didn't know that," said Mr. Cobb and demanded sternly, "What clues have you got on her?"

"She was related to the two dead men by ties of love," said Peritz, "by which I mean she was two-timing each of them and being two-timed back by both of them."

"Definitely a psychotic personality," said the beard, "vit schizophrenic comblications."

"What Mr. Kesselberger means," Peritz explained soothingly, "is that the private life of Elvina Bliss is a sort of love epic. In the average murder mystery, a woman like Elvina would be certain to turn out to be the guilty party."

"Only if there was an inheritance involved," said Author Frank Bizzel. "Put an inheritance in the plot, and I'll buy Elvina as the killer."

"I agree with you," Author Lieberman spoke up. "She would kill for money, not love. Just as a rabbit would kill only for lettuce."

"There being no inheritance involved," Peritz went on, "we must use what we have at hand. The principal fact in her case is that although Elvina loved Dennis Wilde as a man, she heartily detested him as an actor and didn't want to play in this picture with him."

"That's no reason for killing Johnny Jones," said Lieberman, "unless she was covering up on the first murder, of course."

"I don't see how she would cover up," said Mr. Cobb, "by killing another man for no reason. And threatening my own life in the bargain."

"Mr. Lieberman means," said Peritz, "that she did the second murder just to confuse the police. It's a gag we used in The Haunted Haystack."

"That picture was a flop," said Mr. Cobb. "We should never have released it, even Which of you gentlemen wrote that?"

The table was silent.

"To sum up," said Peritz, "while we like Elvina as a suspect on account of her colorful character, we don't consider her as Grade A."

"A-minus is all we can give Elvina," Lieberman agreed.

"I am alvays zuspicious of a sex paranoid," Kesselberger announced, "especially ven she iss cross-eyed."

"A more likely suspect," Peritz went on, "is our good friend, Hercule Potnik."

THE Pharaoh shook his head slowly. "Not the type," he said. "You are wasting time on him."

"I think we ought to have a look at Potnik," I joined the discussion. "He had very definite reasons for hating Johnny Jones. Johnny knocked him out with a chair, you remember."

"Potnik had a motive for killing Jones," Peritz pressed his case. "What we've got to do is figure out why he killed Wilde."

"I can't buy Potnik for a minute," Mr. Cobb announced. "As a matter of fact, the murderer tried to kill Potnik himself. You forget that you gentlemen found him and saved his life."

"The attack on Potnik is an old gag," said Author Bizzel. "We used it in One Night in Cairo."

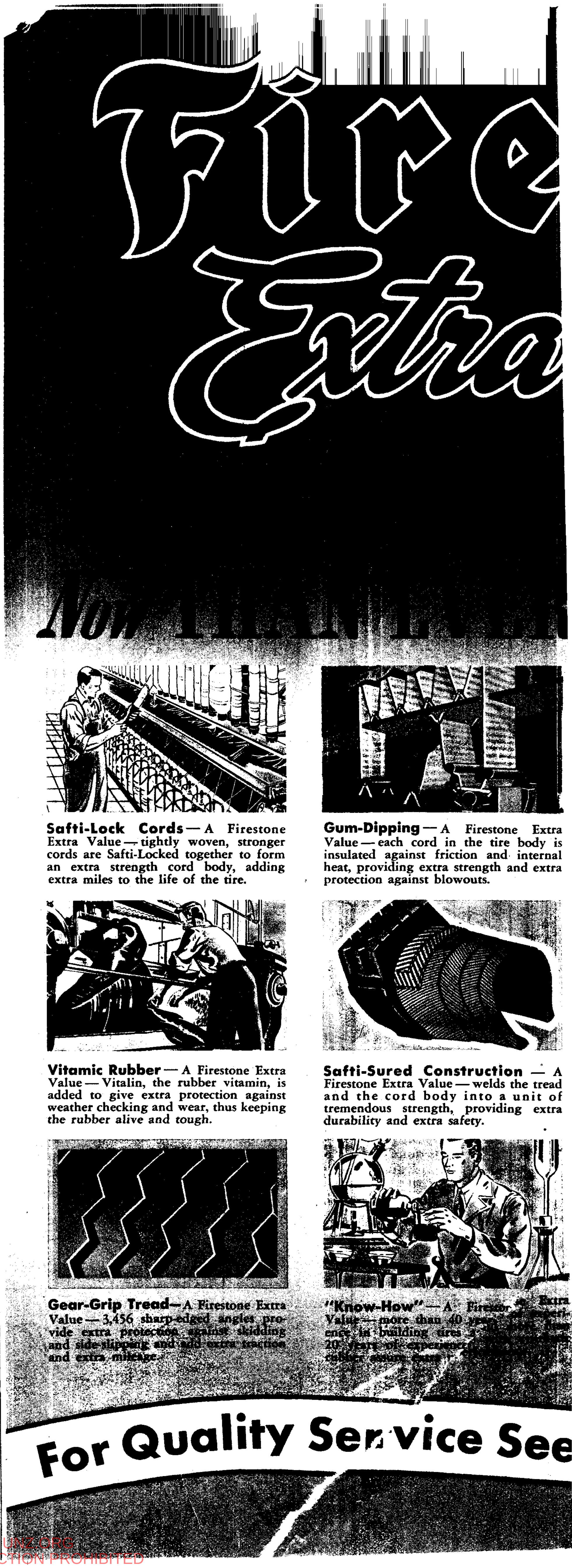
"Yes, I agree," Lieberman said. "It's a commonplace device. The killer slugs himself and ties himself up in order to divert suspicion from himself."

"We had him take a near-lethal dose of poison in The Woman of Stone," said Peritz. "It fooled everybody till reel seven."

"The Woman of Stone was a complete flop." Mr. Cobb frowned. "I am surprised that you bring it up. Potnik is absolutely not the type. I vote against him."

There was no further balloting.

"Very well. A-minus for Hercule Pot-



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HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with the list on page 62.

1. **The player made a grimace when he was penalized for taking an ammoniacal mixture to produce hiccough.**
2. **The aspirants for the mayoralty and the gubernatorial nomination made no pretense of co-operation.**
3. **One thing being precedent to another does not necessarily make it a precedent when precedence is a matter of recognized rank.**
4. **The mandarin was the guest of the premier at the première of the musicale.**
5. **The boy was found in a state of hysteria in the mausoleum which was frequented by a gang of bestial ruffians.**
6. **After a tedious journey to the trout stream, we were met by a most inhospitable sign which read: "Absolutely No Trespassing."**
7. **Although the cuisine of his hotel was most excellent and he was a dilettante in the culinary arts, he was abstemious of his own food.**
8. **By a series of flagitious machinations, the testator tried to annex his brother's estate.**
9. **The alumni of Harvard and Yale met with the alumnae of Wellesley and invited Columbia to send an alumna and an alumnus to represent their alma mater.**
10. **His lamentable efforts to explain bizarre financial transactions made him the more despicable.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation have been checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

Charles H. Hall

nik," said Peritz. "And now we come to an A-plus: Laurence Bison."

The Pharaoh started. "I don't want to hear a word against Bison," he announced. "The man is doing a fine job."

"I think we ought to let the boys air their theories in full," Freddie Blue said quietly. "After all, we're not here to arrest anybody."

"Okay." Mr. Cobb glared at Peritz. "But be careful what you say."

"Mr. Bison, to put it as carefully as I can," said Peritz mildly, "is our leading suspect. He is the only man with an excellent motive for both murders. He killed Wilde in order to get the role of Periwinkle, and he poisoned Jones because Jones kept falling asleep in his biggest scenes and ruining them. Also, he attacked Potnik because he considers Potnik a foul director."

"I haf interviewed dis man Bison," Kesselberger announced, "und I vill say he iss an advanced case of paranoid narcissism. Ven I give him the association test he has scored von hundred per zent ego and no per zent normality. In addition to vich, Mr. Bison zuffers from delusions of grandeur und has a distinct mother complex. Eighty per zent of murderers are mother complex. They love their mothers, vich iss the first step to killing somebody."

"In the United States," said Mr. Cobb slowly, "mother love is the finest thing we have. I must ask you to apologize."

"I am villing to apologize ven I can understand vot you are talking about," Kesselberger growled.

"What Kesselberger means," Peritz explained, "is that Bison has a warped mind and a character that would do for a coyote. There is no insult intended, Mr. Cobb."

"What are we talking about Laurence Bison for?" the Pharaoh lost his temper. "How can you begin to suspect such a man? Why should he bite off his own nose and try to ruin a picture in which he is starring—a picture bound to get the Academy Award! And why should he want to kill me when I gave him this golden opportunity? Gentlemen, if there is one thing I am, it's an expert on human nature. And I tell you, Bison wouldn't do such a thing."

"Unless he was covering up," Lieberman said stubbornly. "In which case, he would do just that. Here's the way I see it: Someone will suspect him. So what does he do? He does the one thing that might divert suspicion. He orders the picture stopped. He threatens Mr. Cobb with death. He has no intention of killing Mr. Cobb, but his actions cover up his guilt and eliminate him as a suspect."

"We can't afford to think in that direction." The Pharaoh glared at his mystery brain trust. "Besides it's underhanded. A man who is giving his all—acting with every bit of genius he's got! And we sit here tearing him to pieces! No, sir, gentlemen, I don't buy Bison. You will have to do better than that."

The table was silent.

"I vote against Laurence Bison," Mr. Cobb cried, "with my whole soul."

I CAME to the Pharaoh's rescue. "Mr. Cobb is right," I said. "Bison is too obvious. A man who looks, acts, talks and dresses like a murderer is never the murderer. We all know that. Put Bison in any story as a killer and you'd have an out-and-out flop."

"I can see what's wrong with our production department," Mr. Cobb said quietly. "We are obviously shorthanded on genius."

"Well, if you don't want Mr. Bison," Peritz sighed, "we are left with X."

"Who is that?" Mr. Cobb demanded.

"X is an unknown character," said Peritz, "who for reasons nobody knows has already killed two people and will probably baffle us again by killing some more."

"X is our man," said the Pharaoh firmly. "Now we are getting somewhere. What clues have you figured out against him?"

"The only clues we have on X," said Peritz, "is that he is a creature with a blind hatred for movies."

"Like that New York critic," said Mr. Cobb. "Such people exist."

"We have checked on the New York critic," said Peritz solemnly. "He has an alibi for both crimes."

"Ve have alzo investigated the script from Sons of Destiny," Kesselberger spoke up, "in order to figure out vot kind of a man would get mad enough at such a script to rezort to murder as an outlet."

The Pharaoh looked interested.

"He vould not have to be a critic, necessarily," Kesselberger rumbled on. "He could be somedings else."

"What clues have you got?" Mr. Cobb appeared fascinated.

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"From the nature of the script," Kesselberger answered, "I have deducted dot Mr. X iss a distinctly psychotic character —a man, I should say, vit a veak stomach und an unnatural dislike for the phenomena of sex."

"He means the reformer type," Peritz simplified the diagnosis. "A man who is out to clean up the movies single-handed."

"A Galahat," said Kesselberger, "vit distinct schizophrenic overtones plus a mother complex."

"You are forgetting," said Mr. Cobb coldly, "that Sons of Destiny is a historical picture and has nothing to do with mothers. It was passed, furthermore, by the Hays office without a single cut."

"Dot historical opus, as you say," Kesselberger babbled on, "contains nineteen major love scenes, involving bassion und infidelity on the part of the Qveen and three Members von Barliament. Und, furthermore, nine of them scenes are played in bedrooms vit everypody vearing nightgowns."

The Pharaoh looked sharply at me.

"That's ridiculous," I said, "there are twenty-two bedroom scenes in Wings Over Sicily, and nobody is being murdered in that production."

"A murderer has to concentrate," said Peritz, "if he wants to get any work done. Besides, Wings Over Sicily may be next on his program."

"You are being disloyal, Peritz," Mr. Cobb frowned. "That won't get you anywhere, I can assure you."

"What about Orlando Higgens?" Monty Fineman changed the subject adroitly.

"There's no sense in getting back on that trapeze," I said. "Anyone who is the first man suspected in a murder mystery can be counted out. Higgens is no more than a typical red herring—always arrested but never guilty."

"Wait a minute!" Lieberman jumped to his feet. "I think I've got something. What if a man made himself a suspect right off in reel one, and played for everybody's sympathy because he was wrongly suspected from the start? And what if he turned out, despite that everybody thought him guilty, to be the actual killer? By George, that would be a novelty, at least."

"I don't care to discuss Higgens," said Mr. Cobb. "I have my own plans for him."

"So we are left with X," said Peritz, "and possibly a Y."

"Who is Y?" Mr. Cobb asked slowly.

"Y," said Peritz, "is the worst kind of suspect. In X, we have a suspect whom we know but do not suspect. But Y is somebody we not only don't suspect—we haven't even met him socially."

"It iss the complete unknown," said Kesselberger, "vich removes this case from the logic of the conscious und the subconscious."

"In other words," said the Pharaoh coldly, "there is a big possibility that you gentlemen don't know anything, and are not going to find anything out."

"If we are up against Y," said Lieberman sadly, "the only way we can solve this plot is with a crystal globe."

"Personally"—Peritz sat down—"I am against the Y school of mystery. In a case of this kind I think we can stick to the theory that the murderer is one of us."

"Dot iss my opinion, alzo," said Kesselberger, "the murderer iss von of us. If not zitting in this room, then zitting in some oder room. But distinctly somepody ve know und like, but who iss zuffering from paranoia on the side."

ONE of the telephones at the Pharaoh's elbow rang. He picked up the instrument quickly and inquired, "What's the matter?" The Brain Trust remained silent while the receiver crackled. Mr. Cobb's face grew stony.

"I am ashamed of you, Potnik," he cried finally. "Stop having hysterics like a girl and listen to me. Don't go near her. Don't lay a finger on her. Just let her scream. I am coming down at once."

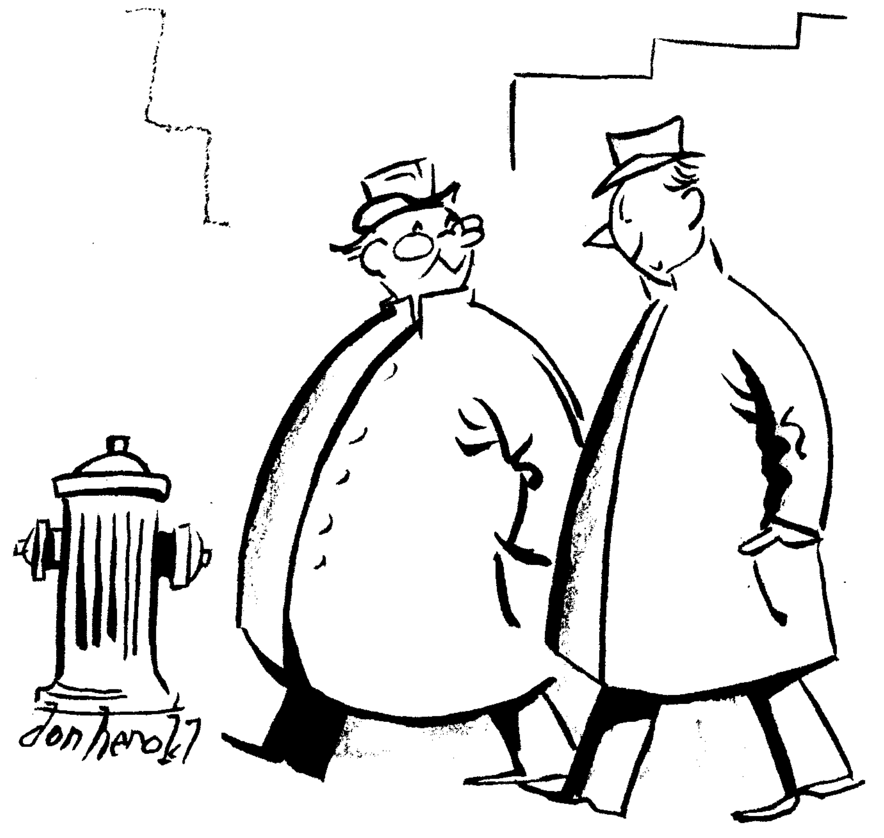
He hung up and glared at his mystery aces.

"The conference is discontinued till tomorrow," he announced. "Elvina Bliss is having a breakdown, and I am needed elsewhere."

He arose, and the six guards got on their mark.

"I expect something constructive from you gentlemen by tomorrow," he said sternly. "Work on that last proposition: The murderer is one of us. And no loafing gentlemen. Remember there are human lives at stake."

There was no barbed wire, but in all other respects Stage No. 5 looked like a concentration camp. Two lines of sentinels ringed it. A third group was stationed on the light bridges with a bird's-eye view of the set. All was silent except



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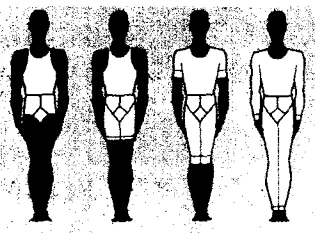

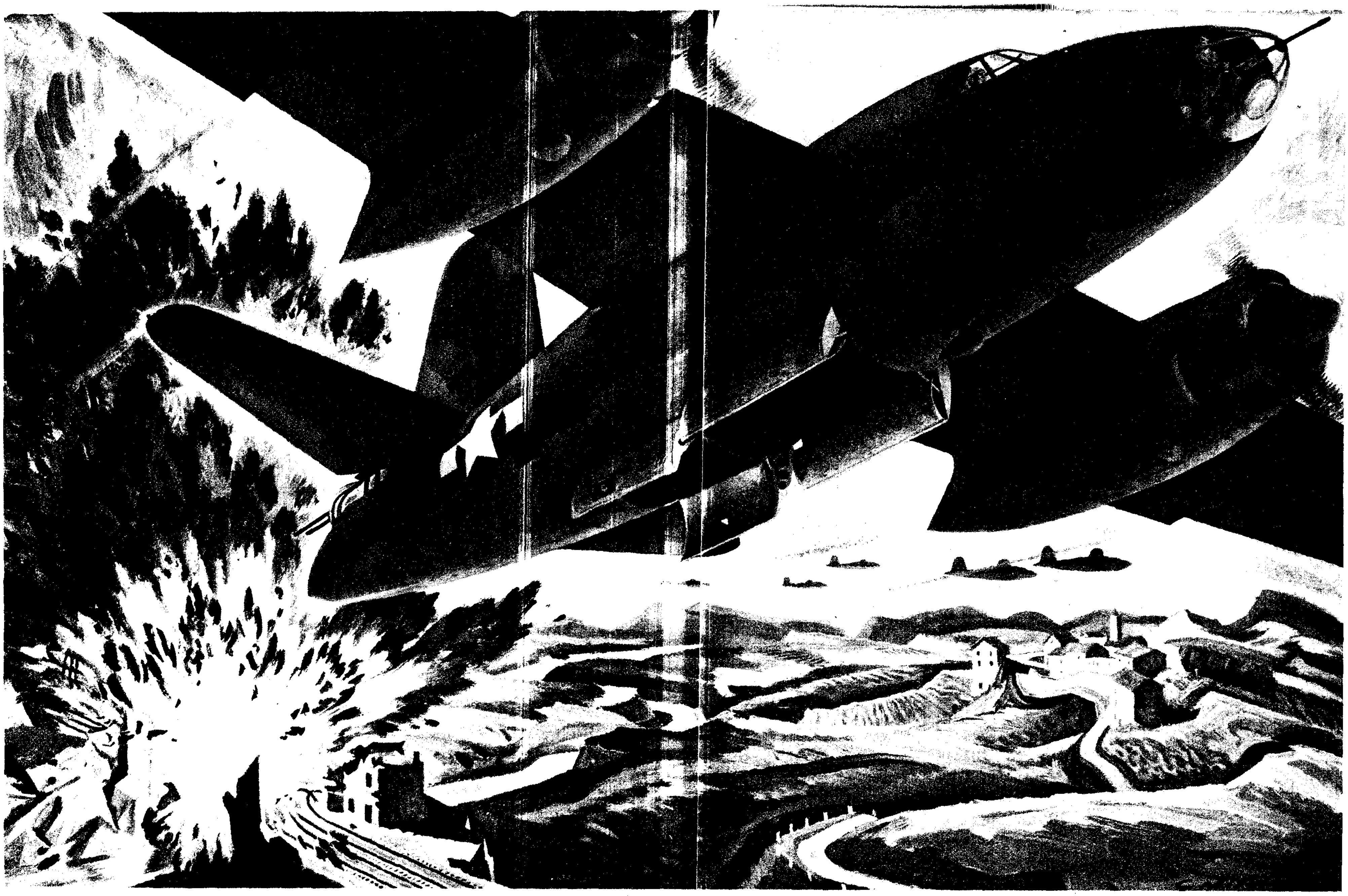

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A fighting flier wears his decorations on his chest. But a fighting plane wears *hers* on her nose.

And one look at the bombs and Swastikas painted on this B-26—"The Exterminator"—will tell you she's a two-fisted fightin' fool!

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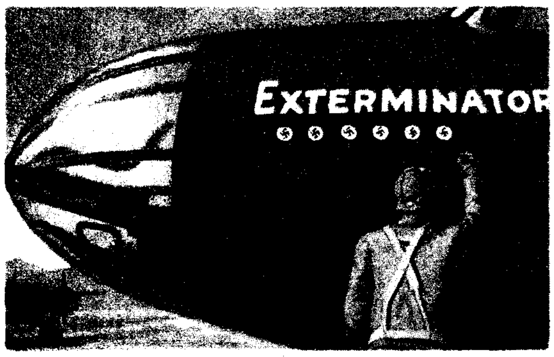

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And the Swastikas, or Rising Suns, painted on the nose of *your* plane, will be plenty of proof that you, too, are part of the "greatest team in the world!"

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Private gets his fondest wish; the sergeant gets mush in the face

G.I. WISH

Top kicks get it in the neck, and the private goes to town in a new radio gag

THE private, in front of all his wildly cheering buddies, and with the C.O. looking on in approval, snatched up a lemon-meringue pie, took careful aim and let fly at a top sergeant. Everybody roared with laughter; G.I.s, the commanding officer, and even the sarge, who managed to give out with a tolerably benign expression beneath his new facial.

No, the private didn't wake up from a beautiful dream. It was all true. The men were taking part in Joe Dogface's new entertainment sensation—G.I. Wish—presented weekly at servicemen's camps as part of a "first show" program by Kay Kyser, the radio musical nonsense man.

The idea behind the program is so simple it's a wonder no one thought of it before. Every private who's ever been in the Army probably has turned over in his mind a thousand times the things he'd like to do to his sergeant, if and when. G.I. Wish, as the name implies, gives him that chance.

It's for privates only. A brief musical quiz eliminates all but two men who, as winners, are rewarded with the privilege of carrying out their most fondly held desires. Their particular sergeants are first approached as to their willingness to submit to such a fate. None has as yet refused.

The pie-throwing gag is one of the favorite wish materializations, but other stunts are almost equally popular. One resourceful private asked that his sergeant be seated in front of a fan. That sounded harmless enough, even solicitous, since it was a warm day. Then he called for a dozen eggs. Interest picked up. One by one he tossed the eggs into the whirling blades, the air blast splattering them over the sarge in best slapstick style. On another occasion, a private requested a bottle of carbonated water with which he completely drenched his victim.

Sometimes it's the quartermaster who comes in for attention. One contest winner hand-picked an entire wardrobe, from helmet to shoes, for his Q.M., and had him put them on in front of the entire audience. Result, a striking example of what the well-dressed soldier isn't wearing this year.

In one California post, the camp barber was subjected to a private's whim. Treated to a little of his own handiwork, the tonsorialist lost all his hair under the inroads of an enthusiastically, if not expertly maneuvered, pair of clippers. Breakfast in bed, with his sergeant serving, was another recruit's idea of the impossible come true.

When Kay Kyser first suggested the program to military officials, it was with tongue in cheek, thinking it would be turned down. But it was accepted, and has risen to first place among the many "sight" gags he pulls. The stunt hasn't been broadcast as yet on his regular radio hour because its appeal is still principally visual, but Kyser will put it on the air as soon as it develops to the proper point. The band leader has played to more than 7,500,000 servicemen at 480 camps in the U. S., and he says he's never seen the equal of the response awarded the new program.

Never-ending ingenuity is shown by the contestants, one of whom contended that he, for one, liked his particular top kick and wanted Georgia Carroll, one of Kyser's featured singers, to warble a love song to the sarge. While the sergeant was thus beguiled, the private stole up from behind and gave him a hotfoot.

Another private, his muscles still aching from the workout given them that very day on the training field in the manual of arms, had the thrill of his life when, his position reversed, he shouted drill orders to the three-striper.

If the privates were given two wishes, instead of one, their second—if you polled them now—would be that G.I. Wish never cease. . . .

HAROLD MENDELSOHN

for the sound of distant weeping. It was a woman, but it didn't sound like Elvina.

We finally penetrated the outer defenses and came upon what seemed at first glance a typical movie-making scene. Some fifty figures, male and female, in gaudy costumes were standing about like a waxworks. Another twenty participants, in modern dress ranging from overalls to pink-and-green-checked sports clothes, were sitting equally motionless on an assortment of stools and folding chairs. Arc lights blazed down upon this Sargasso of actors and technicians. There was neither movement nor the sound of human speech.

Since all movie sets look two thirds of the time as if they had been bewitched into inertia, there was actually nothing odd about this aspect of the stage. It was the quality of the silence and immobility that impressed me. A tension and wooziness such as distinguish the wake of calamity marked all the figures.

NO ONE was playing pinochle, no one was sitting on anybody's lap. All were staring at the "interior of the Tower of London," a circular prison room with half of its wall missing. The sound camera pointed idly at a straw-covered cot on which Caroma was lying and sobbing, inaudibly now. Bison sat beside her, bent over her ragged figure and stroking her brow tenderly.

We arrived at Potnik's side. He was sitting in a folding chair, his body bowed forward, his head lowered and held firmly in his hands.

"Where is she?" the Pharaoh inquired.

Potnik failed to stir.

Monty Fineman tapped his shoulder. "Mr. Cobb is speaking to you," he said.

"You can't go to pieces like this in front of everybody." J. B. raised his voice: "Where are your guts?"

Potnik lifted his head slowly and looked at the Pharaoh sans recognition and sans guts.

"Bring me a glass of water," he whispered. "It's pathetic."

The assistant director instantly produced a drinking cup. Potnik drank and returned to the land of the living.

"How can I direct an actor," he moaned, "who any minute is going to cut me in pieces?"

"Who's cutting you in pieces?" Mr. Cobb demanded.

Potnik pointed at the tenderly occupied Bison.

"I am number three on his program," he said hoarsely. "I am not a director. I am a dead man. The whole situation stinks."

The Pharaoh sat down beside his brooding artist. Extras preened themselves furtively, bit players struck dramatic postures, and the air of wooziness drifted from the scene. Mr. Cobb's slightest glance was manna, his nod deliverance. The stage became alive with eyes wooing him. Mr. Cobb relaxed under this wave of adulation.

"Please explain yourself," he said gently, "and don't start hollering. I am here to help you. Where is Elvina?"

"Maybe dead, maybe not. Who knows?" said Potnik bitterly. "We not only got a murderer on the set but we dress him up with a sword."

"Are you talking about Mr. Bison?" the Pharaoh asked quietly.

Potnik lowered his voice. "I am talking about nothing else," he answered, breathing heavily. "An actor with a bug in his head to kill people. Wiley and Johnson ain't enough for him. He's got to bump off everybody."

"Elvina is in her dressing room," Monty Fineman reported. "I think we better finish this conference in there, J. B."

The Pharaoh helped Potnik to his feet. I followed the select group toward the little house on wheels.

"You are misinformed," Mr. Cobb

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a little goes a long way

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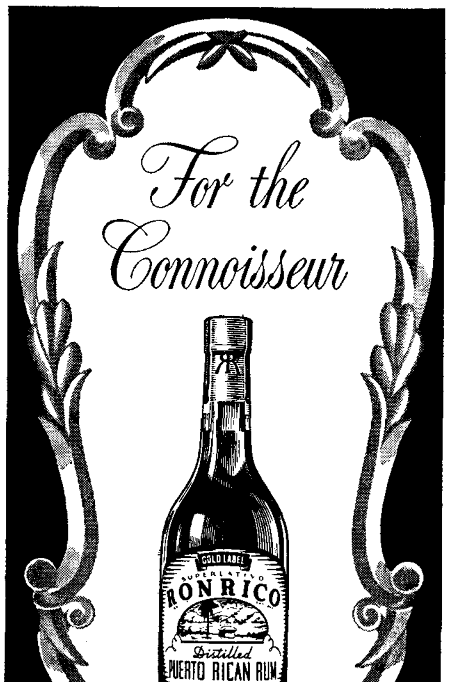

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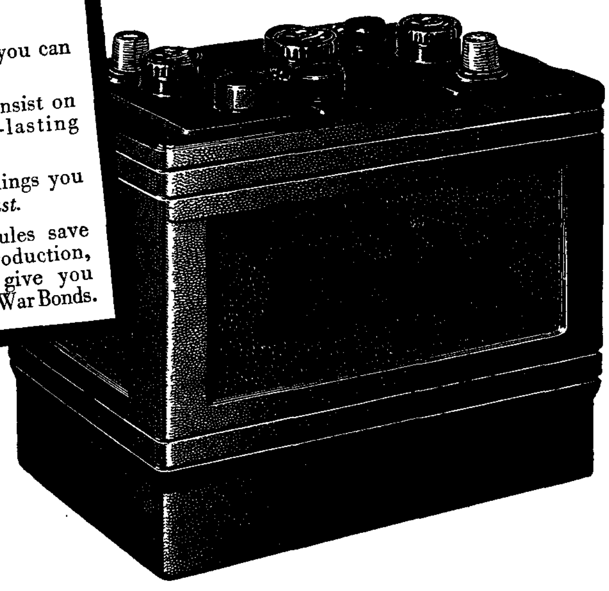


spoke quietly at Potnik's side. "Mr. Bison is not any kind of a murderer whatsoever. We have been over the evidence upstairs, and he is the one man who is innocent, if anybody is. I want you to understand that, Hercule. You are doing him an injustice. A very bad one."

"You will hear in a minute what kind of injustice is going on," said Potnik darkly. "Don't argue with me, please. I am still shaking from that murderer."

We crowded into the dressing room. Elvina's back was to us. She was sitting on the lap of a tall man dressed in tights, with a ruche around his neck and a large plumed hat hiding his face.

"Excuse me." Mr. Cobb coughed. "I would like to talk to you for a moment."

Elvina turned a streaked face to us. "You got your nerve," she said coldly. "What do you think this is—a hamburger stand?"

She rose from the tall man's lap and fastened her robe with dignity.

"This man saved my life," she said with a sudden sob. "If not for him I'd be lying out there like Dennis Wilde. Butchered!"

THE Pharaoh, who had trained himself to avoid looking at actors, even when they were under his nose, ignored the plumed Lancelot. Monty Fineman also subscribed to this tradition for movie executives. You looked at actors only on the screen, or on occasions that involved salary cuts or major reprimands.

It was for these reasons that I was alone in my recognition of Chester Devlin. He winked at me, pulled the hat plume a bit more over his face, and sat down shyly next to the Pharaoh.

"Now let me hear exactly what is bothering everybody," J. B. began soothingly.

"He'll tell you." Elvina turned to her rescuer. "He saw the whole thing."

Devlin shook his ruche modestly and spoke in a muffled voice.

"I think it will sound better coming from you." He reached up and pulled the quivering star gently to his lap. "Sit here," Devlin added. "It will calm you in this hour of stress."

"Thank you." Elvina cuddled against the ruche and blocked Devlin's face from the frowning Pharaoh. "Now don't interrupt me, J. B.," she went on, "and don't try to start any taffy pulls. That drizzle-puss Bison is a killer. He killed Dennis and Johnny, and he tried to knock me off this afternoon."

"My corpse don't figure," Potnik moaned. "Okay. Forget about me altogether. I'm not even speaking."

Mr. Cobb sighed.

"We're doing the Tower scene." Elvina glared at her director. "You shut up, you phony Russian! He shoots the big love scene over my shoulder! I got to act with the back of my head."

"For goodness sake!" Potnik cried. "You are making faces like Over the Top when he's kissing you. I am trying to photograph a love scene, not a bellyache."

"Don't tell me!" Elvina cried. "You stay awake nights figuring out how to hide me. I'm treated like a sack of potatoes in this picture."

"We will reshoot every foot that don't do you full justice." Mr. Cobb looked sternly at Potnik. "And don't try to give me any art when we got Elvina Bliss."

"I would say they were synonymous," Devlin's voice came out of Elvina's hair, "unless you are suffering from myopia."

"Who is this man?" Mr. Cobb demanded.

"That's all right who he is," Elvina answered. "If it wasn't for him, you'd have one star less in this stinking picture."

I thought a distraction was in order. "I've heard enough criticism of that script," I said angrily. "I'm washing out. It's yours from here in, Potnik, and never mind phoning me for new lines."

The Pharaoh pulled me back into my chair. "You can't do this to me at such a time," he said hoarsely. "I'm arranging a bonus for you."

"For heaven's sake," Monty Fineman cried, "I'm going nuts waiting to hear what happened. Let's stop quibbling."

"I'm doing the scene with that flea-face—what's her name?" said Elvina angrily.

"Caroma," I suggested.

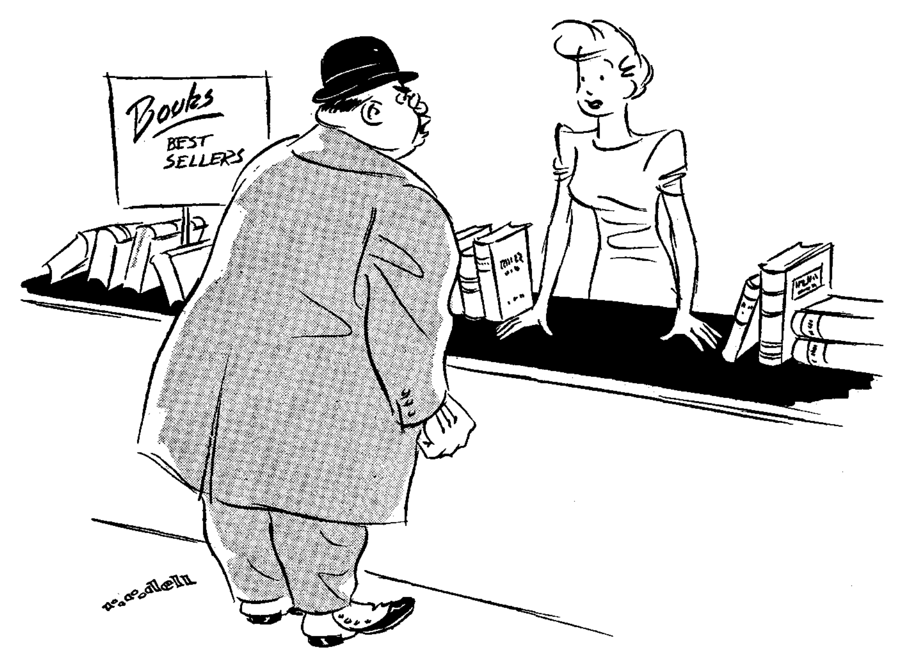
"Aroma would be better," said Elvina, "and I come into the prison cell and I'm supposed to wake her up and give her some of my jewels. That's a gag for you. A queen handing over her jewels to some skinny little tramp in a diaper."

"It's part of the plot," I said coldly. "It pays off later."

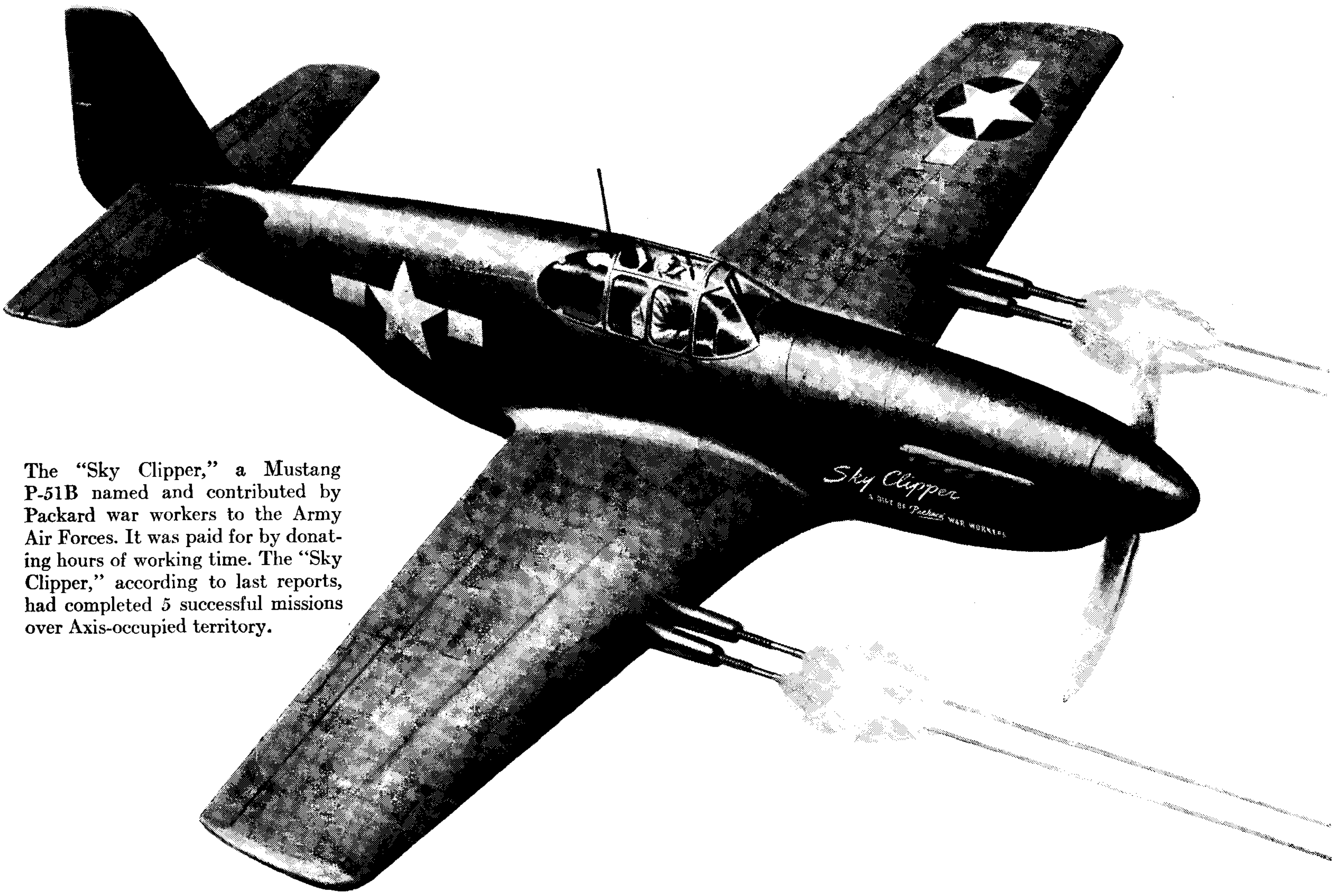
"She's supposed to be sleeping on some oats," Elvina ignored my explanation, "and I'm supposed to wake her up. Well, I wake her up. And this Aroma takes about an hour to get to a sitting position—with her face in the camera, and me, as usual, giving out with the back of my head. Well, I stand for this as long as I can, and finally when that little tramp starts on her fifth yawn, something snaps in me. And I haul off and paste her. Well, when that monkey face grabbed my hand and started biting it, I let her have it good. But good!" Elvina paused for breath.

"We will fire that girl at once," said Mr. Cobb. "Biting a star! What were you doing, Potnik, to let this go on?"

"How do I know somebody's biting?"



COLLIER'S "I want a book on basic English to be wrapped as a gift and sent to the Department of Internal Revenue!" R. C. DELL



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QUICK, SIMPLE AND EASY ON RATION POINTS

1 lb. hamburg	1½ tsp. salt
2 c. coarsely grated, unpeeled potatoes	¼ tsp. pepper
¼ c. onion, coarsely grated	¼ c. shortening

Combine hamburg, potatoes, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well. Shape into 8 patties. Fry patties in hot shortening until brown (3-5 minutes). *Turn and brown on other side.*

***Variation:* Try adding ½ cup chopped green pepper.**

**Taken from the March Meal Planning Guide*

TUNE IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE PROGRAM, NBC, SUNDAY AT 2:30 P.M., E.W.T.

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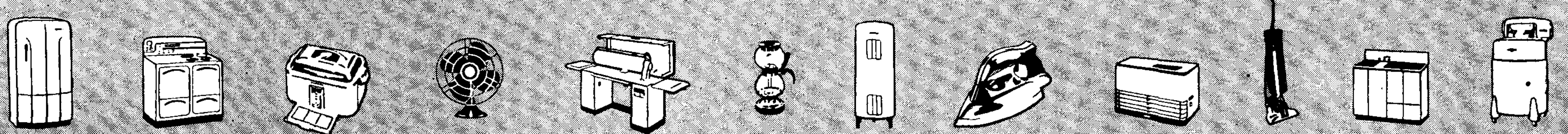


ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD, OHIO

Potnik cried. "I am glad to see some action for a change. Everybody is performing like molasses in this picture."

"Where does Bison come in?" I asked, fearful of another art digression.

"I turn around to walk off the set," Elvina answered, her voice atremble, "when this load of ham—this Bison—comes running at me, with a sword. He aims it right for my stomach."

"A sensitive spot," Devlin's voice sounded.

"I'll say," Elvina shuddered. "I only stopped bleeding a few minutes ago. And then after he stabs me, he begins whacking away at my head with that sword. And nobody even moves to save my life, except this gentleman. They all sit there like a bunch of dummies and Potnik keeps yelling, 'Cut! Cut!' like he's keeping score. Oh, are *you* yellow!" She glared at the director. "Well, it's a wonder I'm alive to talk about it."

"I can't understand it," the Pharaoh scowled. "Did you talk to him, Potnik?"

"I am ordering him off the set as soon as I can," Potnik answered violently. "'What are you?' I say to him. 'A murderer? Get outside of here, as quick as I'll let you!' So he aims that sword in my face and he says, 'Potnik, you pig, two men have been murdered already. Don't force me to make it an even three.'"

"I think we ought to talk to Bison," Mr. Cobb said slowly, "and figure out what to do with him."

"I suggest you return him to his herd in Yellowstone National Park," said Devlin.

"Get off that man's lap, Elvina," the Pharaoh cried suddenly. "I want to have a look at him."

DEVLIN stood up, looking very dashing in his tights and silver ruche. He drew a sword slowly from an ornate scabbard.

"You newspaper sneak!" Mr. Cobb cried. "Throw him out, somebody—quick! I could smell there was a rat in here."

"It has been a privilege to serve you, Your Highness." Devlin bowed at Elvina. "And thanks for your telephone number. I will use it as soon as I have done my chores."

He moved swiftly to the door and was out of the wheeled bungalow in a twinkling. The Pharaoh lunged into the closed door. I heard a key turn on the outside.

"Follow that man," Mr. Cobb roared. "I want him arrested!" He tugged wildly at the knob. "Open this door!" His voice shot up another three notes: "This is larceny!"

"We're locked in," Monty Fineman cried. "Don't strain yourself, J. B."

Elvina had thrown herself on the couch and was laughing wantonly.

Potnik shut his eyes tightly as the Pharaoh's roar and door kickings filled the little room.

"It's worse than Mrs. Miniver," he groaned. "I am running out of this picture, while I am still alive."

AFTER fifteen minutes of pandemonium on both sides of the door, the lock was forced, and we catapulted out. Colonel Ennix, distinguished by an ancient overseas cap, took immediate charge of our party.

"To the elevator, quick," he ordered.

The Pharaoh looked wildly at a group of thirty male extras all dressed exactly as Devlin had been.

"Just a minute," he shook off the colonel's arm. "Where's that newspaper spy and where's Bison? I want them both brought in front of me."

"Mr. Bison went home, Mr. Cobb," he answered, "and took Miss Caroma with him. He gave me this letter for you."

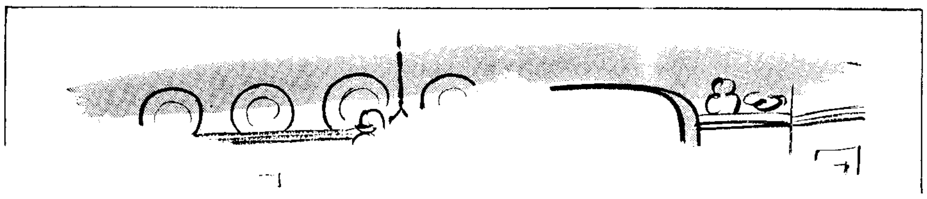
The Pharaoh's eyes were too foggy for reading. Monty Fineman recited its contents for him.

"Dear Jerry," Monty read nervously, "I offer you my apologies for my eccentric behavior on the set a while ago. It is damnable and unexcusable for an actor to permit his private feelings to intrude upon his art. I am humble before your righteous anger but beg you, sir, to hear my few poor words of explanation.

"I am, for the first time in my life, gloriously in love with a woman 'of noble character and exquisite mien,' as the poet puts it. When I saw this woman offered bodily violence, slapped in the face by that crude strumpet, Miss Bliss, my brain stormed out of my head. The spectacle of that peerless child, whom I love, beaten to the ground by a hag-souled creature who calls herself an actress, overwhelmed my reason.

"I do not remember what I did, but if I have in any way given offense or disquiet to you, sir, accept my apologies. It shall not happen again. I am even ready, sir, for your sake, as well as that of the art we both serve, to continue the hollow mockery of wooing Miss Bliss before the camera. Art, too, has its foxholes. Your obedient servant. Laurence Bison."

(To be continued next week)



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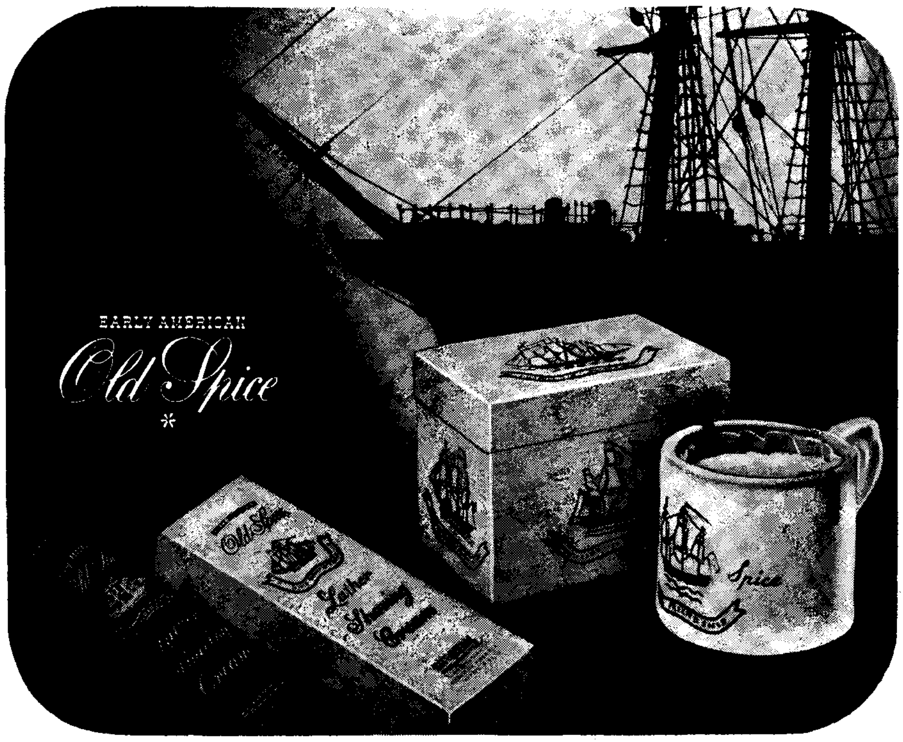

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WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS

Surrender at Corregidor

Continued from page 13

waded in. One American staff officer was very sick "from lack of food" and had to be helped ashore.

Uno went with the party until they got to the headquarters of the Jap officer to whom General Wainwright surrendered himself. Later, General Wainwright was taken to Manila where he met Homma, officially surrendered and was ordered to broadcast his surrender terms over station KZRH. This ended Uno's story.

Jap correspondents who went out to Corregidor after its surrender took the propaganda angle that there was race discrimination by the Americans against the Filipino soldiers. The Jap newsmen played it for all they were worth. They wrote long articles about Filipino hatred of the Americans and how the Americans "forced the Filipinos to do all the front-line fighting, while the Americans hid deep in the tunnels of Corregidor." Yet the pictures taken by the Jap photographers completely belied the stories they wrote.

Later, I found myself watching the Japs march the bedraggled group of gallant Corregidor defenders through Manila in their "Gloat March." And during that march, I saw many an American and many a Filipino soldier helping each other limp and drag themselves along the route from where they were dumped ashore outside the city to the station, to Fort McKinley and even to the dungeons at Bilibid prison.

On this day, I was in town with a pass which permitted me to remain "out" until 3 P.M. I was given this pass to go into the city to do some purchasing of camp supplies. We were still feeding ourselves and providing all our own sanitation and other equipment at this time. The commandant "permitted" us to send a prisoner into town quite often to spend our own prisoner money to supply ourselves with the things our United States government was supplying free to Jap internees in America.

I was eating in a small restaurant when a Filipino came in and said, "Seer, they are marching the men from Corregidor into the city."

"Where?" I asked.

"In from Pasay. I think along Dewey Boulevard."

I rushed out, jumped into a *carretela* (two-wheeled horse-drawn cart) and told the driver to take me quickly to where the men were being marched into the city.

I found that the Americans and Filipinos whom General Wainwright
rendered at Corregidor had onto the beach near Manila in Jap landing barges, dumped ashore, formed into ragged groups of two to three hundred apiece, and marched off to the city. Many of these men were so sick and weak they could scarcely drag themselves along. Hundreds were obviously suffering from the effects of the heavy aerial and shore battery bombardment they had received for days prior to the surrender. Scarcely any looked to be in good condition. A few had hats. Most had dirty towels or torn shirts over their heads to protect them from the terrific heat of the tropical sun.

The first prisoners I saw were Navy officers. The Japs had them packed into army trucks. Most of them were without caps or insignia. Those I recognized looked older and thinner—but defiant. Jap guards with drawn pistols rode in the trucks with them.

Humiliation of the Brave

The sight of the marching men nauseated me. Several thousand American and Filipino soldiers—and a handful of the Fourth Marines—worn, torn, half-dressed and bedraggled, stumbling along the hot pavement in a daze. These were the valiant heroes of Corregidor.

But their Jap guards who paced along at twenty- or thirty-foot intervals were utterly wanton in the way they jabbed their sharp bayonets into the arms, buttocks, and backs of stragglers. The Jap was showing the Filipino spectator who was "superior." The Jap was gloating. Hadn't he just cleaned the white man out of what proved to be the toughest stronghold in all the Far East? (It took some 300,000 Japs to take the 85,000 American and Filipino troops we had at Bataan and the 13,000 or so on Corregidor. Jap guards patrolled the ragged groups, beating stragglers with the flat of their swords. I saw one American beaten to the street for half-heartedly raising his arms. Two of his buddies lifted him to his feet and dragged him off.

About every half-hour, the Jap command to halt would come down the line: "Stop . . . stop . . . stop . . ."

Our men would slump to the street in exhaustion. Only a few would prefer to remain standing. It was too painful for some of the bandaged to get down and get up again. No sooner would they fall down than the Jap guards would rush among them, bayonet points jabbing, prodding, drawing blood.

"Up . . . up . . . up . . . !" Some of the

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men just couldn't get to their feet without assistance. Sometimes this assistance was slow in coming. I saw a Jap right in front of me put his bayonet clear through the arm of a soldier.

The crowd of Filipino spectators murmured disapproval. The Jap guards waded right into the crowds, swinging their rifles, felling anyone who wasn't quick enough to dodge.

Filipino women cried and fainted as they caught sight of their husbands or sons. When some hysterical women stepped out to go to the arms of their men, the Jap guards slapped their faces, and shoved rifle butts into their faces and stomachs. This procedure was amusing to the Jap. In fact, the whole "Gloat March" caused great hilarity among the guards and the many Japanese civilians who watched the march in groups.

During the short torture "rest periods," Filipinos tossed packages of cigarettes and handed bottles of beer and water as well as vitamin-tablet packages and other medicines to the soldiers. The Japs became furious. They waded among the prostrate men, using rifle butts to break the beer and water bottles. And these Jap guards dove into the crowds along the curbs to try to catch the "culprits" who "aided and befriended the enemy." Those that were caught were badly slapped and beaten. Some were taken away—I don't know where.

Greeting in Silence

One woman next to whom I was standing carried a four- or five-year-old child on her shoulder. I felt her stiffen, heard her gasp. She had spotted her husband. The baby started to cry "Daddy . . ." but the mother clapped her hand over the child's mouth. "Just look at Daddy," she whispered. "Don't speak. The Japanese will hurt him if you do." The baby was puzzled, but he obeyed. Baby hands opened and shut in silent greeting.

The father's eyes filled with tears; he started through the marching crowd. A wiser friend caught him, held him. He just couldn't look any more. After a brave nod and attempt to smile, he turned away and stumbled on.

I knew then that, to the Jap, the atrocity was natural. What appeared on the surface to be the fanatical, the sadistic, the hopped-up Jap was the ordinary *sane* Japanese soldier.

When I was shown actual photographs of the March from Bataan by Jap newsman, K. Uno, later in Shanghai—pictures of long lines of gaunt, starving, often shoeless men wading ankle-deep through the choking dust of the rutted Philippine roads on the "March of Death"—I longed to be able to bring one such picture home to prove to our people the kind of enemy the Jap really is.

In many instances, Jap army doctors who visited the American and Filipino camps, at first at O'Donnell and later at Cabanatuan's three camps, would not treat an American or Filipino unless the prisoner could pay for the medicine. Then after a slap-dash treatment, they would take the money and report the prisoner for having "forbidden money."

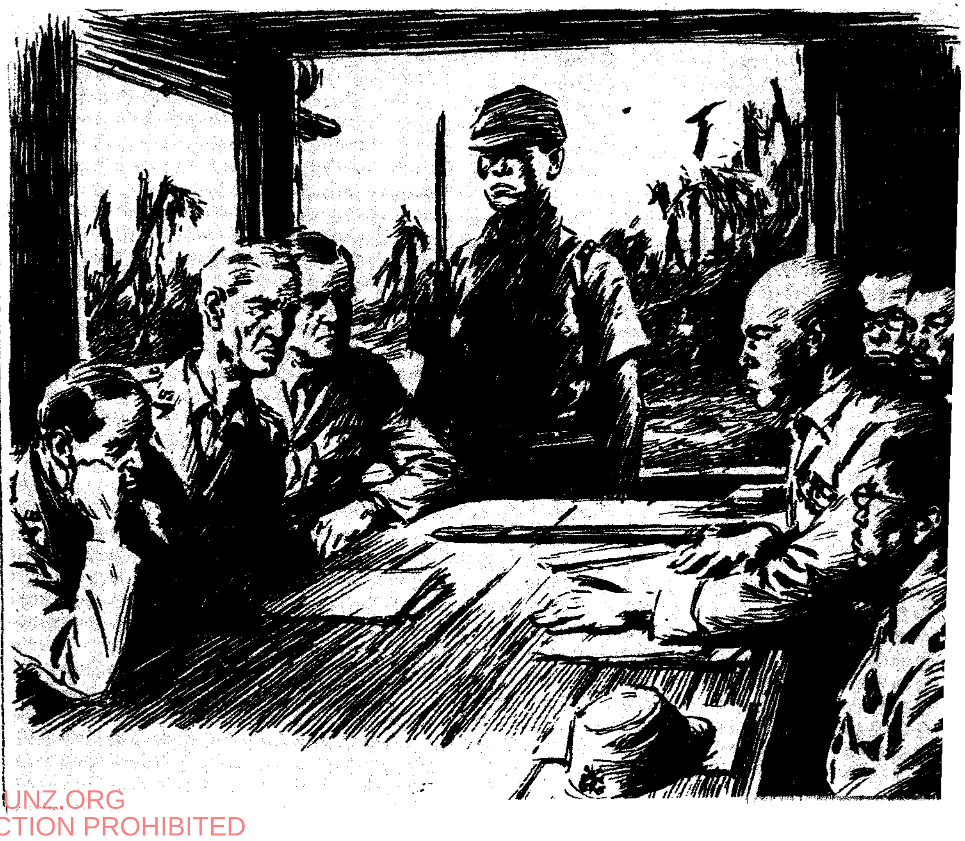
After thousands of Filipino troops had died from this studied maltreatment, the Japanese military administrators conceived the bright idea that now was the time to "win over" the remainder of the Filipinos held captive. They began giving the Filipino troops "refresher courses" in how to appreciate all the Jap had done and was doing for them, their families and the Philippines in general. The Jap figured that if he let the Filipino go—after forcing him and the soldier's family to sign a pledge to support His Imperial Japanese Majesty—the Filipino would be everlastingly grateful and friendly. Furthermore, the Jap gendarmerie held the threat of harm to the soldier's family over his head—"just in case."

Thousands of Filipinos accepted release on this basis. But after what they went through, they could never accept the Jap as anything but a mortal enemy. The Japs kept about 500 "incurable" Filipinos and tried to "improve their attitude" toward Japan. They used different types of "persuaders"—from promises of money, position in the new puppet government and unhampered freedom, to such distressing methods as the dreaded "water cure"—when the body is pumped full of water until every part is distended and often ruptured.

One of the most flagrant Jap atrocities was the shooting of three Britishers who escaped from the Santo Tomas Camp and who received no trial or consideration.

They went over the fence at night after roll call. They weren't even missed. But they made the mistake of trying to travel by daylight. A truckload of Jap soldiers came along the road they were following. The three men didn't get into the covering jungle in time. The soldiers took them to headquarters, from where they were returned to camp for a beating—so that all the prisoners could get an object lesson. They were then taken out of camp to a

"I will accept surrender of all American forces in the Philippines, or you can go back to Corregidor and expect the full force of our attack to continue," shouted General Homma to General Wainwright



local prison. On inquiring what was to be done with these men, the commandant told our committee that they would be given a trial, but they would not be shot.

The next thing we knew, the word came in that they *were* to be shot. The commandant confirmed this. He claimed he had tried to prevent it; he said he would even go out that night to humble himself before his commanding officer to plead for their lives. He said he would do this because he had promised our committee the men would not be shot.

Colonel Tomoyashu did go out that night dressed in wooden clogs and his old clothes to "humble" himself before his commanding officer. Where he went, no one knew. But when he came back, he assured us there would be no shooting.

Later, we found out the truth: The three Britishers—two English, one Australian—had been shot, sitting on a mound of dirt beside their common grave. They had been shot from a distance and after toppling into the grave were buried alive—groans could still be heard as the dirt was shoveled on top of them.

After the mound had been piled up, a marker bearing their names in Japanese characters was stuck on the top of the grave. A Jap soldier went over to a fence covered with purple bougainvillaea, snipped off a spray and laid it across the mound—and laughed. That is the Japanese idea of the "sentimental touch."

THE END

R.D.X.

The story of the world's most terrific explosive and of the wispy man who perfected it

A SMALL, shy Englishman—Doctor Godfrey Rotter—has become today the target for one of the most fanatical hate campaigns ever contrived by the warped minds which run the Nazi propaganda bureau. Doctor Rotter is the man who produced R.D.X., the world's most terrible and powerful explosive, a discovery toward which Germany's leading scientists have been devoting their determined efforts for twenty years.

Allied block-busters which devastated Hamburg, Berlin, Bremen and other German cities, and Allied shells which helped take North Africa and southern Italy, and which sank the Nazi battleship Scharnhorst, all contained R.D.X.

The Germans know, of course, that R.D.X. is a formula for combining certain ingredients into high explosives. They know the main ingredient is hexamethylenetetramine—or hexamine for short—a complex organic chemical ten times more powerful than TNT, which is produced by a secret method of combining liquid formaldehyde and liquid ammonia. They themselves discovered that.

But what they do not know, and what they gladly would give a collective right hand for, is the secret of combining hexamine and other chemicals into explosives which provide the basis for more "bust" in block-busters, more shattering power and blasting force in shells.

This is the secret which quiet, unobtrusive, unassuming Godfrey Rotter spent forty years perfecting. He will tell you that hexamine, the basic constituent in R.D.X., was discovered many years ago by a German and patented by an American but that it was always found too delicate and dangerous to be used.

"After the last war," Rotter relates, "we wanted to use home-produced material for our explosives. Most of our explosives up until then came from places overseas. The War Office decided this must stop. In 1922, therefore, we began serious work on R.D.X. The Navy thought then that it would make their shells ineffective by blowing them into bits too small to cause damage, but we showed them there was something new in R.D.X., especially in blast effect. In the end, it was tested on an old battleship with quite superior results. The smaller bits of shell had such high velocities that they were very damaging and the blast was terrific."

The next step was to devise methods of making R.D.X. in large quantities safely and cheaply. Commander Long was killed in one of the experiments.

The Commander Long incident is the story of five men who were killed on a July afternoon in 1937 in an attempt to perfect R.D.X. They were P. A. M. Long, a commander in the Royal Navy, two factory hands, a lab assistant, and a London scientist. On that fateful day, Commander Long was called from the Admiralty to the Woolwich Arsenal to watch a process which might establish the immediate success or failure of using R.D.X. on an intensive scale. Doctor Rotter and a staff of assistants had experimented with several "mixes" for many months in a specially constructed laboratory. Notes in great detail had been dictated on their every step. In the event of accidental death, they wanted others to carry on exactly where they had left off.

Commander Long and his party filed into the Woolwich research lab. From behind a blast wall they anxiously watched through mirrors as the "mix" was poured into a 15-inch shell. Suddenly, the commander shouted. Something had gone wrong. He was certain of it. All five men dashed from behind the blast wall to halt the experiment. As they approached the shell, it burst.

Fortunately for Doctor Rotter, he did not take part in that particular test. He was busily conferring with other scientists in his office at the time. At the inquest on the five dead men, no details of the explosion were revealed, but a local inspector was both prophetic and correct when, with characteristic British understatement, he eulogized, "These lives have by no means been wasted."

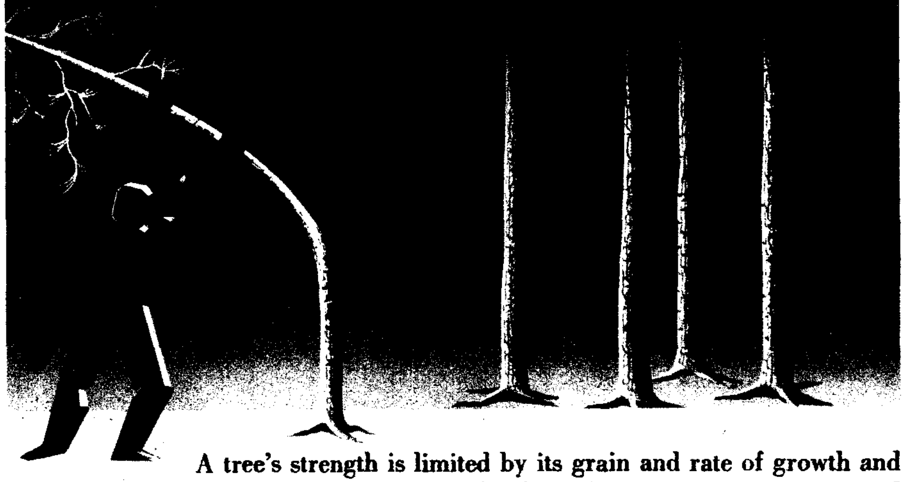
Today R.D.X. is being manufactured in plants all over Canada and the United States. German prisoners taken in Italy and North Africa say the force of our shells, even when they struck 200 yards away, drove them to tears and caused "a queer sort of dizziness in our heads." The handful of Japs we have captured report that an American artillery barrage causes panic among their men. As for the block-busters dropped by the R.A.F. over Germany, they have such devastating blast effect, thanks to R.D.X., that their fragments will destroy practically anything within a half-mile radius.

Now 64, Doctor Rotter has retired to the English countryside, far removed from chemical laboratories, fuming vats and experimental explosives. He wears blue dungarees most of the time; and not until last September, when the War Office announced the discoverer of R.D.X., did his neighbors have the slightest suspicion of his identity. Rotter will discuss his farm, his two sons, his sheep dog, "Fly," his cats—practically anything but explosives.

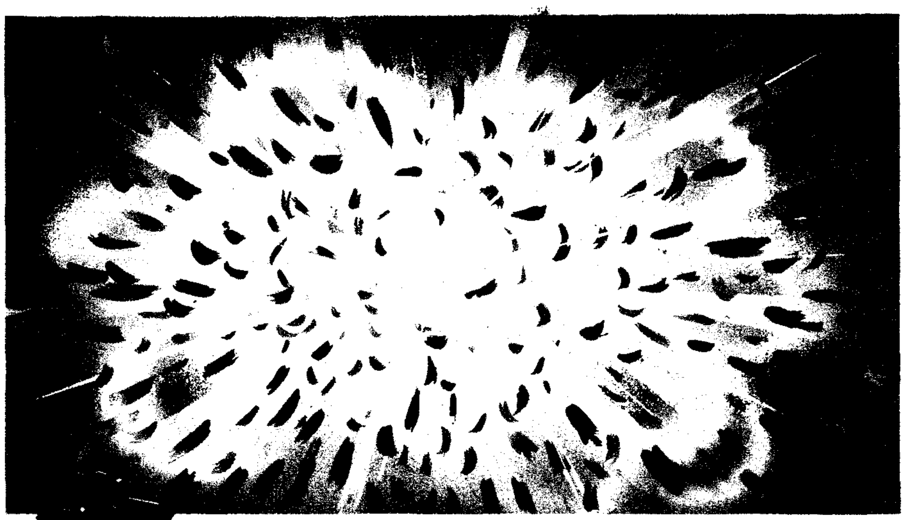
"I lived with them for forty years," he says, "ever since I was graduated from North Wales University in 1903. Now I'm a bit tired."...

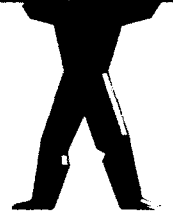
LLOYD SHEARER

A tree is stronger EXPLODED!



A tree's strength is limited by its grain and rate of growth and porous structure . . . yet hardboards many times stronger, and easily workable, are made from its basic materials alone! The extraordinary Masonite* hardboard process "remakes" wood by first reducing it to its *cellulose fiber* and cement-like *lignin.*





The ingenious Masonite "gun" frees these materials by *exploding* wood. Then, under different heats and pressures, fibers of varying degrees of plasticity are bonded with the lignin to form Masonite Presdwoods.* Grainless and smooth-surfaced, Presdwoods will not split, chip, crack or warp when properly used.

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Battle at Cassino

Continued from page 20

consider that it takes a shipload of gasoline a day to keep one armored division in action, you get some idea of the tremendous supply problem the Fifth Army faces.

The road to Rome will cost many hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies, weapons and ammunition and many thousands of men before General Mark Clark rides down Via dell 'Impero.

Twenty paces from where I sit, there's a mound of fieldstone which holds the secret of the Fifth Army's slow progress to Rome. It tells only a part of the story of the lethal obstacles in the Allied armies' path. It is at the same time a crude monument to German ingenuity in defensive warfare.

Perhaps our engineers, too, could devise such defenses as this mound represents, were we on the defensive, but that's neither here nor there. The fact remains that right here, twenty paces away, Germans built one of their strong points with an infallible eye for terrain and with murderous instinct for applying shellfire where it will do the most damage.

Even at this distance, the strong point looks like any pile of rock in this valley, like any abutment a peasant might make to hold the soil of his terraced farm. It is cannily constructed under some trees, making it almost impossible to spot from the air.

Let's have a closer look at it. This pile of rocks and earth is nearly ten feet high, forty feet by forty feet at the base, and about twenty feet square at the top, like a truncated pyramid.

Using Italian laborers, the German engineers first dug a pit about eight feet deep and twelve wide by sixteen feet long. Then they bolstered the walls with telephone poles one foot in diameter cut in eight-foot lengths and laid lengthwise. Across these they laid enough foot-square oak beams to make rafters for a roof, and over these, close together like logs in a cabin wall, they placed more telegraph poles. Rocks and earth were heaped over the logs and rafters.

An opening was left on the south side facing the road that comes up from Naples, and if you crawl in beside the gun that is still stuffed in there where the Germans left it after blowing it up, you'll get a fine view of a mile and a half curve of road.

It takes an ordinary truck or tank two or two and a half minutes to travel the distance from the point where the vehicle comes into view until it disappears into the valley toward Cassino. For this 57-millimeter high-muzzle-velocity German antitank gun, such vehicles were like those white iron ducks on the slow-moving belt at a carnival shooting gallery. What this gun on the west side of the road missed, another Hun gun on the other side of the road, just as cannily placed, would hit.

Under their roofs of rock and oak rafters, gun crews were safe. Direct hits from tank or field artillery bounced harmlessly off. We didn't drive the Huns from either of the two positions I have described. They just left them when it was time for them to retire. They weren't driven out by airpower; they weren't driven out by our tanks, either. If they feared attack at all, they feared those determined Yanks and Britons and Frenchmen who have had to find such enemy positions and crawl up to and behind them in the night over ground strewn with every conceivable kind of antipersonnel mine and settle those gun crews with grenades, tommy guns or bayonets.

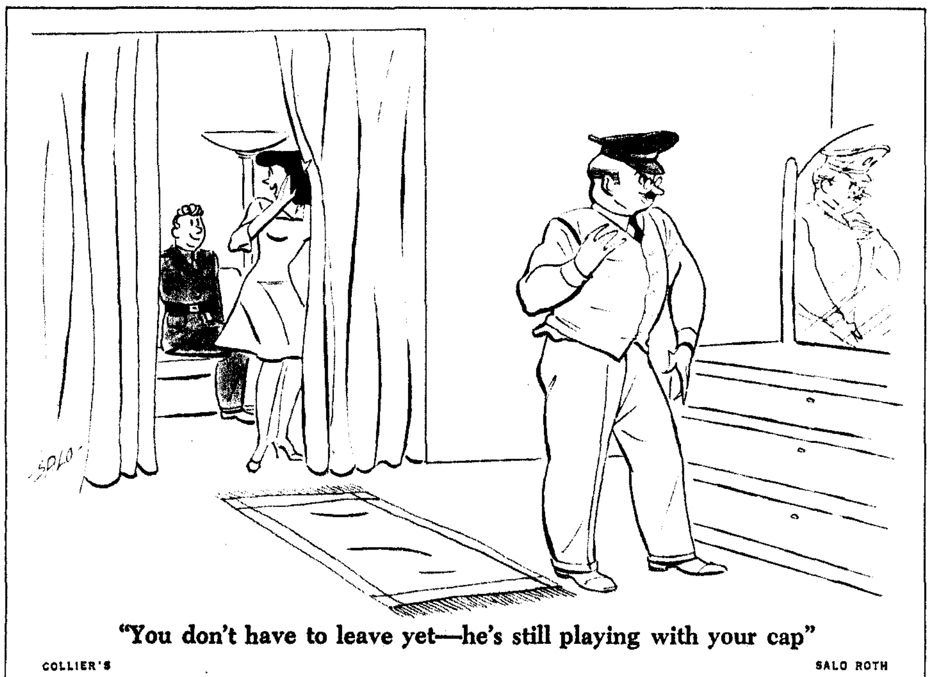
The Germans had plenty of time to make thousands of such gun emplacements, pillboxes and dug-in positions. They had from the time the armistice was signed with the Italians until at least the end of November to prepare, and they prepared well. In some places they even cut down masses of brush or forest which would interfere with their line of fire. In many instances they didn't even need to adjust the aim of their guns. They set their artillery to carry fire to known fixed positions and just blazed away.

Aided by Topography

They did nothing spectacularly and everything thoroughly, aided by topography ideally suited to their needs for delaying our armies and inflicting the maximum losses with a minimum cost in men and weapons. The narrow Apennine valleys enabled them to play Horatius at every bridge.

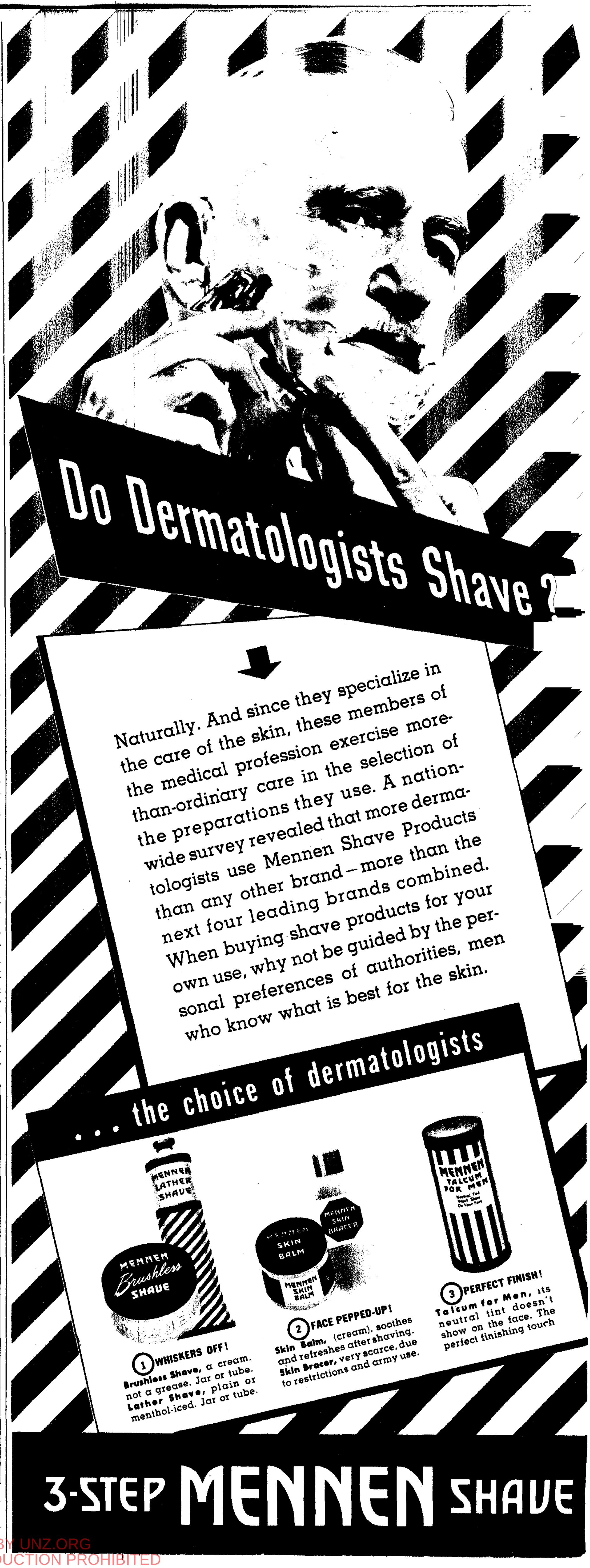
In the valley where I am camped right now, two fragile-looking little guns held up an entire regiment and probably could have retarded an entire division. The Germans knew that no one in history had ever taken Rome from the south (not even Hannibal who galumphed about in these parts for fourteen years) and they set out to do their best to see that Mark Clark wouldn't be the first.

They did nothing our engineers couldn't accomplish in defensive warfare. Our en-



"You don't have to leave yet—he's still playing with your cap"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH


Do Dermatologists Shave?

Naturally. And since they specialize in the care of the skin, these members of the medical profession exercise more-than-ordinary care in the selection of the preparations they use. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand—more than the next four leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preferences of authorities, men who know what is best for the skin.

. . . the choice of dermatologists

① WHISKERS OFF! Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② FACE PEPPED-UP! Skin Balm, (cream), soothes and refreshes after shaving. Skin Bracer, very scarce, due to restrictions and army use.

③ PERFECT FINISH! Talcum for Men, its neutral tint doesn't show on the face. The perfect finishing touch

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

CANADA DRY
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E ***means "Ever At It."*** Sticking at the job, and doing it well, every hour of every working day—that's what he's doing to keep on wearing that "E". He, and thousands like him! And there are others behind him—others keeping transportation going, keeping food supplies moving, doing the thousand and one necessary jobs that keep a nation's heart-beat strong.

He, and millions of Americans are keeping "ever at it," producing the things that mean Victory. To them, Canada Dry—"the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—a frequent guest and an old family friend, says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Ask for it always. You can help by returning all empty bottles to your dealer promptly!

CANADA DRY **"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"**

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT? (PAGE 48)

1.	**GRIMACE**	Accent second syllable.
	PENALIZED	First e long as in bee.
	AMMONIACAL	Accent the NI.
	HICCOUGH	Pronounce it HIC-up.
2.	**ASPIRANTS**	Accent second syllable, rhyme with FIRE.
	MAYORALTY	Say mayor and add alty.
	GUBERNATORIAL	U as in few, accent TOR.
	PRETENSE	Accent second syllable.
3.	**PRECEDENT**	(Adj.) Accent second syllable.
	PRECEDENT	(Noun) Accent first syllable.
	PRECEDENCE	Accent second syllable.
	RECOGNIZED	Sound your g.
4.	**MANDARIN**	Accent first syllable.
	PREMIER	Accent first syllable, rhyme with CREAM.
	PREMIERE	Accent last syllable, rhyme first syllable with GEM.
	MUSICALE	Accent third syllable, broad a.
5.	**HYSTERIA**	Long e.
	MAUSOLEUM	Accent the LE.
	FREQUENTED	Accent second syllable.
	BESTIAL	Short e.
6.	**TEDIOUS**	Not teejus (GREEDY-Gus).
	INHOSPITABLE	Accent the HOS.
	ABSOLUTELY	Accent first syllable, long u.
	TRESPASSING	Accent first syllable.
7.	**CUISINE**	Accent second syllable with z sound.
	DILETTANTE	Accent the TAN, sound final e.
	CULINARY	Accent first syllable with long u.
	ABSTEMIOUS	Long e.
8.	**FLAGITIOUS**	As in Ma-DISH-us. Means shamefully criminal.
	MACHINATIONS	Mak, not mash, accent third syllable.
	TESTATOR	Accent second syllable.
	ANNEX	Accent last syllable.
9.	**ALUMNI**	Masculine plural. Long i, accent UM.
	ALUMNAE	Feminine plural. Last syllable is nee.
	WELLESLEY	Two syllables (WELLS-lee).
	ALMA MATER	Anglicize, accent MATE.
10.	**LAMENTABLE**	Accent it on the LAM.
	BIZARRE	Accent AR.
	FINANCIAL	First i short, accent NAN (win-ANN-shall).
	DESPICABLE	Accent first syllable (DES).

gineers, too, can build 4-foot-thick blast walls of reinforced concrete, and some of our engineers have as good an eye for terrain as the Germans. Nonetheless, the craftiness with which the enemy readies his positions evoked something akin to admiration from some of our commanding officers.

But all our commanders have only sublime contempt for some of the new wrinkles which the Huns have injected into their defensive warfare. When they stick to soldiering, the Germans command respect as craftsmen, but with their soldiering, with their Germanism, they carry also a generous measure of pure unregenerated criminality. This expresses itself in such diabolical gimcracks as the "shoe mine."

A Question of Extermination

In the minds of some Yanks, there may have been left some residue of doubt as to the humanity or advisability of exterminating the German race as a means of settling Europe's problems for the next couple of centuries at least. In the minds and hearts of those who have had direct or indirect experience with the above-mentioned product of German genius for devising means of killing or maiming men, there are no doubts.

This newest of the Hun doodads—the shoe mine—is a simple device consisting of a wooden box about 3 inches deep and 6 by 6 inches square. A slightly larger box is hinged to this smaller one and fits over it. The box contains approximately a quarter-pound of TNT. A detonator made of black plastic material with the release mechanism so fitted that it sets the mine off when the lid is stepped upon completes the gadget. The box can be painted to suit any requirements of camouflage. Usually it is buried just below the surface. It will tear off a foot with ease.

The shoe mine—so called for obvious reasons—is almost entirely nonmetallic except for a narrow brass band on the detonator. It costs only a few cents to manufacture. Back in Tunisia and Sicily, American Army officers marveled at the well-made German mines and comforted themselves with "Well, they'll run out of raw materials soon. They can't keep this up." Maybe the Germans have run out of raw materials and maybe they haven't. They're making their antipersonnel mines out of five-and-dime-store gewgaws and killing and hurting just as many Americans as ever.

The castrator is even more ingenious. It isn't much larger or much more mechanically complex than an automatic pencil. A plunger releases the detonating mechanism which fires the bullet upward into the infantryman who steps on it. The castrator is always planted in the ground where troops are likely to prowl on patrol or in areas which might serve as bivouacs once they are taken by the Allies.

These devices are set along paths in ditches where troops might take cover from shellfire or on approaches to pillboxes and other enemy defenses. The castrator is a polite word for what men call this type of German antipersonnel mine. The bullet usually hits a man in the neighborhood of his genitals.

If the soldier is lucky, the bullet might merely pierce his foot or lodge in the leg. Often, however, a bullet from the castrator will strike a soldier in the chest. The upper part of the body is well forward when an infantryman creeps toward an enemy outpost in the dark. Any pressure instantly fires the castrator, and there have been cases of soldiers wounded in the hand, the elbow and even the face.

The post mine is less insidious and easier to find, but far more deadly. Like the others, it costs practically nothing to manufacture. Post mines are mass-produced by pouring concrete stiffened with diced lead into molds about 8 inches long and 4 inches in diameter, tapered slightly at one end and hollowed at the other to permit the insertion of a 1½-inch round stick about two feet long. The stick is pointed and is quickly and easily driven into the ground. On the top or tapered end of the concrete cylinder, a detonator is screwed in.

Hair-Trigger Detonation

Several of these post mines are placed in the ground, and the detonators hooked one to the other with a hair-thin wire. A man or vehicle instantly fires the mines, singly or simultaneously, when contact is made with the wire.

Post mines are usually painted grass green. The grass and weeds in these Italian valleys are taller than eight inches or so of lead-filled concrete, and thus hide the wires. Post mines are difficult to find even in daytime. They rake the ground with a deadly spray of leaden pellets and equally lethal concrete. Even if discovered, the mines retard our soldiers' progress, for they must halt to clear the fields. Since mined areas are usually covered by machine-gun or other fire, such clearance work is difficult or impossible by day, and our engineers or infantrymen must wait for dark, with consequent loss of valuable hours.

Shoe boxes, post mines and castrators infest the areas evacuated by Germans, as well as regions being actively contested. Somehow, you expect to run into mines in battle zones, but what infuriates infantrymen is to find conquered areas "lousy with killers" after the Germans have gone.

"It's bad enough to run into the damn' things while you're fighting," they say, "but to have them go off after you've taken the place is unfair."

Of booby traps, of course, Germans have originated an infinite variety, and these add to joys of living in the captured towns, hills or valleys.

One of the newer and more playful of Boche devices for killing hasn't been named yet, but we will call it the bowling-ball bomb. It's made of two hemispheric halves of poured concrete in which bits of scrap metal have been embedded. There's a small hollow in the center for a half-pound or so of high explosive, and a timer which can be set to explode the charge at any time up to five or six minutes.

The Heinies roll these balls down on our troops from their strong points on the hillsides. Bowling-ball bombs are painted gray, buff or any convenient rock color. So that they look to flesh-and-blood targets below like loose rock hurtling downhill.

Of course the so-called SS mines—steel cylinders which leap out of the ground and burst in the air at head level—and a variety of others are strewn everywhere, too. Teller mines are still in wide usage. Recently a platoon of tanks was nosing into a certain town along a narrow road. The lead tank hit a teller mine and in consequence blocked the road. The others had to turn back, and what might have been a decisive attack was nullified for at least twelve hours.

The promises of Allied generals that the war in Europe will be over in 1944 are undoubtedly well founded. But it is difficult to make infantrymen believe them. They see only more mountain peaks and hills to take, more rivers to cross on swaying, narrow footbridges, clawing with bleeding hands for a hold on ice-covered planks. They see themselves moving forward, heads down into storms of lead and steel. They hear more screaming meemies and smell more dung-matted streets in more battered towns. They know that victory can come in 1944, but they're not altogether certain that it will.

The infantryman—and in spite of air armadas and demolished German or German-occupied cities, this is still his war, for he is the ultimate weapon, the only basic instrument of war—sees war foot by foot, mile by weary mile. His is a gopher's view of war, and from where we sit, he's not so much conscious of tactical and strategic difficulties of generals and of "terrain," as he is of cold and danger, mud and mines. He is also profoundly conscious of the German's skill as a "foot soldier."

"It's amazing," one infantryman said. "Those guys look like nothing much when they're captured, but they can certainly fight. It beats me."

By the time you read this, Cassino may have fallen. The name of the town will have passed from the headlines. The Fifth Army will have moved forward toward Rome and perhaps have captured the capital itself. I don't know. A war-front correspondent gets only a slightly larger view of war than an infantryman.

The correspondent is more mobile. He has a jeep and can go from one part of the front to another all in the space of a few hours. If it's quiet on one sector, he goes where the fighting is on another. But always it's the same story. He sees shell-bursts near and distant, he passes guns as they fire at the enemy, he hears shells swooshing through the sky. He tries not to be startled by the ear-splitting crack-booms of the mortars and he leaps into ditches at the dry snapping sound of multitudinous twigs breaking when the Messerschmitts come to strafe.

The Misfortunes of War

A correspondent talks to generals and gets one picture; he talks to colonels and obtains another; he talks to captains, lieutenants and infantrymen, and adds to his information, but slightly to his comprehension. About Cassino I know little except that many men from practically everywhere in the United States are dying or being wounded or running out of ammunition and being captured in conquering towns.

They fight for a place street by street, house by house. The Yanks arrived to within four miles of Cassino on January 13th. It took them until February 3d to cross the Rapido and enter the outskirts of the town where I used to pull up my car to gas up on the way to Naples from Rome for a week end's loafing at Amalfi, Sorrento or Pompei. And the Germans (as I pointed out earlier in this piece) had only from September to the end of November in which to "prepare their positions."

There may be something to be learned from this fact and from the slow slog up the Italian boot. The Germans have had not weeks or months but years in which to "prepare their positions" to meet the invasion which Roosevelt and Churchill have promised them from "the west."

"Unless Germany cracks in February," Churchill once said, "we shall endure a bloody spring and summer."

We shall, indeed.

THE END

WHAT MAN WOULDN'T GO FOR ALL FIVE?
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CAROLINA
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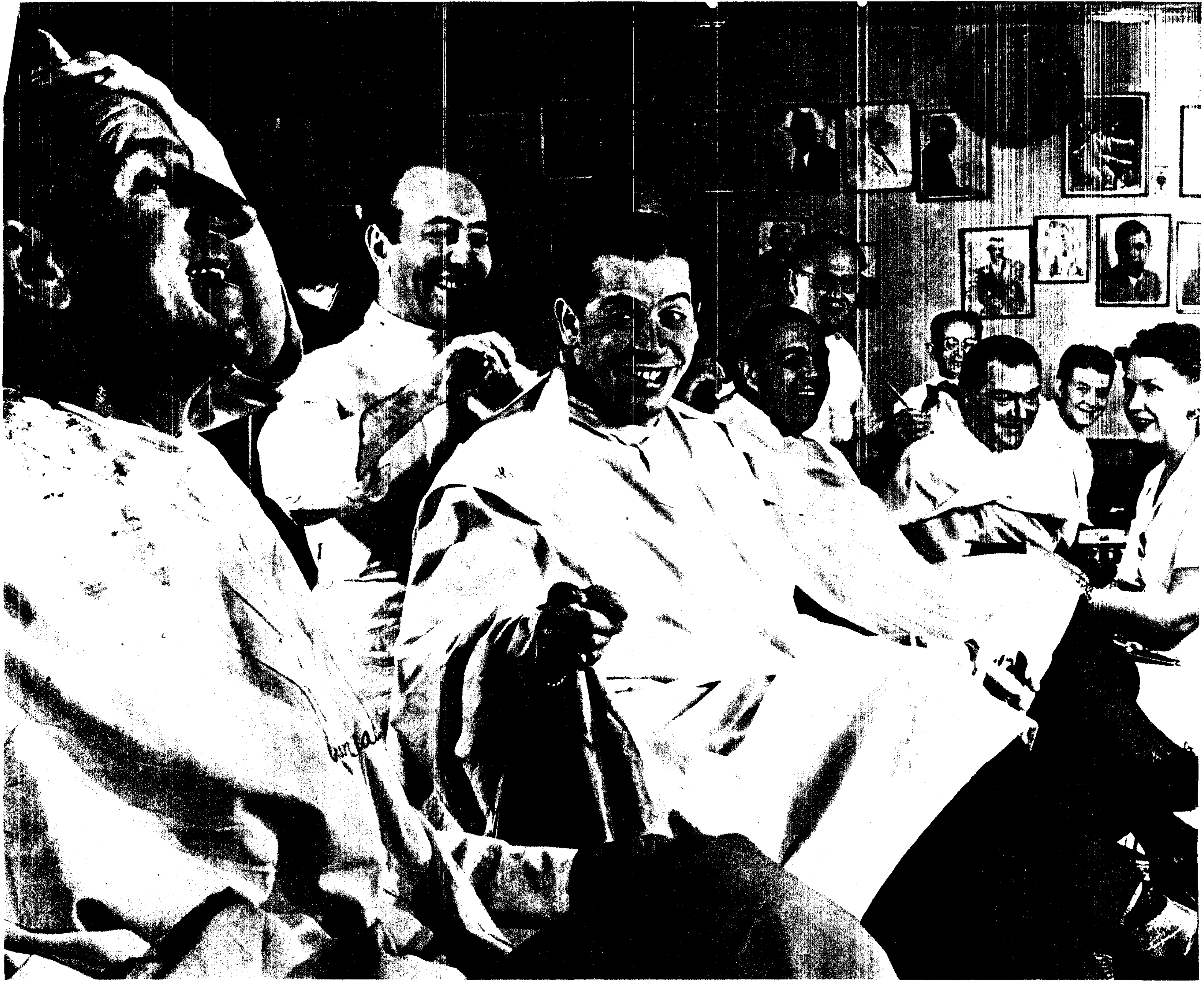


Chairwise, from left to right: Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle (with "English" in attendance), Morton Downey, Col. Stoopnagle and Orchestra Leader Johnny Long

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Along about dusk, Broadway folk head one flight down for Spinrad's barbershop, where obliging customers give out a free show with every shave

SPINRAD'S barbershop on 50th Street just off Broadway in the heart of Tin Pan Alley is a perfect setting for the kind of goofy opus William Saroyan might knock out during the course of a shave and a haircut. About the size of a stage set, it is restless with the comings and goings of little men full of big talk and big shots full of small talk, and its tilted chairs are filled at unorthodox hours by the supine figures of fame's children under hot towels.

The gleaming mirrors over Spinrad's mugs and hair tonics have in their time reflected all the little props of Broadway comedy and drama—ten-dollar ties, million-dollar bank rolls, and thirty-two-caliber guns. They have reflected Bob Hope slumbering beneath his lather, Harry Ritz paying a sawbuck to be allowed to shave a barber, and dark-browed Jack Dempsey spreading his giant paw upon the manicurist's pillow. The pristine glass has held the varied images of Ray Bolger, Walter Winchell, Damon Runyon and Joe Bonomo, of the body beautiful.

Spinrad's teems with types. It is the town pump for Broadway folk. It is a cracker-barrel kind of small-town place, and the chatter around the racing form is the same brand of talk you hear in the general store at Simple Village, Iowa, substituting box-office grosses for the price of grain.

Of all barbershops, Spinrad's looms largest on the gaudier pages of Broadway's history, and now in the sunset of its special era, it is a beloved landmark to those who live on the Street. It is most crowded and most fascinating as the afternoon grows late, for that is when the early risers among the regulars slide into their chairs to get prettied up before breakfast.

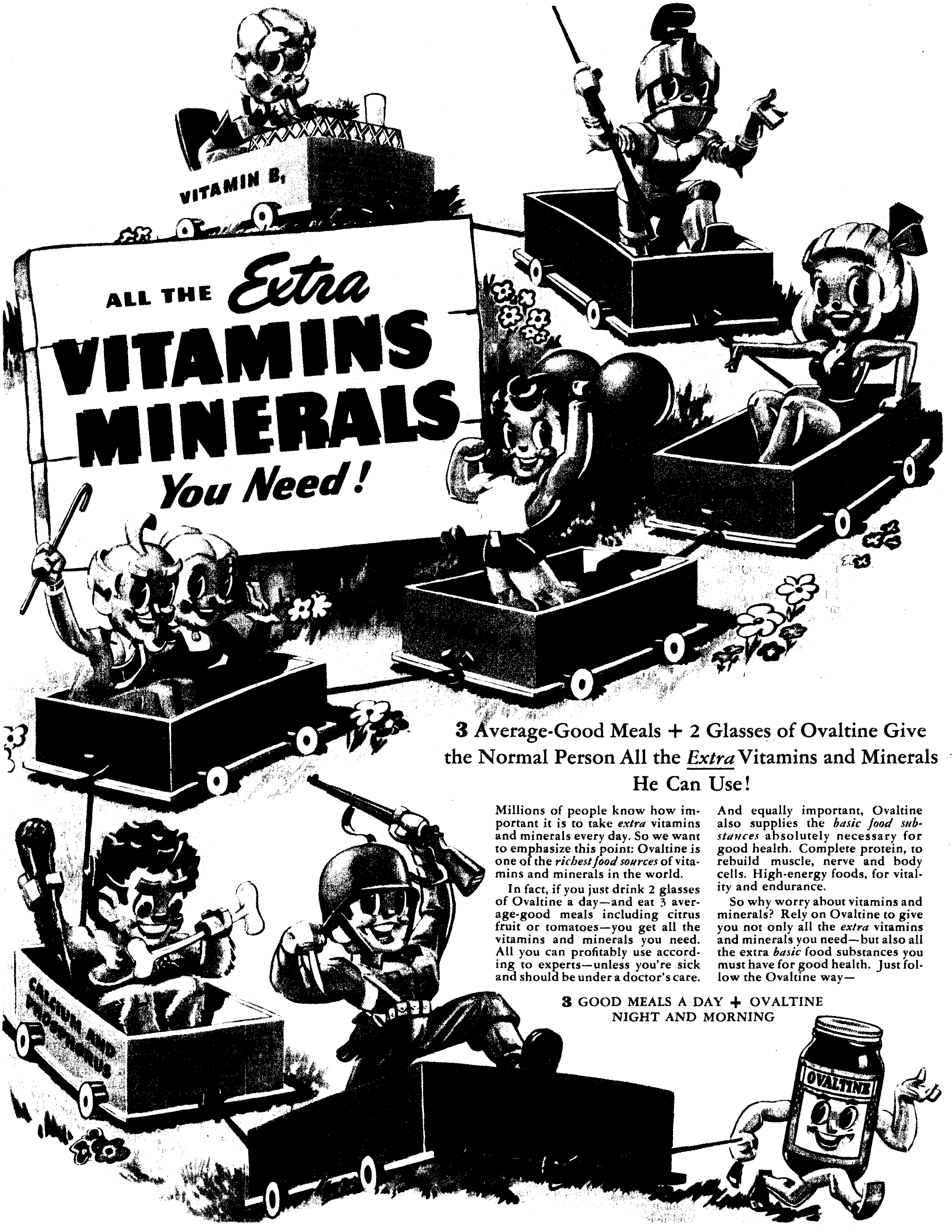
Photos of Celebrities Adorn Walls

The shop is situated one flight of stairs below the street in a subway entrance, so it happens that many people who wander through its doors are not haircut bent, but merely travelers with nickels in hand looking for the train to Brooklyn. It is an L-shaped room with a floor of clean black marble, and its walls are hung with autographed photographs of celebrities. Customers while they are relaxing under a mudpack may fix their tired eyes on daguerreotypes of Van and Schenck, Harry Richman glossy with brilliantine, Mickey Walker in tights, or Milton Berle wearing a former nose.

Eight barbers man the porcelain and leather chairs in shifts from nine A.M. until midnight. Of these, the most colorful, most irksome, most typical and best suited to the wacky atmosphere of Spinrad's is Al Lexton, a former Cunard Line steward who is every stock comedy barber in the annals of Joe Miller rolled into one and doubled in spades.

Lexton is known to one and all as "English." Slight of frame, blindingly bald, nervy and a tireless monologist, he explains baseball to the major-league pitchers, gifts his comedian clients with gags hot off the radio, tells columnists how to write, and gives horseplayers tips on the races.

(Continued on page 75)



3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest food sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic food substances* absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need—but also all the extra *basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way—

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE
NIGHT AND MORNING

THE *Guilty*

HERMANN VON HANNEKEN

XXXIII

WHEN Hitler invaded Denmark in April, 1940, every Dane settled down to sabotage as a daily chore. Railroads and ammunition dumps were blown up, shipping was sunk, machinery ruined. Underground papers began to appear, and teachers and pastors thundered denunciations of German rule. But Hitler had assured the world that Denmark was to be a "model protectorate."

In October, 1942, therefore, he sent General Hermann von Hanneken to Copenhagen as commander in chief. Hanneken was a big shot in the Nazi hierarchy. Long-time boss of the iron and steel industries, few men stood closer to the Fuehrer, Goering and Himmler. He is a Prussian to the core, and a firm believer in torture chambers and firing squads. The general brought with him some 7,000 trained Gestapo agents and announced that the death penalty would be visited on all guilty of "deteriorating relations" with the Reich.

Doctor Kaj Munk, great pastor and patriot, lost no time in giving Hanneken a Danish answer in these few words: "I would rather see the relations of Denmark deteriorate with Germany than with Christ." Sabotage increased, and General von Hanneken filled jails until men and women had to stand in line waiting for vacant cells; he established concentration camps; he sent thousands to the Reich as slave labor, confiscated crops, livestock and bank accounts.

All to no avail. The Danes developed a very definite sense of humor. The Atlas, a large industrial plant near Copenhagen, became such a favorite target for underground raids that streetcar conductors made a joke of it: "End of the line! All saboteurs out for Atlas!"

A whole country, as one man, resisted Hanneken's persecution of the Jews. King Christian not only attended services in a Copenhagen synagogue, but announced that he and his family would wear the Star of David as a badge of honor. Attacked for this stand by the general, the king calmly replied that Danes, unlike the Germans, saw no reason for anti-Semitism because they did not consider themselves "inferior to Jews."

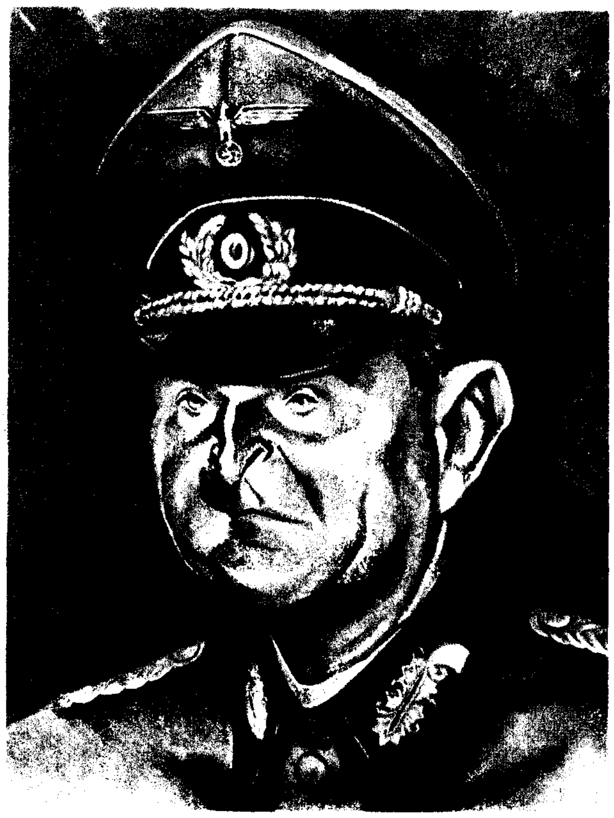
In August, 1943, the enraged commander in chief declared a military dictatorship, interned the royal family, ordered the public execution of all persons even suspected of sabotage, and set about taking over Denmark's arsenals and navy. The Danes hurried the bulk of their ships to Swedish harbors and scuttled the rest. Citizens, armed from secret caches, gave battle to the Gestapo agents who raided homes, churches and schools.

Blaming Jews for the "spirit of revolt," General von Hanneken decreed their arrest and deportation. Ships provided for the transportation of Jews to the death camps of Poland were blown up; Danish policemen went from house to house with messages of warning; and Jewish men, women and children were hidden in cellars and attics until they could escape across the Ore Sund to Sweden.

General von Hanneken struck back by disarming and suspending the entire police force. Himmler's torture specialists were given a free hand. Crowning infamy was the assassination of Doctor Munk. The fearless pastor was taken to Hanneken's headquarters supposedly for questioning. The following morning his mutilated body was found in a public park.

It is now reported that the general, deemed a failure by Berlin, will be superseded by Kurt Daluege, the Butcher of Czechoslovakia. If so, Hanneken can count on the Danes for vindication. In the hour of Allied victory, they will not only ask for Hanneken's return to Denmark, but *demand* it. . .

G. C.



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Melancholy Dane

Continued from page 12

fact, I am not wasting my time. And how he learns about the tamale I have no idea, as she does not speak a word of English.

However, one way and another I proceed to a place called Bône and then I continue on from there one way and another, but mostly in a little consumptive car, in the general direction of Tunis, and as I go, I keep asking passing British and American soldiers where is the front. And they say the front is up front, and I keep going and in my travels I get very sick and tired of the war because the enemy is always dropping hot apples all over the landscape out of planes, and sprinkling the roads with bullets or throwing big shells that make the most uncouth noises around very carelessly indeed.

Naturally, this impedes and delays my progress quite some because, from time to time, I am compelled to pause and dismount from my little bucket and seek refuge from these missiles in holes in the earth, and, when I cannot find a hole, I seek the refuge by falling on my face on the ground. In fact, I fall so often on my face that I am commencing to fear I will wind up with a pug nose.

Part of the time I am traveling with another newspaper scribe by the name of Herbert something, but he goes to Foldsville on me, soon after we leave Bône, with a case of heartburn caused by eating Army rations, which reminds me that I must speak to the F.B.I. about these rations some day as it is my opinion that the books of the guy who invents them should be looked over to see which side he is betting on.

WELL, all the time I keep asking where is the front, and all the time the soldiers say the front is up front. But I do not seem to ever find the front and, in fact, I later learn from an old soldier that nobody ever finds the front because by the time they get to where it ought to be, the front is apt to be the rear or the middle, and it is all very confusing to be sure.

Early one morning, I arrive at what seems to be the ruins of a little town, and at the same moment, an enemy battery on a hill a couple of miles away starts throwing big biscuits into the town, although I do not see hide or hair of anyone there, and whether it is because they think some of our troops are in the town or just have a personal grudge against me, I never learn.

Anyway, all of a sudden something nudges my little wagon from under me and knocks it into pieces the size of confetti and at the same moment I feel a distinct sensation of pain in my Francesca.

It comes to my mind that I am wounded and I lie there with what I know is blood running down the inside of my pants leg which gives me a most untidy feeling indeed, and what is more, I am mentally depressed quite some as I am already behind with my copy and I can see where this will delay me further and cause my editor to become most peevish.

But there is nothing I can do about it, only to keep on lying there and to try to stop the blood as best I can and wait for something to happen and also to hope that my mishap does not inconvenience my editor too greatly.

It is coming on noon, and all around and about it is very quiet, and nothing whatever seems to be stirring anywhere when who appears but a big guy in our uniform, and he seems more surprised than somewhat when he observes me, as he speaks to me as follows:

"Goodness me!" he says. "What is this?"

"I am wounded," I say.

"Where?" he says.

"In the vestibule," I say.

Then he drops on one knee beside me and outs with a knife and cuts open my pants and looks at the wound, and as he gets to his feet, he says to me like this:

"Does it hurt?" he says. "Are you suffering greatly?"

"Sure I am," I say. "I am dying."

NOW the guy laughs ha-ha-ha-ha, as if he just hears a good joke and he says, "Look at me, Hammer," he says. "Do you not recognize me?"

Naturally I look and I can see that he is nobody but this Mansfield Sothern, the actor, and of course I am greatly pleased at the sight of him.

"Mansfield," I say, "I am never so glad to see an old friend in my life."

"What do you mean by old friend?" Mansfield says. "I am not your old friend. I am not even your new friend. Hammer," he says, "are you really in great pain?"

"Awful," I say. "Please get me to a doctor."

Well, at this, he laughs ha-ha-ha-ha again and says, "Hammer, all my professional life, I am hoping to one day see a dramatic critic suffer, and you have no idea what pleasure you are now giving me, but I think it only fair for you to suffer out loud with groans and one thing and another. Hammer," Mansfield says, "I am enjoying a privilege that any actor will give a squillion dollars to experience."

"Look, Mansfield," I say, "kindly cease your clowning and take me somewhere. I am in great agony."

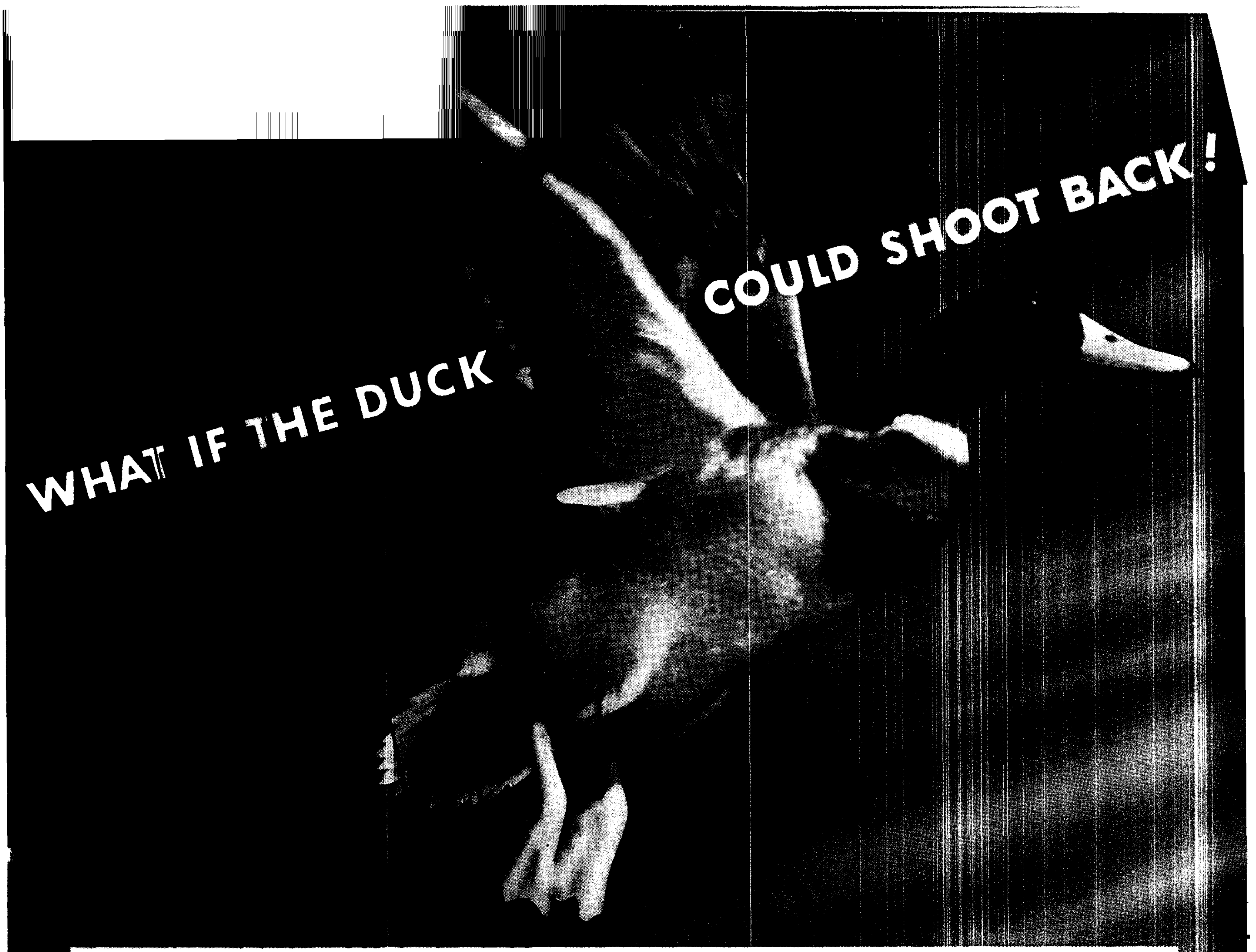
"Ha-ha-ha-ha," Mansfield Sothern ha-has. "Hammer, I cannot get you to a doctor because the Jeremiahs seem to be between us and our lines. I fear they nab the rest of my patrol. It is only by good luck that I elude them myself and then, lo and behold, I find you. I do not think there are any of the enemy right around this spot at the moment and I am going to lug you into yonder building, but it is not because I take pity on you. It is only because I wish to keep you near me so I can see you suffer."

Then he picks me up in his arms and carries me inside the walls of what seems to be an old inn, though it has no roof and no windows or doors, and even the walls are a little shaky from much shellfire, and he puts me down on the floor and washes my wound with water from his canteen and puts sulfa powder on my wound and also gives me some to swallow, and all the time he is talking a blue streak.

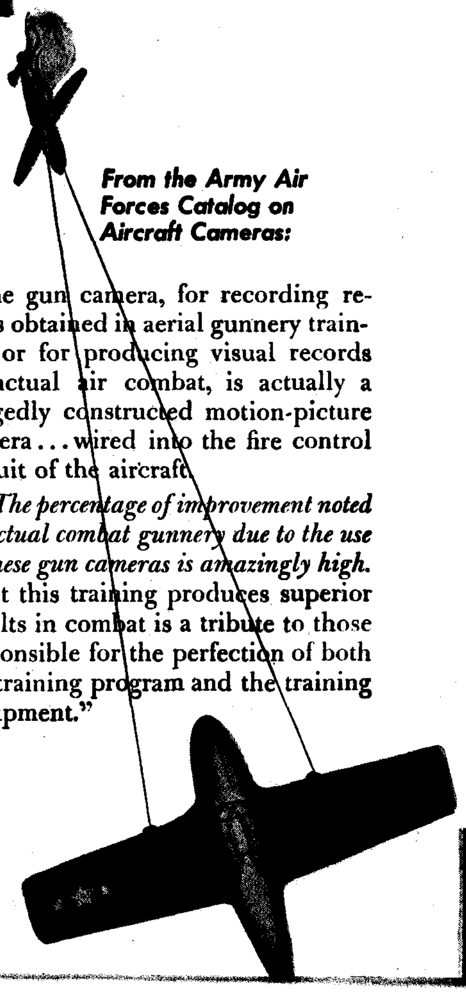
"Hammer," he says, "do you remember the night I give my performance of Hamlet and you knock my brains out? Well, you are in no more agony now than I am then. I die ten thousand deaths when I read your criticism. Furthermore, you alienate the affections of Miss Channelle Cooper from me, because she thinks you are a great dramatic critic, and when you say I am a bad Hamlet, she believes you and cancels our engagement. She says she cannot bear the idea of being married to a bad Hamlet. Hammer," he says, "am I a bad Hamlet?"

"Mansfield," I say, "I now regret I cause you anguish."

"Mr. Sothern to you," Mansfield says



Ciné-Kodak Film and Magazine help take the "guess" out of aerial gunnery and bring our flyers back alive



From the Army Air Forces Catalog on Aircraft Cameras:

"The gun camera, for recording results obtained in aerial gunnery training or for producing visual records of actual air combat, is actually a ruggedly constructed motion-picture camera . . . wired into the fire control circuit of the aircraft.

"The percentage of improvement noted in actual combat gunnery due to the use of these gun cameras is amazingly high. That this training produces superior results in combat is a tribute to those responsible for the perfection of both the training program and the training equipment."

If the hunter doesn't get his first duck, what's the difference? But suppose the duck were shooting back . . .

In the life of every one of our young flyers comes that first terrific moment. And in that first fight, our flyer overcomes his greatest hazard. If he gets his "duck" . . .

Ciné-Kodak Magazine, with its 3-second loading, scored an immediate success. But when it was invented, nobody ever expected it to help teach our pilots to shoot.

Kodak assisted in adapting it to this new use. The gun camera, which employs it, uses the same Ciné-Kodak Film in the same familiar magazines that you use for your home movies. It shows our fighter pilot in training how he's shooting . . . why he missed. His training continues until he doesn't miss any more. When he goes into that first fight, he already has some of the cool, calculating skill that means "veteran."

When equipped with the gun camera, he comes back to his home field or flight deck with the visual record of air combat—evidence that he is on his way toward being an ace . . .

REMEMBER THE "FLYING TIGERS"?—*how that single squadron of crack Army, Navy, and Marine volunteers in China, desperately short of spare parts and fuel for their patched-up, obsolete planes, piled up the incredible total of 497 Jap planes —a ratio of 34 to 1? Theirs was a stern example for us at home.* **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**

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...bills for food, fuel and other necessities if a disabling accident stops you from working and earning. And your hospital, doctor and nursing bills, too!

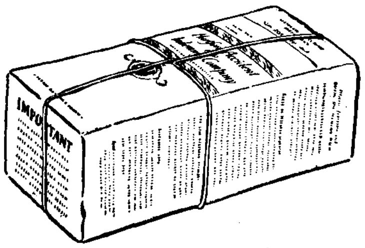
...bills for replacing jewelry, silverware, clothing, furs and other valuables that burglars or anyone else may steal.

All these and many more of the costs of misfortune—bills that otherwise would fall heavily upon *you*—can be provided for *by carrying Hartford Insurance.*

* * * * *

What is the "package" idea of protection?

Today's trend in insurance is to "package" more complete protection in fewer policies—frequently at lower cost. For instance, the Hartford Comprehensive Personal Liability Policy ends your worries about damage claims and lawsuits resulting from accidents on your home premises, or due to your ownership of dogs or horses, or participation in sports such as hunting, fishing, cycling, or golf, or caused by other personal activities. And it likewise covers your wife and minor children and also other relatives under 21 living with you.



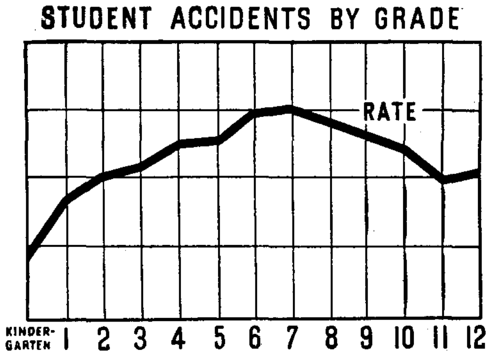
* * * * *

Don't let this risk wreck your business

The worker who steals often shows great ingenuity in concealing the fact. As a result, before the loss is discovered it may be so large as to bankrupt his employer. Wise business men avoid this risk. They protect themselves through "blanket" Fidelity Bonds, covering *all* employees.

If your children go to school

This chart will interest you and them. While the accident frequency rate rises to a peak at the seventh grade, it is of utmost importance that they learn safe habits during their early school life. Safety is most important in every grade.



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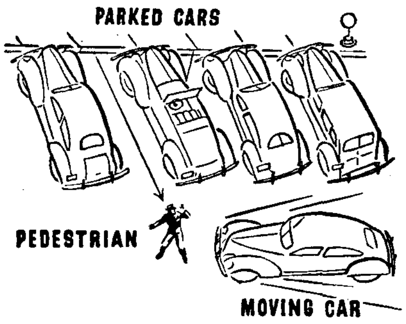


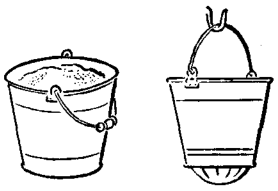
Gas rationing hasn't ended this risk

You are using your car less but still you run the risk of accidents and damage suits. Take a case like this where a pedestrian suddenly steps from behind a parked car. If you were the oncoming driver, could you stop in time? Of course you should keep your automobile liability insurance in force.

* * * * *

When is sand better than water to put out a fire?

This is important, no matter how much fire insurance you have. Water tends to spread oil and gasoline fires. Use sand. Also keep a foam type fire-extinguisher handy.



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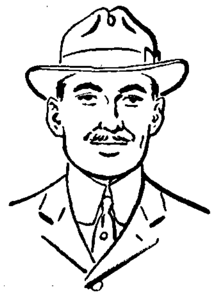


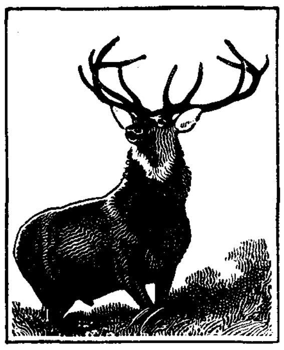
Why did father have to pay more than you?

Insurance used to cost more in his day. Fires and accidents were more frequent then in proportion to the number of people insured. In recent years insurance companies, through inspections and educational work on safety standards, have encouraged safer building—safer for life and safer from fire. Insurance rates have come down accordingly.

* * * * *

What does this symbol promise you?

The Hartford stag on an insurance policy is your guarantee of ample financial resources to pay losses. Since 1810, disasters, conflagrations, depressions and wars have tested Hartford strength—and proved its impregnability. Let the Hartford agent in your community or your insurance broker put the stag on guard for you.



HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance to me. "Hammer," he says, "I hear you only see two acts of my Hamlet."

"That is true," I say. "I have to hasten back to my office to write my review."

"Why," he says, "how dare you pass on the merits of an artist on such brief observation? Does your mad jealousy of me over Miss Channelle Cooper cause you to forget you are a human being and make a hyena of you? Or are all dramatic critics just naturally hyenas, as I suspect?"

"Mansfield," I say, "while I admit to much admiration and, in fact, love for Miss Channelle Cooper, I never permit my emotions to bias my professional efforts. When I state you are a bad Hamlet, I state my honest conviction and, while I now suffer the tortures of the damned, I still state it."

"Hammer," Mansfield Sothern says, "listen to me and observe me closely because I am now going to run through the grave-diggers scene for you, which you do not see me do, and you can tell me afterward if Barrymore or Leslie Howard or Maurice Evans ever gives a finer performance."

And with this, what does he do but pick up a big stone from the floor and strike a pose and speak as follows:

" 'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one, now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.' "

NOW Mansfield stops and looks at me and says:

"Come, come, Hammer, you are Horatio. Throw me the line."

So I try to remember what Horatio remarks at this point in Hamlet and finally I say, " '*How is that, my lord?*' "

"No, no," Mansfield says. "Not 'How is that?' but 'What's that?' And you presume to criticize me!"

"All right, Mansfield," I say. " 'What's that, my lord?' "

And Mansfield says, " 'Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?' "

I say, " 'E'en so.' "

" 'And smelt so? pah!' " Mansfield says, and with this, he throws the stone to the floor, and at the same moment I hear another noise and, on looking around, what do I see in the doorway but two German officers covered with dust, and one of them says in English like this:

"What is going on here?"

Naturally, I am somewhat nonplused at the sight of these guys, but Mansfield Sothern does not seem to notice them and continues reciting in a loud voice.

"He is an actor in civil life," I say to the German. "He is now presenting his version of Hamlet to me."

" 'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!' " Mansfield Sothern says. " 'Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander—' "

" 'Till he finds it stopping a bunghole,' " the German cuts in, and then Mansfield looks at him and says:

" 'Find,' not 'finds,' " he says.

"Quite right," the German says. "Well, *you are now prisoners. I will* send some of my soldiers to pick you up immediately. Do not attempt to leave this place or you will be shot, as we have the town surrounded."

Then the two depart and Mansfield stops reciting at once and says, "Let us duffy out of here. It is growing dark outside, and I think we can make it. Are you still suffering first class, Hammer?"

"Yes," I say, "and I cannot walk an inch, either."

So Mansfield laughs ha-ha-ha and picks me up again as easy as if I am nothing but a bag of wind and carries me out through what seems to have been a back door to the joint, but before we go into the open, he throws himself face downward on the ground and tells me to pull myself on his back and hook my arms around his neck and hold on, and I do same. Then he starts crawling along like he is a turtle and I am its shell. Naturally, our progress is very slow, especially as we hear guys everywhere around us in the dark talking in German.

EVERY few yards, Mansfield has to stop to rest, and I roll off his back until he is ready to start again and, during one of these halts, he whispers, "Hammer, are you still suffering?"

"Yes," I say.

"Good," Mansfield says, and then he goes on crawling.

I do not know how far he crawls with me aboard him because I am getting a little groggy, but I do remember him whispering very softly to himself like this:

> " '*Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,*
> *Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.*' "

Well, Mansfield crawls and crawls and crawls until he crawls himself and me right into a bunch of our guys, and the next thing I know is I wake up in a hospital, and who is sitting there beside me but Mansfield Sothern and, when he sees I am awake, he says like this:

" 'O, I die, Horatio.' "

"Mansfield," I say, "kindly cheese it and permit me to thank you for saving my life."

"Hammer," he says, "the pleasure is all mine. I am sustained on my long crawl (which they tell me is a new world record for crawling with a guy on the deck of the crawler) by the thought that I have on my back a dramatic critic who is suffering keenly every inch of the way.

"I suppose," he says, "that you hear I am decorated for rescuing you, but kindly keep it quiet, as the Actors' Guild will never forgive me for rescuing a critic. Also, Hammer, I am being sent home to organize overseas entertainment for my comrades, and naturally it will be along Shakespearean lines. Tell me, Hammer, do you observe your nurse as yet?"

And, with this, Mansfield points to a doll in uniform standing not far away, and I can see that it is nobody but Miss Channelle Cooper, and I can also see that she is hoping she is looking like Miss Florence Nightingale. When she notices I am awake, she starts toward my cot, but at her approach, Mansfield Sothern gets up and departs quite hastily without as much as saying boo to her and, as she stands looking at him, tears come to her eyes and I can see that a coolness must still prevail between them.

NATURALLY, I am by no means displeased by this situation because the sight of Miss Channelle Cooper even in a nurse's uniform brings back fond memories to me and, in fact, I feel all my old love for her coming up inside me like a lump and, as she reaches my bedside, I can scarcely speak because of my emotion.

"You must be quiet, Ambrose," she says. "You know you are delirious for days and days, and in your delirium you say things about me that cause me much embarrassment. Does Mansfield happen to mention my name?"

"No," I say. "Forget him, Channelle. He is a cad as well as a bad Hamlet."

But the tears in her eyes increase, and

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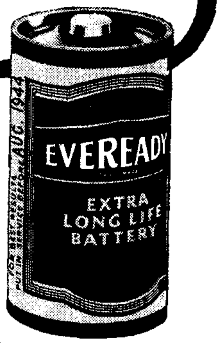
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"For the third time, No we don't want any bananas!"

If your dealer can't supply you with "Eveready" flashlight batteries next time, remember this: Most of those we can make are now going to the armed forces. And most of the remainder are serving essential war industries.

Slogan for today: Buy War Bonds 'til the boys come home!

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →



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PERFECT SLEEPER
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30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

suddenly she leaves me and I do not see her for some days afterward and, in fact, I do not even think of her because my editor is sending me messages wishing to know what I am doing in a hospital on his time and to get out of there at once, and what do I mean by putting a horse in my last expense account, which of course is an error in bookkeeping due to my haste in making out the account. What I intend putting in is a hearse, as I figure that my editor will be too confused by such an unexpected item to dispute it.

So here I am back in the good old U.S.A. (Ambrose says) and now as I previously state I am going to take you to the theater again with me, and who are you going to see but our old friend Mansfield Sothern playing Hamlet once more!

NOW this prospect by no means thrills me, but I am unable to think of a good out at once, so I accompany Ambrose, and when we arrive at the theater, we find the manager, who is a guy by the name of Thomas Bodkin, walking up and down in front of the joint and speaking in the most disparaging terms of actors, and customers are milling around the lobby and on the sidewalks outside.

They are going up to Thomas Bodkin and saying, "What is the matter, Bodkin?" and "When does the curtain go up?" and "Who do you think you are?" and all this and that, which only causes him to become very disrespectful indeed in his expressions about actors and, in fact, he is practically libelous, and it is several minutes before Ambrose and I can figure out the nature of his emotion.

Then we learn that what happens is that Mansfield Sothern collapses in his dressing room a few minutes before the curtain is to rise, and, as the gaff is all sold out, it is naturally a terrible predicament for Thomas Bodkin, as he may have to refund the money, and thinking of this has Thomas on the verge of a collapse himself.

"Hammer," he says to Ambrose, "you will do me a favor if you will go backstage and see if you can find out what is eating this hamdonny. I am afraid to trust myself to even look at him at the moment."

SO AMBROSE and I go around to the stage entrance and up to Mansfield Sothern's dressing room, and there is Mansfield sprawled in a chair in his Hamlet make-up, while his dresser, an old stove lid by the name of Crichton, is swabbing Mansfield's brow with a towel and speaking soothing words to him in a Southern accent.

"Why, Mansfield," Ambrose says, "what seems to ail you that you keep an eager audience waiting and put Thomas Bodkin in a condition bordering on hysteria?"

"I cannot go on," Mansfield says. "My heart is too heavy. I just learn of your return and, as I am sitting here thinking of how you must make plenty of hay-hay with Miss Channelle Cooper when you are lying there under her loving care in North Africa and telling her what a bad Hamlet I am, I am overcome with grief. Ambrose," he says, "is there any hope of you being crippled for life?"

"No," Ambrose says. "Come, come, Mansfield," he says. "Pull yourself together. Think of your career and of poor Thomas Bodkin and the box-office receipts. Remember the ancient tradition of the theater: The show must go on—although, personally, I do not always see why."

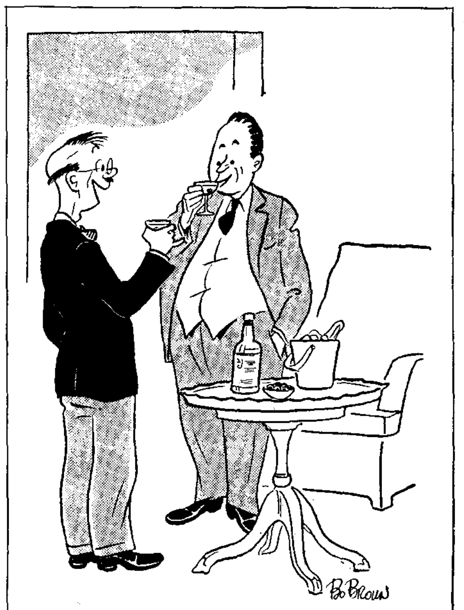
"I cannot," Mansfield says. "Her face will rise before me, and my words will choke me as I think of her in another's arms. Ambrose, I am in bad shape, but I am man enough to congratulate you. I hope and trust you will always be happy with Miss Channelle Cooper, even if you are a dramatic critic. But I cannot go on in my present state of mind. I am too melancholy even for Hamlet."

"Oh," Ambrose says, "do not worry about Miss Channelle Cooper. She loves you dearly. The last time I see her, I request her to be my ever-loving wife when this cruel war is over, but she says it can never be, as she loves only you. I say all right, if she wishes to love a bad Hamlet instead of a good correspondent, to go ahead. And then," Ambrose says, "Miss Channelle Cooper speaks to me as follows:

" 'No, Ambrose,' she says. 'He is not a bad Hamlet. A better judge than you says he is a fine Hamlet. Professor Bierbauer, the great dramatic coach of Heidelberg, now a colonel in the German army, tells me he witnesses a performance by Mansfield in a ruined tavern in a town near the front, that, under the conditions, is the most magnificent effort of the kind he ever views.'

"It seems," Ambrose says, "that the professor is wounded and captured by our guys when they retake the town, and, at the moment Miss Channelle Cooper is addressing me, he is one of her patients in a near-by ward, where I have no doubt he gets quite an earful on your history and her love. Where are you going, Mansfield?"

"Why," Mansfield says, "I am going around the corner to send a cablegram to Miss Channelle Cooper, telling her I reciprocate her love and also requesting her to get Professor Bierbauer's opinion in writing for my scrapbook."



"Recognize it? I tried my hand at making a batch again"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Well, I wait up in Mindy's restaurant with Mansfield to get the last editions containing the reviews of the critics and, naturally, the first review we turn to is Ambrose Hammer's, and at Mansfield's request I read it aloud as follows:

" 'Mansfield Sothern's inspired performance of Hamlet at the Todd Theater last night leads up to the hope that in this sterling young actor we have a new dramatic force of the power in Shakespearean roles of all the mighty figures of another day, perhaps including even the immortal Edwin Booth.'

"Well, Mansfield," I say, when I finish, "I think Ambrose now pays you off in full on your account with him, including saving his life, what with giving you Miss Channelle Cooper and this wonderful boost, which, undoubtedly, establishes your future in the theater."

"Humph!" Mansfield says. "It seems a fair appraisal, at that, and I will send a clipping to Miss Channelle Cooper at once, but," he says, "there is undoubtedly a streak of venom left in Ambrose Hammer. Else, why does he ring in Booth?"

THE END

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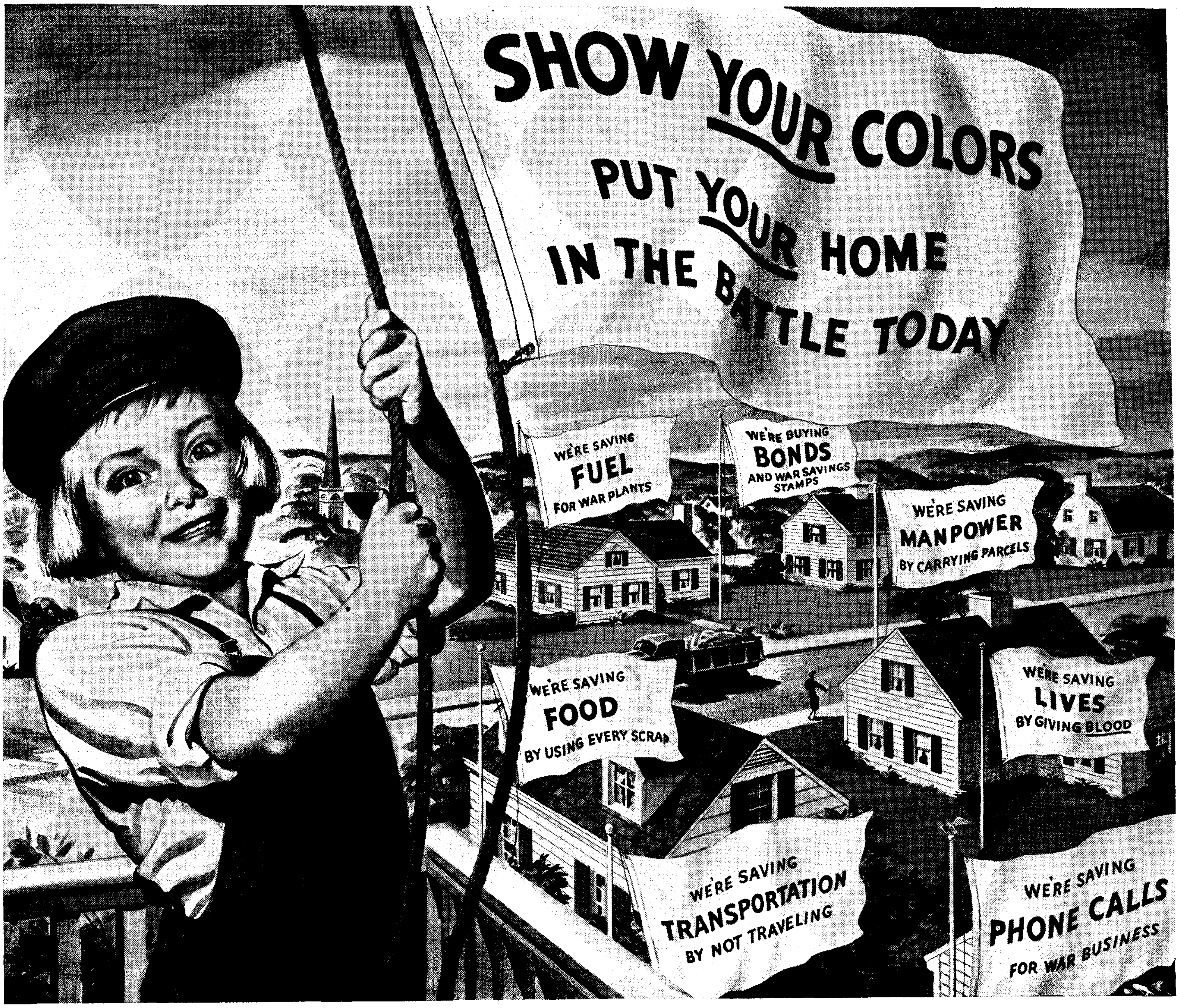
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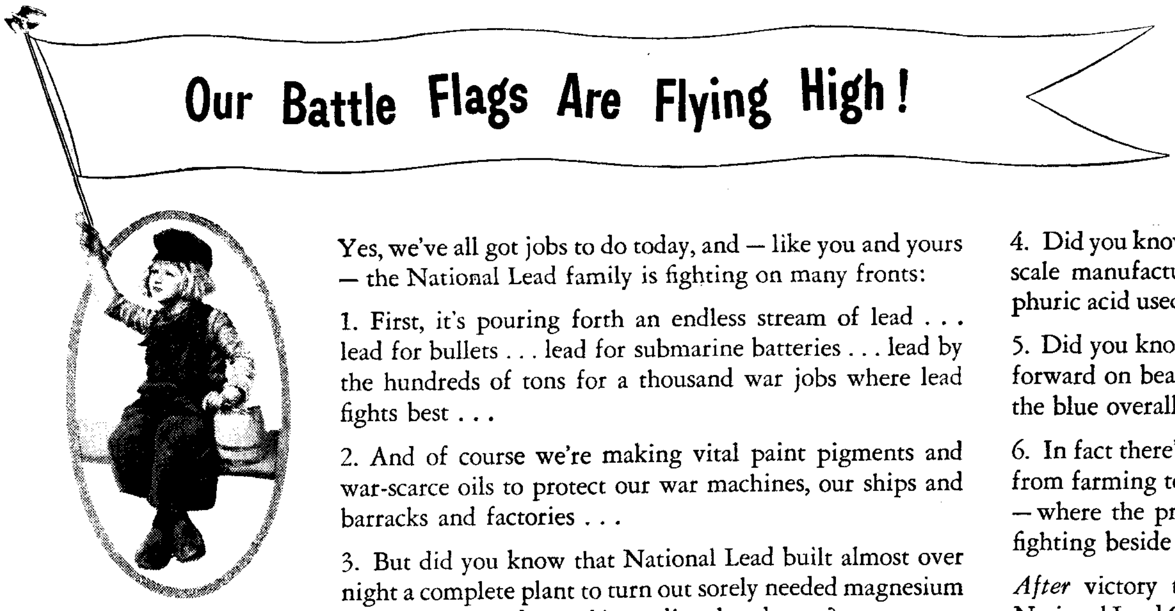
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THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

Here is the latest report of man's progress in the age-old war against his most intimate enemy

NOT long ago a surgeon invited a layman friend to witness an operation. The friend knew there had been some remarkable advances in surgery, but even that knowledge hadn't prepared him for what he saw on the operating table—a patient with his abdomen open and most of his internal organs exposed.

"That man," the visitor gasped, "looks as if he's dead!"

And the patient didn't add to his composure by slowly opening his eyes and mumbling, "Not yet!"

Maybe you're wondering, How could the patient be conscious, all cut up like that? The answer is that he was under spinal anesthesia, one of the brilliant new weapons against pain which have come into use within the past few years. The newer anesthetics make the surgeon's work easier and safer, and add to the patient's comfort and increase his chances of recovery. For many operations, they have replaced the old stand-by, ether; in fact, ether, with its nauseous aftereffects and its property of making the patient think he's choking to death, seems definitely to be on the way out.

Bellevue Hospital in New York, one of the busiest surgical centers in the world, now uses ether in less than one third of its operations. A world-famous clinic uses it less than ten per cent of the time, and even when it is used, the patient rarely gets more than a whiff of it, for some more pleasant anesthetic—nitrous oxide, for example—makes him unconscious before he is given any ether.

The idea of conquering pain fascinated medical men long before the advent of modern surgery. Physicians in ancient Egypt used a wooden block, which fitted tightly over the head of the patient. A whack with a mallet, and the patient was out, often permanently. The Romans squeezed the carotid artery in the neck, thereby shutting off the supply of blood to the brain. The patient became unconscious but usually awakened insane or paralyzed.

Later, surgeons bled their patients into unconsciousness; others relied on wine to produce a drunken stupor. None of these methods were very successful, because they didn't relax the muscles sufficiently to permit deep abdominal surgery.

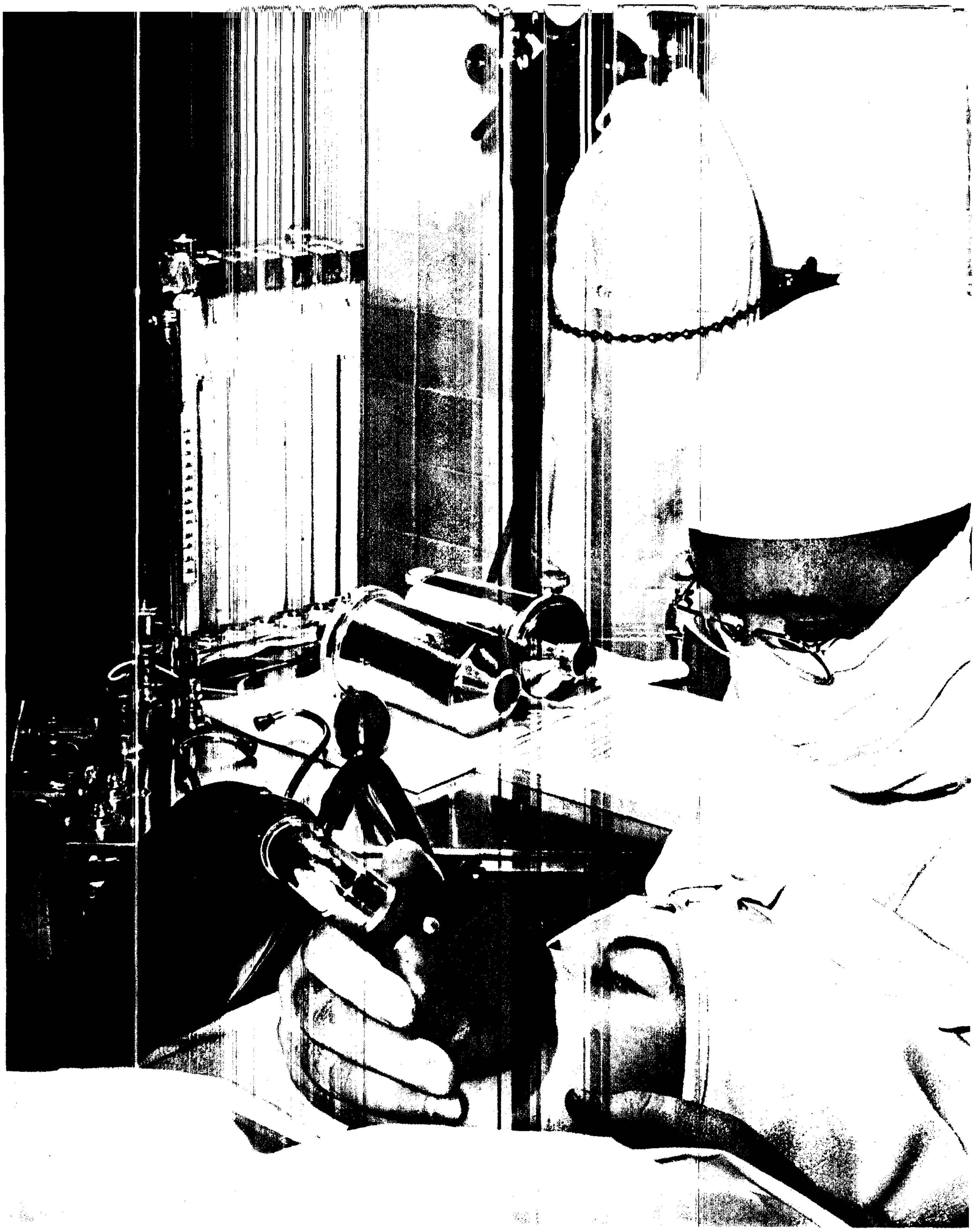
Surgery as we know it today, with the blessings of anesthesia, was born on October 16, 1846, when Doctor William Morton, a Boston dentist, gave the first public demonstration of ether. This first step toward the ultimate conquest of pain was followed, in the early 1890's, by the discovery of Doctor Carl Koller, then of Vienna and now of New York, that cocaine would produce temporary paralysis. Working with the molecules of cocaine, seeking less toxic compounds, chemists developed a whole host of new drugs, of which the best known is Novocain. With them, surgeons were able to put chemical tourniquets around nerves and block the pathways of pain. They could thus isolate an arm, a leg, or a hand from the rest of the body, and operate without subjecting the patient to the shock and after-effects of a general anesthetic.

A few years ago Doctor J. Leonard Corning of New York came forward with a dramatic concept—spinal anesthesia. If individual nerves could be blocked, why not block whole systems of nerves by injecting drugs into the spinal canal? He tried his idea, and it was successful. Later, workers learned to tilt the patient on the operating table so the drug would go only a certain distance up the canal, not far enough to paralyze respiration and cause death.

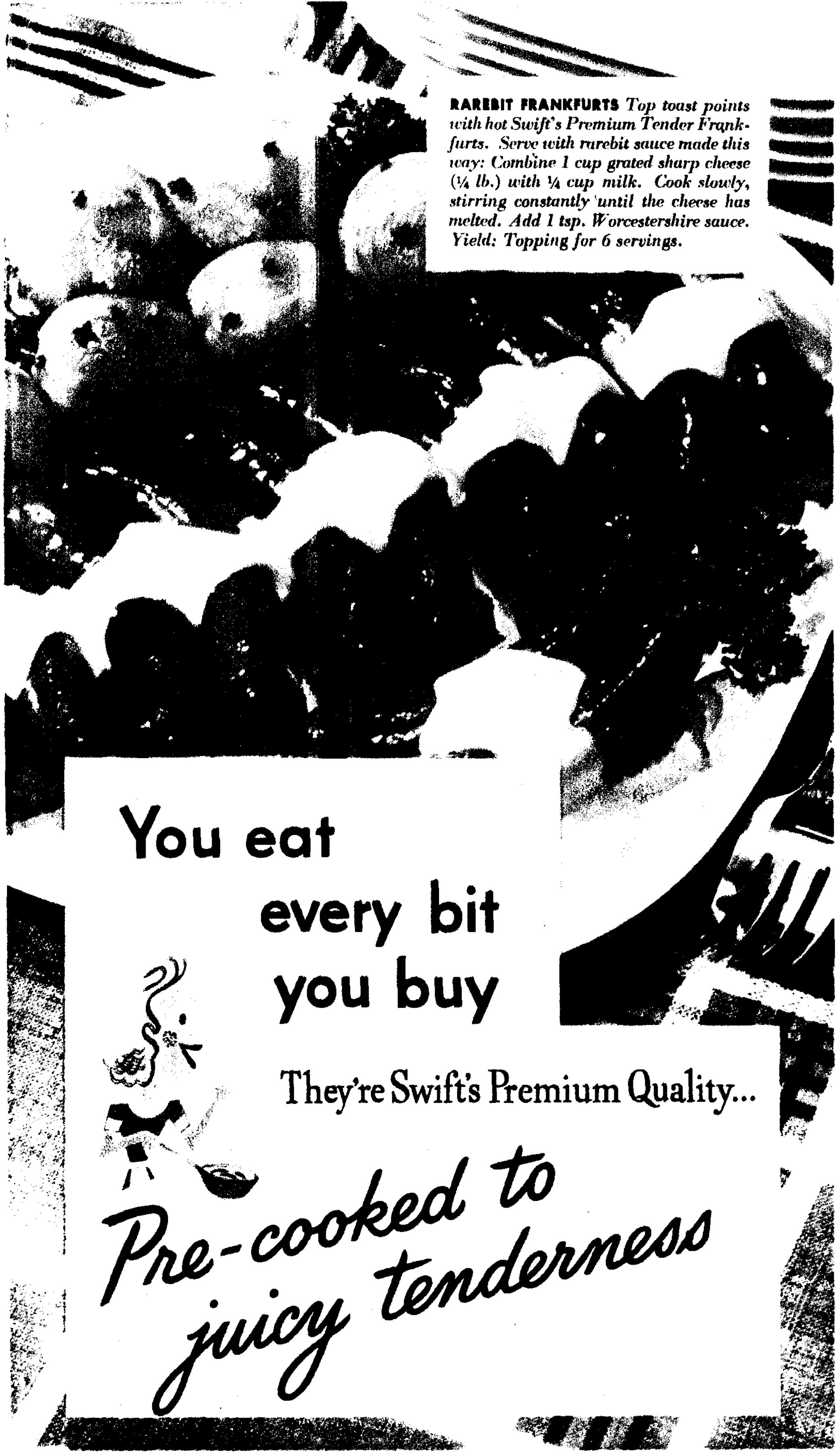
European physicians adopted Doctor Corning's technique almost at once, but years passed before "spinals" became popular in the United States. This type of anesthesia may be dangerous because it depresses lung action and blood circulation, hence is seldom used on bad-risk patients. But it has one tremendous advantage: It induces complete relaxation of abdominal muscles and organs. Instead of going through their usual rhythmic motions, they lie quietly while the surgeon operates.

Spinals are particularly favored by naval surgeons, because gaseous anesthetics may explode during battles. Furthermore, their patients are young and healthy and can stand whatever side effects may develop.

A few years ago another type of anesthesia received a tremendous boost. For ages physicians have sought means of lessening the pangs of childbirth. Two United States Public Health surgeons, Doctors R. A. Hingson and Waldo B. Edwards, produced what may be the final answer to this ancient problem. They knew that all pains associated with childbirth trace to the nerves that feed from the spinal cord to the caudal area at the base of the spine. Why not inject a pain-blocking drug into this region and leave the needle in place so that more of the drug can be injected as needed? The idea worked spectacularly. Ten thousand women have had babies with continual caudal anesthesia. Of these, 81 per cent suffered no pain whatever, twelve per cent reported partial remission of pain, and seven per cent obtained little relief. All were completely conscious during delivery. The drug used was Metycaine, and



The man at the head of the table—the anesthetist—looks out for the helpless patient. In many cases his work is as vital as the surgeon's



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it appears to have few ill effects on either mother or infant.

Inhalation anesthesia has likewise taken great strides. One of the greatest of these advances to come into general use recently is the closed system of administering anesthetics, introduced by Doctor Ralph M. Waters of the University of Wisconsin.

The old drip method of giving ether was wasteful and, because ether is a highly inflammable liquid, created a fire hazard. Doctor Waters devised a system whereby the patient could breathe the same ether over and over again. He developed a machine with two tubes leading to a mask fitted over the face of the patient, who breathed in through one tube and out through the other. With the carbon dioxide thus removed from the expired breath, ether and oxygen are added as required, and the patient breathes the mixture. This machine has three important advantages: It cuts hospital bills as much as two thirds. It gives the patient a warm, moist mixture, and it gives the anesthetist far more control than he ever had before.

Out at the Count of Three

Doctor E. A. Rovenstine of New York University and Doctor Waters pioneered with another great advance in anesthesia. They were the first to use cyclopropane. Three breaths of this odorless gas, which is derived from petroleum, are usually enough to produce unconsciousness. The patient emerges from sleep about five minutes after the operation has been completed, without a hangover.

Most surgeons who have used cyclopropane agree that it is one of the greatest anesthetics ever discovered. It has several points of superiority. It doesn't unduly increase salivation, as ether does. And too much saliva is dangerous; it may run into the lungs, carrying mouth bacteria with it. That usually means pneumonia.

Cyclopropane doesn't irritate lungs and mucous membranes, and it causes little nausea. It is effective even when mixed with four parts of oxygen, hence there is never any danger of suffocating the patient. It doesn't produce the profound relaxation given by a spinal anesthetic, but there is a promise that this may be overcome by curare, a drug now coming into wide use. This is the arrow poison used by South American Indians and was described in a recent Collier's article. It kills by paralyzing the breathing muscles, but, given in small surgical doses, it paralyzes abdominal muscles without interfering with respiration.

But cyclopropane has one great disadvantage. It is violently explosive. More than a dozen patients have been killed by cyclopropane explosions, caused usually by static electricity. Hence all equipment around the operating table must be grounded, so that static will bleed off into the earth. Nurses can't wear silk slips, wool blankets cannot be used, and sheets are never whisked off quickly. Surgeons and others of the staff must wear conducting shoes; in many hospitals, the floors are wetted as an additional precaution. If all these safeguards are present it is safe to use the new gas.

Another drug that has received a warm reception is Avertin, which is administered by enema tube and produces quiet sleep in from five to twenty minutes. It has proved particularly valuable for children and high-strung patients with weak hearts. It acts quickly and pleasantly and is helpful to a surgeon who wishes to do a quick, exploratory operation.

Plain ice is being used more and more for amputations in which the patient is near shock. A tourniquet is applied, and the limb is packed in ice, or in ice and salt. In two hours or so, all pain sensation has disappeared, and a completely painless amputation is possible. Since nearly frozen tissue requires little oxygen, there is slight danger of gangrene.

One striking development which is receiving much research attention is the use of electricity as an anesthetic. There is considerable evidence that exact knockout dosages of current will soon be determined. Such a procedure is already being used in the treatment of dementia praecox. Mentally sick patients get a mule-kick of electricity. It knocks them unconscious, and they go into convulsions—and somehow this aids in clearing deranged minds. If the method can be tamed, so that patients can be put to sleep without having convulsions, electricity may turn out to be the greatest of all anesthetics. But such a development is probably a long way off.

No matter how effective an anesthetic may prove to be, its ultimate value depends upon the care and skill with which it is administered. Within the past ten years the giving of anesthesia has grown from a clumsy art to a full-fledged medical specialty practiced by experts.

The man at the head of the table, the anesthetist, has an important and a dramatic job; in many operations his work is just as vital as that of the surgeon. His job is to look out for the helpless patient. He must sense impending shock and be ready to combat it. If respiration starts to fail, he must be ready with oxygen, and apparatus to force it into the lungs.

Every few minutes he must check the patient's blood pressure; if it falls too low, he must at once bring it to the proper level with drugs. He must watch the patient's eyes, for relaxation of the pupils is a measure of the relaxation of other muscles of the body. He must constantly be ready to increase or decrease the amount of anesthesia to meet the requirements of the surgeon.

With a wide choice of anesthetics, each devised for a special set of conditions, the anesthetist's job is a highly specialized branch of medicine. The day when a nurse or intern dripped ether on an open mask is gone—or going fast. In a great many cases, the anesthetist has far more contact with the patient than the surgeon.

Special Preoperative Care

In a typical procedure, he will supervise the building-up regime preceding the operation. On the night before surgery, he will prescribe a barbiturate—to insure a good night's rest. On the day surgery is performed, the anesthetist may prescribe a shot of one of the intravenous anesthetics. He will sit by the patient's bed and ask him to count. The patient rarely gets up to twenty before he goes to sleep.

At this juncture, the anesthetist may decide on a hypodermic of morphine—to depress the patient, so that he won't require too much anesthetic. On the table, cyclopropane is administered. As surgery nears completion, the anesthetic is tapered off.

When it is over, the anesthetist may administer carbon dioxide—which stimulates respiration. If the patient is in deep anesthesia, and a rapid recovery is desirable, he may even give a tiny dose of Metrazol, or some other stimulant. When he awakes, the patient is back in his own bed. Often as not, he will start counting at the point where he left off when sleep overtook him.

As a result of all these advances in anesthesia, the whole emphasis on surgery is changing. Speed was once the thing—some surgeons performing an amputation in a matter of seconds. Today it is care and dexterity. With an accomplished anesthetist at the head of the table, the surgeon can afford to take his time and do his job well.

THE END

Once Over Lightly

Continued from page 64

Charles Spinrad, or "Pop" as George M. Cohan and most of Broadway called the founder of the barbershop, has been dead a decade now, and the place is operated by his son, Sid. Sid, like his sister Matilda, joined the business as soon as he grew up. He came in as manager, smoking his big cigar and making affable barbershop talk with the big shots and little bums as they came in for their perfumed shaves.

Sid and Matilda learned the ropes at Pop's shop in the Bush Terminal Building—the first of three to be known as Spinrad's. But that place goes away back in Stem history, and its memory is a little dim. The most famous of the shops was the second Spinrad's, at 47th Street and Seventh Avenue, underneath the Palace Theater.

Customers at the shop represented everything Broadway stood for in the wildest days of the Prohibition era. They were bad gangsters and rich bootleggers, famous actors, café operators, agents, grifters, gamblers, fight promoters, and a couple of newspapermen named Walter Winchell and Mark Hellinger. It was in Spinrad's that Winchell first met Owney Madden, Frenchy and the other mobsters about whom he later wrote so intimately. He gathered some of his most astonishing items there.

The earnings of a popular barber in Spinrad's during that era verged on the fantastic. Before the Wall Street crash, when the years were lush and all bank rolls were chubby, a deft razor-wielder had no trouble striking an average of two hundred dollars a week, often more. Tips were enormous, and these barbers played the market just as merrily as their customers did.

There was always a good show in the shop—then as now. Harry Ritz would imitate Pop's stiff flatfooted walk, and the place would be in stitches; or he would mimic Rubinoff's Russian accent while the lathered violinist lay helpless in one of the chairs. It delayed business, this funmaking, but it was good for business, too. People knew there was always something going on at Spinrad's.

Frequently there was a thing or two going on that people didn't know about—particularly people of the *gendarmerie*. For example, the staff at Spinrad's was electrically aware one night that Vincent Coll, the "Mad Dog" of the rackets, had been scheduled for liquidation. They knew it because "the boys" were in the barbershop celebrating in advance. Early the next morning, Coll stepped into a drugstore telephone booth, and the machine guns of some of Pop's best customers perforated him with half a hundred bullets.

Often a patron getting a manicure would sit with one hand in the manicurist's soft-skinned grasp, the other planted on a gun in his lap. He would murmur the conventional honeyed compliments to the girl, and when one hand had been polished to shell-pink perfection, he would switch position and give her the other. But there was always one hand on the gun and one eye on the door.

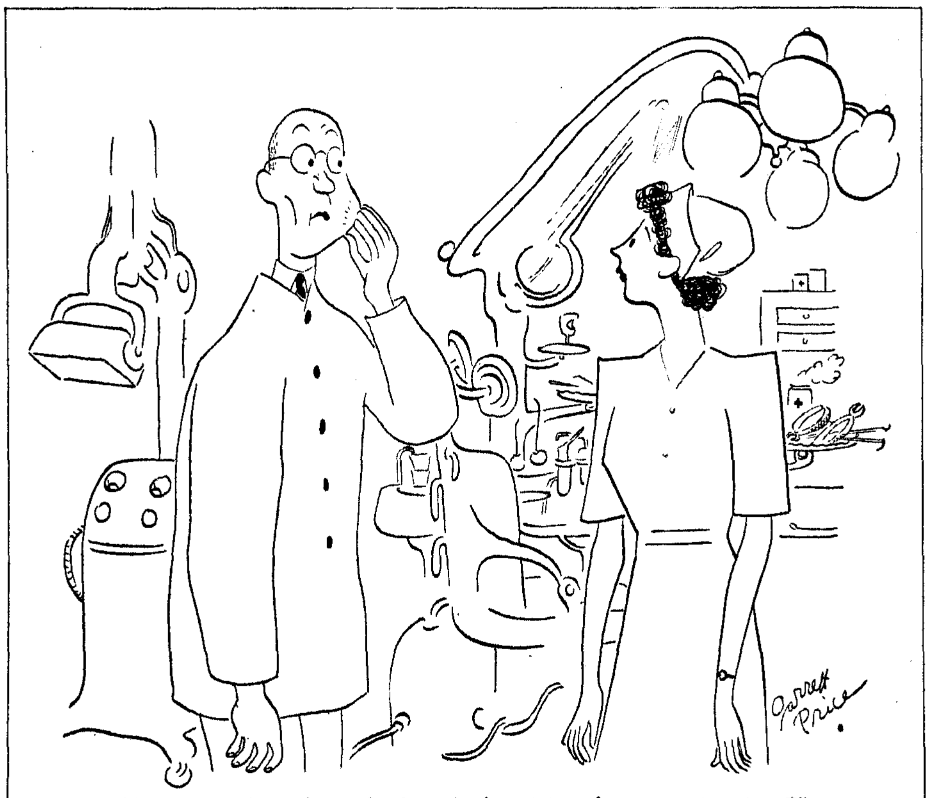
The shop did not remain strictly a man's hangout. As time went on and customs relaxed, show girls and Follies beauties began to drop into Spinrad's for a bob or a manicure. Florenz Ziegfeld at one point got pretty peeved about this. There were too many racketeers in the shop to suit Flo, and he didn't like the association.

Thugs Can Be Gentlemen, Too

Eddie Harris, who was one of the barbers during that era and still is major domo of one of Spinrad's chairs, recalls the thugs rather wistfully. "Those fellows didn't seem like gangsters," he says. "They were good at heart, gentle, and they'd never curse in front of a lady."

A manicurist at Pop's salon invariably presented an interesting façade as well as a gift for paring cuticles, so it was not inexplicable that many of them sped on to bigger and flashier things. One was hired by Nicky Blair to work as a chorine in his gaudy nitery of the period, the Paradise. Another, a pretty thing named Mae Perry, quit the show to marry a millionaire. He died a couple of years after the wedding, and Mae, left with two million dollars, toured Europe in recklessly lavish style. Exactly thirteen years later, Mae returned to New York. She went right back to the manicure table at Spinrad's.

The clubby patrons of the shop had their own novel etiquette. It was an un-



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written rule that the first man out of a chair would pay for all those still being shaved, shampooed or sheared. Thus a daily customer might go for four or five weeks without paying anything but his tip—until suddenly he would be the first one out of a chair, and his bill for a shave might run to twenty dollars. Looking back, the barbers recall that Big Frenchy and Mark Hellinger, both notorious check grabbers, managed through the years to be the first ones out of the chair most often.

Such was the nature of Pop Spinrad's trade that on the one occasion when he was called for jury duty, he arrived at the courtroom and discovered to his embarrassment that the defendant being tried in the murder case was one of his best customers. He managed to get himself excused.

The epoch of speak-easies and gang battles was in full lurid swing when Pop moved out of the place under the Palace and into the present shop in Tin Pan Alley. He was scarcely installed when one of his most sought-after barbers, Orlando Sideri—known to one and all as "John"—obtained the lease on the Palace shop and took it over, renaming it the Hollywood. That schism created a tough problem for the Broadway boys. Many of them followed Pop automatically, but others found their habit-happy feet beating the familiar path toward 47th Street as dusk approached, and so for a while there were two hangouts. The Palace place, never called the Hollywood by the regulars, became known as "the old Spinrad's"; Pop's shop was "the new Spinrad's."

The Passing of "Old Spinrad's"

The distinction soon was erased by the trigger finger of an impulsive gunman, when two of Dutch Schultz's henchmen were wiped out at the Hollywood. Shortly after this, Sideri shifted operations to the private barbershop at the 21 Club.

After that, there was only one Spinrad's, and so it has remained to the present day Broadway's favorite whisker salon. Its barbers like to talk about the past—about the times when Joan Blondell used to come in for a haircut; about afternoons Dorothy Lamour would sit at one of the chromium-trimmed tables getting a manicure she could barely afford; about the time Clark Gable made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater, just across the street, and the little Spinrad manicurist who was sent to his dressing room came down so limp and flustered by the thrill of holding Gable's hand that she had to be sent home to spend the rest of the day in bed.

Milton Berle is the Spinrad Barrymore. From the time he makes his determinedly comedy entrance until he exits on a ripple of laughter, he goes berserk with all the props that a barbering salon can provide. Sammy Kaye takes off his shoes while he's being shaved; Abe Lyman smokes a cigar through the lather; Joe E. Lewis likes to sit quietly in a corner and brood over the daily horse sheets; Kenny Baker sings while the razor hovers over his Adam's apple. Jack Dempsey, who is the favorite customer of all, regales the boys with jokes suitable for barbershop consumption. Before he leaves, he shakes his barber's hand with such a Herculean clasp that the fellow doesn't get back into condition until five haircuts later.

Little Shots Drift Back

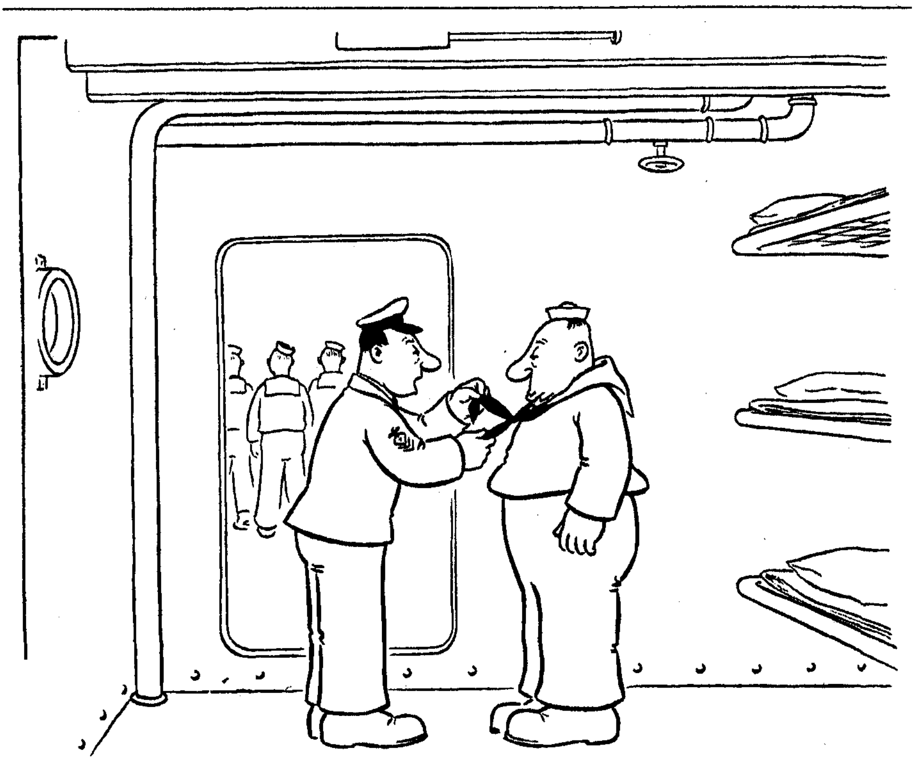
Almost all the clients around the cracker barrel for the past several seasons have been on the side of the law, but recently the gangsters have started coming back to Spinrad's again. Not the spectacular ones like Frenchy and Owney—Frenchy is dead and Owney is comfortably retired—but lesser hoods who found themselves careerless when Prohibition was repealed and dropped out of the local scene because Broadway is a dismal place to a big shot with a small wad.

They're drifting back now, looking pretty good. Some of them who didn't have prison raps have gone straight and are working in defense plants or operating independent taxi concerns. Others, the boys in the shop suspect, are dealing in the meat and nylon black markets. They wear those dazzling ten-dollar ties again, and the bills they pull out have high numbers in the corners, but they don't talk much about their work, and the boys don't ask.

The boys at Spinrad's are wise, as becomes men who see a great deal and hear even more. They only ask if you will have a shampoo or a massage or a sun lamp, and how do you want it around the ears. The rest of the time, they tell you.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



COLLIER'S "Alfred, it's about time you learned to tie this yourself"

TRADE MARK

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

DON'T GOSSIP—it spreads rumors!
DON'T COUGH—it spreads germs!

If you have a cough due to a cold, get Smith Bros. Cough Drops. They give pleasant, soothing relief. Still only 5¢—yes, a nickel checks that tickle!

SOOTHINGLY YOURS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
Black or Menthol—5¢

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier... ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try it today!

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

LEPAGE'S GLUE
LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S PASTE
LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S WALL SIZE

MARKWELL
STAPLING MACHINES
Immediate Delivery
STAPLE SAM
THE MARKWELL MAN SAYS—
Write for Catalogue
We have a MACHINE and STAPLES for every OFFICE and INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE
MARKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13

His meat problem

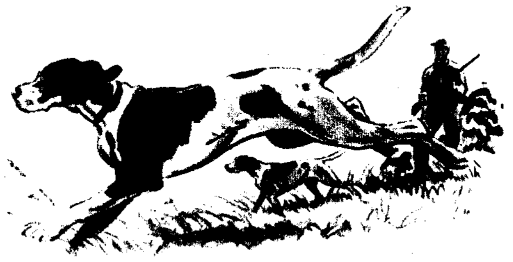
Licked for Good!

Licked by GAINES – the complete meal that kennel men have been using for years

FINICKY DOG APPETITES

Licked for Good

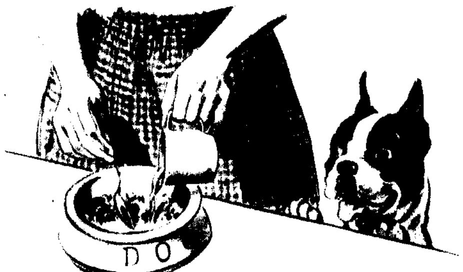
Just think of it—in these meat-rationed days! A food that smells and tastes so good that 90 out of 100 dogs—including little problem-child dogs—lick the platter clean the very first time they try it. At your dealer's, *Speak for* GAINES! It's *The Complete Meal* that big kennel men have been feeding their prize dogs for years!



PROBLEM OF NOURISHMENT

Licked for Good

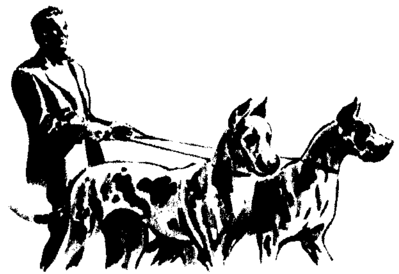
Yes—meat is rationed. And it's the luckiest thing for your dog that ever happened. For meat never *was* an adequate food. In GAINES, your dog gets his meat meal—and plenty of *vitamins* besides! And all *other* food factors that are needed to make a *dog's* life healthy and happy!



NUISANCE OF PREPARING

Licked for Good

Just add water—stir—and then watch a delighted dog forget all his table manners. GAINES is simple to feed—yet what a complete meal it is! Meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), B_6, D, E, niacin and pantothenate. All this—and so licking good, too!

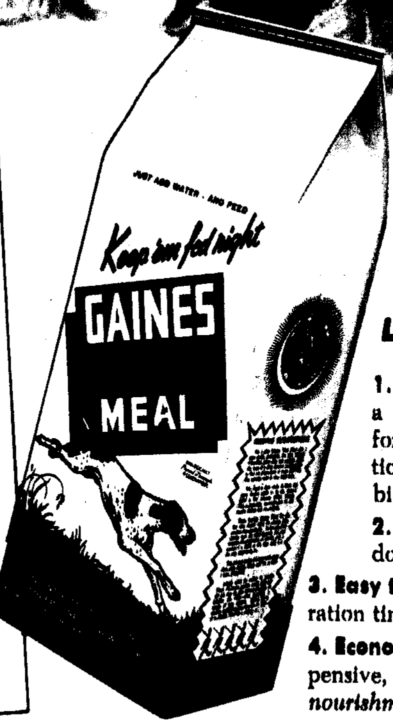


HIGH COST OF FEEDING

Licked for Good

For such a dog meal—endorsed by veterinarians and kennel men—you might dread the moment when you must hear the price. But GAINES actually costs you less to feed than meat and the usual type of baked or canned foods. It is sold under a money-back guarantee—in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb., and 50-lb. bags. No ration stamps needed.

Copyright 1944 by General Foods Corp.



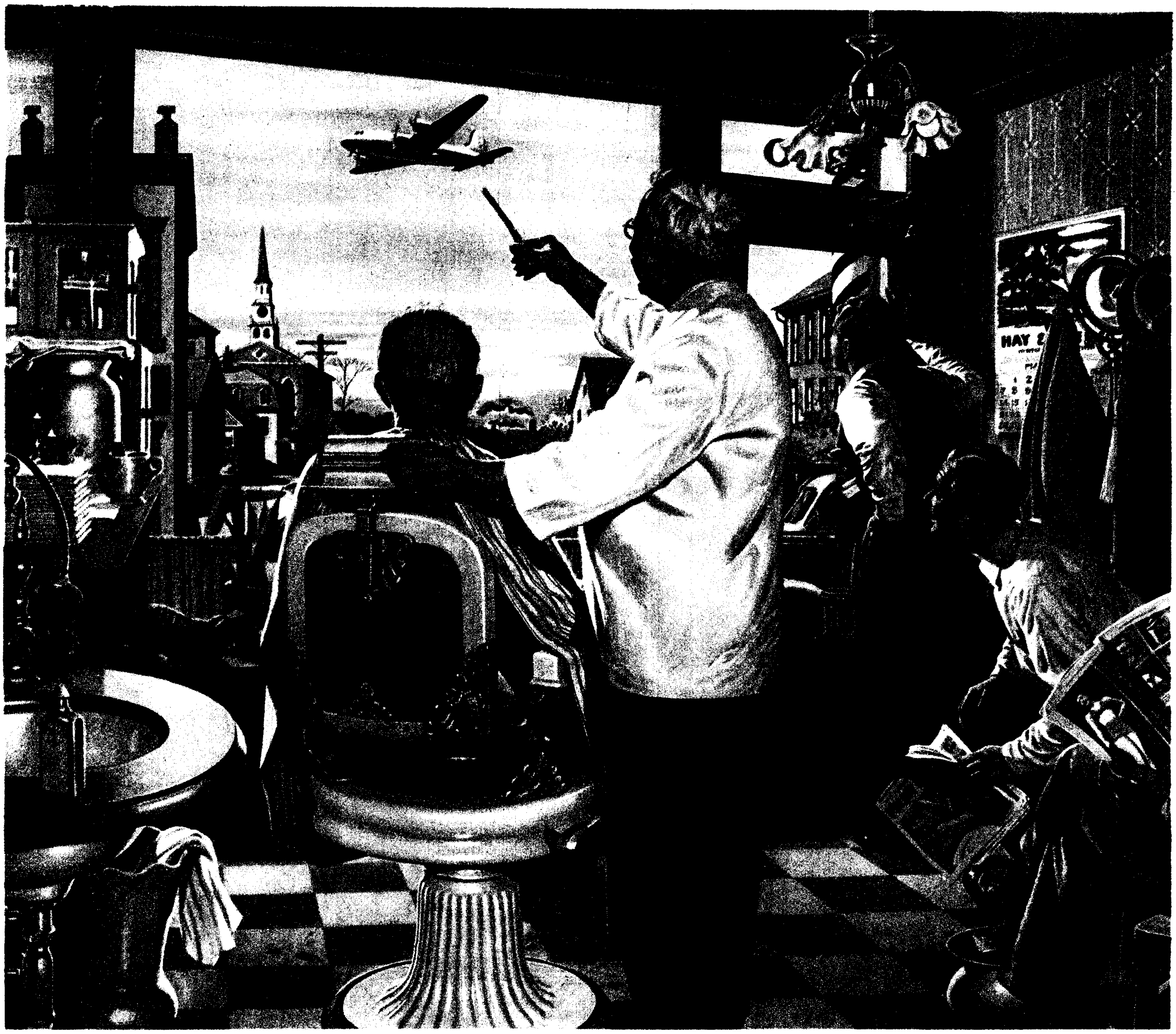
ALL 4 PROBLEMS

Licked for Good

1. **A complete meal** . . . a scientifically balanced formula tested for nutritional adequacy, digestibility, ease of assimilation.
2. **Dogs like it.** And dogs don't tire of it.
3. **Easy to feed.** Average preparation time, 68 seconds.
4. **Economical.** Not only inexpensive, but provides *complete nourishment.*

SPEAK FOR GAINES

THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS



How Great the Promise !

TODAY, thousands of U. S. communities are looking to air transport as a stirring promise of new commerce and prosperity for them in the postwar future.

And the promise is great, far greater than most people can imagine—considering the many new jobs and opportunities which air transport is bound to create for our boys when they come back and for our country.

But implicit in the nation's faith in universal air transportation is the mandate that national and global expansion of services shall be constructive, orderly, economic, and self-sustaining.

To carry out this mandate, the Airlines of the United States start with almost two billion miles of experience in commercial and military operations, and by far the greatest system of established airways in the world.

With an investment of millions behind them, they are prepared to invest many millions more in new facilities and giant fleets of faster planes.

Thus, they have the "know how" needed for the job and the means to do it *right.*

The Airlines gave the United States world-supremacy in air transport long before the war. They are in every way equipped to hold this leadership for this nation in the promised air-commerce of the future.

* * *

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

Three-Day Leave

Continued from page 27

sixty years ago I used to meet a tall fair young man on this corner."

"Now, Grandma," Joe said, "you can't flirt with me, even if you do talk like the Southern belles in the movies. I've got a girl up North."

With a motion of her cane, the old lady indicated the white house. "I wonder if you would mind seeing me to the top of the steps—I don't seem to be quite as sure-footed as I thought I was."

"Sure," Joe said. And now he noticed that she really was a fine-looking old lady in her silk dress and with her gold-headed cane. She was rich, all right, you could see that. She lived in that big house with probably a dozen servants. And Joe Stefanik, who had lived all his life and worked in a coal-mining town in Pennsylvania, hadn't much use for rich people—for the upper crust. In the days before the war, he would say with the rest of them, "All right, okay, I'll fight, but not before all the sons of the senators and congressmen and the sons of the millionaires fight, too. The rich have had it their way too long!"

THE old lady noticed Joe's grip. "You are going to the train," she said. "I hope I'm not delaying you?"

"That's okay," Joe said. "I've got a half-hour to kill." They were going up the steps of the big house now and Joe said, "It's kind of like the house in Gone with the Wind, isn't it? That was a swell movie, wasn't it?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't see it," the old lady told him, and smiled and added, "Thank you so much, Corporal." They had reached the top of the steps and the great fan-lighted, pillared door was open.

Joe looked in with frank curiosity. "Gosh," he said, "it looks just like the movies inside, too! I've got a buddy out at camp who paints pictures. He's getting me interested in this old stuff, too."

Now the old lady really smiled. "I'd be delighted to ask you to come in and have some refreshment, but my servant is out." Then she put her hand against the lintel of the door as if she were dizzy again.

Joe caught hold of her arm. "Listen," he said, "I don't think you feel so good. Better let me take you in, Grandma." And Joe took the old lady into the big room at the left of the door and saw her safely sitting down on a sofa under a big gold-framed picture. "Now," he grinned, "at least you won't fall down."

The old lady leaned back and closed her eyes for a second; then she opened them and said, "I'm quite all right now. Thank you again, Corporal."

"Just the same, I kind of hate to leave you, Grandma. Isn't there anybody else in the house—I mean servants, or anything?"

"No one at the moment," she said. "Unfortunately now, in these times, I have just Sam. But he will be in very soon. Any moment."

"You can't tell," Joe said. "If he's a Nigger you probably can't depend on him. They're like that."

The old lady leaned back and laughed and her black eyes sparkled. And all at once she seemed almost young and pretty. "So you think you know more about the trustworthiness of Negroes, than we do? You Yankees! Well, I ought to know Sam anyhow—he has been with me for sixty years."

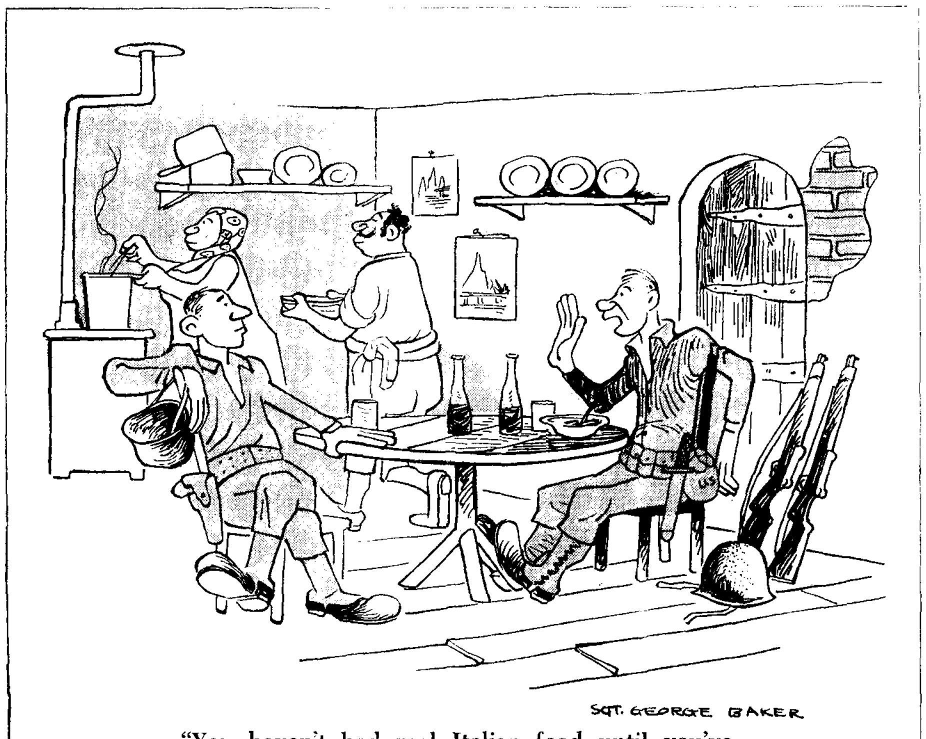
Joe whistled. "Well, for crying out loud—sixty years!"

"And I know exactly where he is and when he will be home. He is visiting a no-good yellow girl who is his niece and works for a cheap get-rich-quick family on the north side. And he'll be home as soon as it really gets dark." But now there was no smile on the old lady's face, and she looked down as if she didn't want to face Joe, or as if she were seeing something ugly on the floor, and had forgotten Joe.

Joe looked down, too, and saw his shoes. Big, dusty Army shoes looking pretty awful on a floor that was shining like a looking glass. He said, "I'm sorry, Grandma. I hope they don't scratch the floor."

The old lady came back as if her mind had been a hundred miles off and she said, "Oh—shoes! Don't worry, these floors have known lots of soldiers' feet. My mother said that during the war, when the Yanks burned Whitehaven, we had thirty of our own wounded quartered here. But I guess there wasn't much trouble about shoes—mostly they hadn't any."

Joe laughed. "Say, it was funny the way you said that about the Yanks! Just like the movies. Gosh—don't think I'm sore. I think it's cute. Anyhow, it makes you know that the stuff in the movies isn't all fake. Like this house. You got to see houses like this to believe in them." Joe



"You haven't had real Italian food until you've eaten at Pietro's, on 45th at Third Avenue"

COLLIER'S

SGT. GEORGE BAKER

GOT A COLD?

Go after it—not only with temporary relief measures, but by doing these 5 *basic* things that physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection*. Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue*. It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. **Keep elimination regular.**	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. **Keep warm; avoid further chill.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

Then—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while the cold lasts.

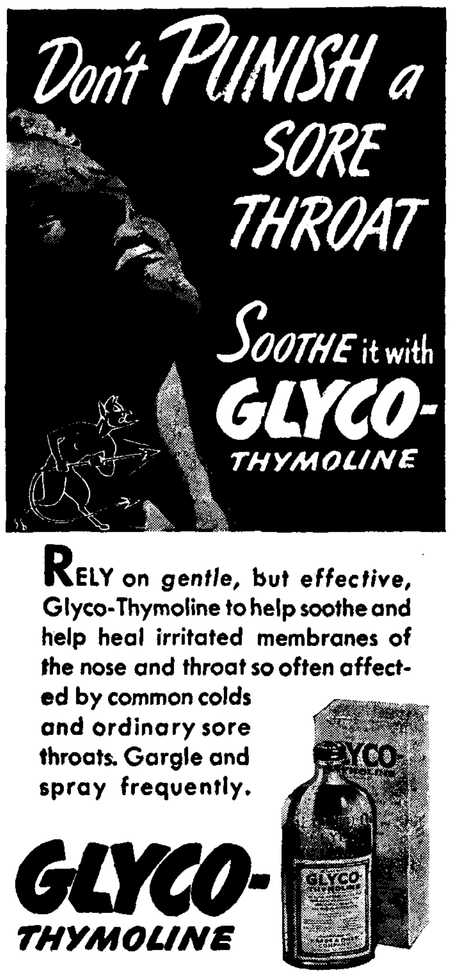
Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



RELY on *gentle, but effective,* Glyco-Thymoline to help soothe and help heal irritated membranes of the nose and throat so often affected by common colds and ordinary sore throats. Gargle and spray frequently.

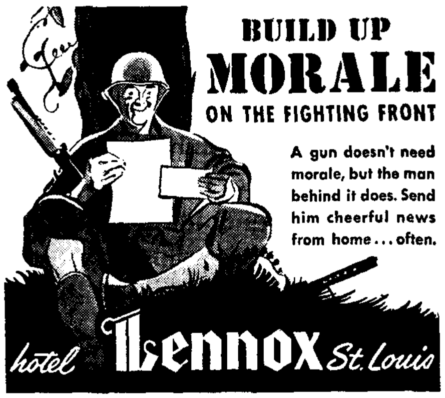
GLYCO-THYMOLINE

This tiny MAICO brings you a world of SOUND

90% of America's precision hearing test instruments are **Made by Maico**

● Small, light and easy to wear. Assures hearing normal conversation clearly, even whispers. WRITE today for *"New Experience in Hearing"*.

THE MAICO COMPANY
2632 Nicollet Ave., Dept. 55-S, Minneapolis, Minn.


BUILD UP MORALE ON THE FIGHTING FRONT

A gun doesn't need morale, but the man behind it does. Send him cheerful news from home... often.

hotel Lennox St. Louis

Why DURHAM'S tops for TOUGH BEARDS

Durham pioneered in heavy-duty, hollow-ground safety razor blades of top quality. Today Durham's 35 years' experience assures you the finest money can buy—a precision hollow-ground blade, with real *heft* for the toughest whiskers. Durham blades take repeated stroppings, too, for economy! Kit includes razor, shave stick, comb, ten double-edge blades and STROP to keep 'em shaving smoothly.

Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. *State whether you want barber-type safety razor or T-type.*
STROP alone $1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

The Week's Work

IF YOU read many of Margaret Fishback's sharp little rhymes (see p. 46), you don't need to be told she's wife and mother as well as careerist. That two-year-old of hers, Tony (called Tarzan for short), is the roughneck hero of most of her verse.

Miss Fishback married Alberto G. Antolini when they both were working for Macy's department store. He was rug buyer; she was ad writer. When Tony was born, she put a competent nurse in charge of him and hurried back to work. She was by then one of the outstanding copywriters in the country, and an inspiration to lesser lady careerists. But the nurse left suddenly, as nurses do. Miss Fishback had to leave her layouts to take care of Tony, and, she says, "By the time I'd learned how to make formulas and bathe him and everything, I was so stuck on him, I couldn't leave him."

She still writes advertising, but from home base, in midtown Manhattan, between feeding and chasing Tony. She also writes rhymes and some prose. Her books include: I Feel Better Now, One to a Customer, Safe Conduct, Time for a Quick One. Her next book, combining prose and rhyme, will be about—guess who—the baby.

To all those versifiers who insist on mailing her their efforts, Miss Fishback wishes to say: "I don't know where you can sell your rhymes. I don't know where I can sell my own. And I don't know what you should write about, either. I'm afraid the editors are beginning to lose interest in my Tony (the crass things!) and what shall I write about then, myself?"

Margaret Fishback
© BACHRACH

IT MUST be the times, because we have another between-feedings writer in this issue: Jean Kinkead, author of A Girl to Remember (p. 15). Jean sends us her capsule biography in the mail: "If I weren't so busy at this minute pursuing my husband, Ensign Martine, with entourage of infant son and unhousebroken cocker spaniel, I would spend some hours every day, after writing, in riding, sailing and listening to Peewee Russell play the clarinet.

"I'm twenty-six, A.B.'d at Manhattanville, College of the Sacred Heart in New York, and worked for a movie magazine for two years. Life's most embarrassing moment was when my mother said to the late W. B. Yeats who was visiting my father, 'Our Jean writes, too, Mr. Yeats!' I got the idea for A Girl to Remember from listening to the chatter of our cronies just back from Tulagi."

HOLBROOK
Jean Kinkead

A LETTER from Mrs. Sara A. Crichton, of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, informs us that, since she learned from The Week's Work just the sort of heel our Kyle Crichton is, she'll never read another piece of his—no, nor the magazine either. "I read that article on Crichton three times," she says, "Then the magazine was thrown from me, and I said to my husband that it was never to enter my doors again. Why good old Collier's pays a man of that type for anything to put in the magazine is beyond me." Mrs. Crichton goes further, says that hereafter when people call her Mrs. Creighton (as they often do), she won't object, she'll be glad, because to carry the name Crichton (pronounced Cry-ton) might imply she was related to Collier's staff writer.

We can't imagine what brought on all this. We only said Crichton shouted sometimes and loved to deflate stuffed shirts. All we can do is assure the Hyde Park Crichtons that the Crichton we know has a heart of gold, is kind to children and animals, only shouts when he gets excited, and deserves nothing but affection from the readers.

THE author of the pronunciation test on p. 48—Charles H. Hall—sets great store by being able to speak correctly and effectively. He contends that if a man learns how to make an acceptable public speech, he has gone a long way toward success is almost any business or profession, because to speak well, a man or a woman must banish "the phantom of fear."

BACHRACH
Charles H. Hall

Hall is recognized as the dean of public-speaking teachers in New York, is a veteran of many courses at Columbia University and other educational institutions, and has done very well at banishing "the phantom of fear" from his personal life. He has faced illness courageously and has kept right on working in spite of being unable to appear in person before his classes.

He says, "Although I deal in the printed word for Collier's, my hobby and avocation is the spoken word. About two years ago, my career as a teacher was nearly ended by a big red truck as it whizzed around the corner on Eighth Avenue and knocked me into temporary oblivion. During my rather long convalescence from this accident, it has seemed to be the logical thing to transfer my activities with students of the spoken word, to the larger Collier's class of readers of the printed word. What a class! And I find it is some job to make the printed word talk."

ONE of the busiest of returned war correspondents is Royal Arch Gunnison, whose series of articles on the war in the Pacific begins in this issue.

Gunnison has just finished a book, So Sorry, No Peace, to be published by Viking in the spring, and he is about to begin a tour of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast to lecture about the experiences he and his wife had as prisoners of the Japanese for almost two years. He will continue his twice-weekly broadcasts over the Mutual Network. . . . A. P.

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looked around at the shining floors, the white staircase, the silver candles on a dark, smooth table, and at the picture over the sofa—the picture of a very beautiful young lady in an old-fashioned dress. There was even a kind of smell about the place, like perfume, clean and sweet. He thought that maybe he was going soft. That would be the nuts, wouldn't it? Join the Army and go soft!

The old lady was saying, "Yes, that is a very fine picture. A Rawdon. My great Aunt Hannah Warrenton. She danced with Lafayette."

Looking up at the picture again, Joe said, "Well, for the love of Pete! Isn't that something?"

"Yes, it was something," the old lady said. "And the mate to it, the portrait of her husband, Colonel Warrenton, went to New York yesterday to a museum." But when she said that, her voice seemed to trail off, and she shivered and closed her eyes; and then all the color went out of her face as she slumped back against the sofa.

Joe ran out into the hall and yelled. "Hey there—somebody!" Then he remembered there was no one in the house. And he ran back and began rubbing the old lady's hands; but they were so soft and little and white, he was afraid he'd hurt them. Then he remembered the time he had smashed his finger, and his mother had got the bottle of cleaning ammonia. He got up and hurried out through the hall to the kitchen, or the pantry or whatever it was, and there he kept opening cupboards; but he didn't find any wine, or any ammonia or anything. He found some milk and a couple of crackers and a little tea, and some crusts and some dried-up apples, and half a box of prunes. And all at once he stood there in the middle of the big kitchen and said out loud in a funny voice, "Well, for the love of Pete!"

JOE wasn't dumb. He remembered when he was a little kid and the mines were shut, and his mother's cupboards had looked like this, too. And when he cried, his mother said, "Shut up! I've never asked charity yet. Go to sleep and forget your hunger. There is bread for breakfast, and tomorrow I wash for Mrs. Zeman, and we'll eat good again!" So his mother and this old girl were alike. Proud. Not taking charity. So she wasn't rich at all! Just upper crust. Upper crust and lower crust just alike. And so that was why the other picture went to the museum and it made the old girl faint to think of it. He remembered his mother going off and lying down on the couch, her face to the wall, the day they had to sell his father's violin.

Joe was still standing in the middle of the kitchen floor when the door opened, and the old darky came in with the basket over his arm. Joe shouted, "Listen, fella. The old lady has fainted. She was dizzy on the street and I brought her in. Then she keeled over."

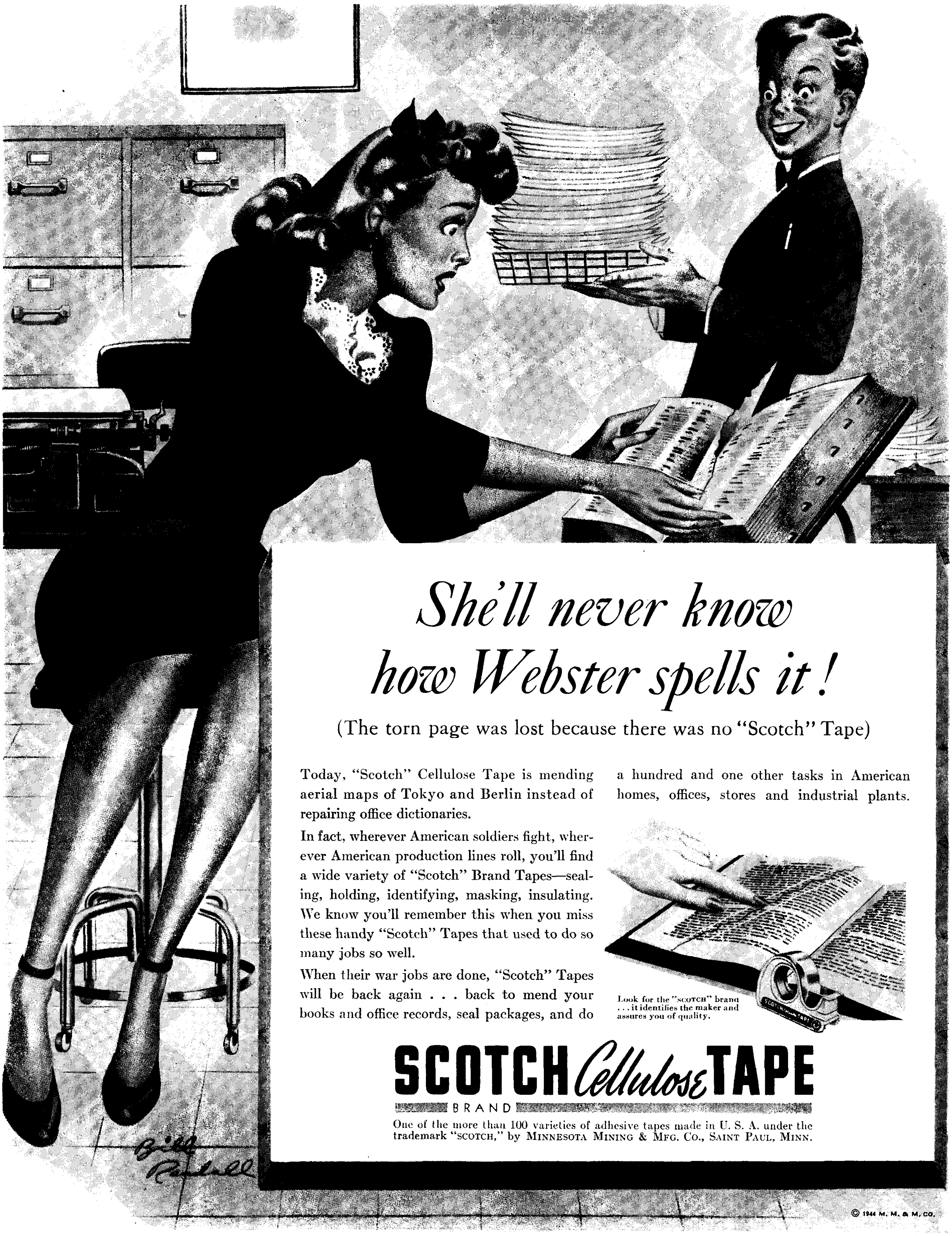
The colored man dropped his basket and brushed past Joe without a word. When Joe followed him into the library, the Negro was chafing the old lady's hand and calling her "Miss Cissie." The old lady's eyelids fluttered, she tried to move. The old Negro just said, soft, like he was talking to a baby, "Now you just lay still, Miss Cissie. Ev'thing all right. An' our ole check come tomorrow sure!"

When the old lady smiled, the colored man went out and came back with a thimbleful of wine in a glass that shone like a crystal prism.

Joe said, "Maybe she needs something to eat."

The Negro looked quietly at Joe for a minute and then he said, "Madame has not been very well. She has had no appetite."

And all at once, Joe thought, "Well, am I dumb!" For now he knew what was in the basket. It was like the baskets of leftovers his mother used to bring from



She'll never know how Webster spells it!

(The torn page was lost because there was no "Scotch" Tape)

Today, "Scotch" Cellulose Tape is mending aerial maps of Tokyo and Berlin instead of repairing office dictionaries.

In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you'll find a wide variety of "Scotch" Brand Tapes—sealing, holding, identifying, masking, insulating. We know you'll remember this when you miss these handy "Scotch" Tapes that used to do so many jobs so well.

When their war jobs are done, "Scotch" Tapes will be back again . . . back to mend your books and office records, seal packages, and do a hundred and one other tasks in American homes, offices, stores and industrial plants.

Look for the "SCOTCH" brand . . . it identifies the maker and assures you of quality.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* TAPE

BRAND

One of the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. under the trademark "SCOTCH," by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL, MINN.

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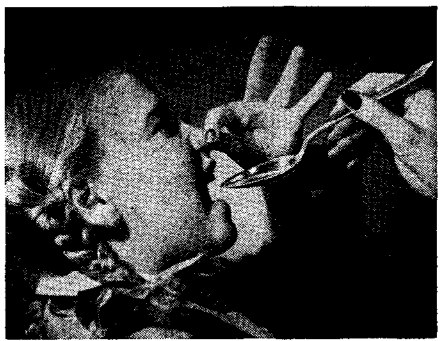
"Mommy, don't you LOVE me any more?"

I FELT SO GUILTY when Betty said that to me! It was all because of that harsh, bad-tasting laxative I'd been giving her. She simply hated to take the stuff and it upset her something awful!

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO STRONG!*



I MADE MY SECOND MISTAKE the day I bought Betty that laxative which was supposed to be so very mild. She said it tasted "phooey"—and had an awful time getting it down. To make matters worse, the medicine just didn't seem to do her any good...

SOME LAXATIVES ARE *TOO MILD!*

I HEARD ON THE RADIO about Ex-Lax! It was such a happy solution to Betty's laxative problem! She actually *loved* its fine chocolate taste. And Ex-Lax brought her effective relief—so thoroughly, yet so *comfortably.* It's not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX IS THE *HAPPY MEDIUM!*

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

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Mrs. Zeman's. And that old Negro, proud as Lucifer himself, had brought it home. He was crazy about the old girl. Imagine being crazy about somebody you worked for for sixty years!

The colored man with black hands as gentle as Joe's mother's was tucking a cover over the old lady. Then he turned to Joe and said, "Thank you, sir—and Mrs. Ludebuhl will want to thank you herself when she is better."

Joe looked down at his watch and saw that it was nine-thirty. "I'll sure ask about her when I get back," he said grabbing up his bag. The next minute he was racing down the steps and out into Main Street and on to the station.

It seemed like a lot longer than half an hour since he'd got off the bus. He didn't even think about getting home or about Sophie or anything until he was on the train. Then, mostly, he began thinking about Sophie again. He thought about the lazy way she half-closed her eyes and smiled at him. He thought about her soft white skin, her full warm lips, the easy way she laughed. It was true that, back home, Joe hadn't thought so much about marrying Sophie, but that was because he wasn't ready to get married. He wanted fun and freedom for a while yet—not a house and kids.

Now it was different. Now suddenly Joe thought he'd like to marry Sophie. It was kind of lonesomelike being away from home and not having anyone really belonging to him, close. He guessed maybe he had been crazy about Sophie all along. . . .

Around eleven o'clock, Joe climbed into his upper berth and went to sleep. In the morning, he woke up in Washington. He had about three hours between trains, and he thought he'd have a look around. At the station, they told him what bus to take down to the basin, and to see the monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

Down on the Mall, Joe got out and decided to walk around a little and stretch his legs. He walked past the Army and Navy buildings and saw all the mobs of people going to work; he walked past the White House. It was funny how, walking along, Joe felt suddenly a queer sensation of pride, almost as if suddenly he were taller and stronger and bigger all over. And how when you saw Washington and all the big buildings and the Capitol and the monument and everything, you felt safe. And you forgot all the stuff they said about it, the ugly stuff about dirty politics and things, and thought only that it was grand—that it was a bigger and a finer and a stronger and whiter city than any other in the world.

A LITTLE way out of Slagletown, the train stopped at the junction, and a girl whom Joe once knew got on. The girl was Annie Rieski. She was a quiet-looking, pretty girl with a clear skin and quick brown eyes, and soft dark hair that she wore in a kind of curly, feathery bob. When she saw Joe, she smiled, and for an instant her cheeks flushed and she looked surprised and embarrassed. Then when Joe smiled, she came and sat down beside him.

"Gosh," he said, "I hardly knew you, Annie. What you been doing to yourself?"

"Well," she said, grinning a little, "it has been a long time since you saw me, maybe? I guess I've been earning money and getting my hair waved and some nice clothes."

Joe said, "Gee, Annie, you certainly do look nifty. And I guess it is a long time since I saw you last."

"Well," she said, "five years since we graduated from high school. But I have seen you often since. On the street, in the movies and places—only I don't think you ever saw me."

Joe suddenly remembered that he had seen Annie once in a while, but he didn't think they had spoken. Maybe it was his fault, maybe hers. Now sitting beside Annie, he remembered a lot of things. He remembered back to the sixth grade when Annie had sent him a valentine. He remembered that he had been kind of sweet on her until that day in high school when he realized that she was stuck on him, too. And about that time Joe had begun liking a different kind of girl, lively girls—girls more like Sophie.

Now Annie was saying, "You look fine, Joe." She was thoughtful and serious. "You look different. Better. Stronger. Even younger. More like you did in school. How do you like the Army?"

Joe shrugged. "Gosh, I don't know! Some ways good, some ways not so good. We got a fine beach not far from camp. Ever swim in salt water?"

"Once," Annie said. "My sister and I went to Atlantic City."

"It's nicer in the South, they say. The water is warmer." And all at once Joe found himself telling Annie Rieski all about camp, about Myrtleville, even about the old lady and the big house, and about Washington. Then he said, "Well, I guess I've been doin' all the talking. Maybe I better give you a chance, Annie."

ANNIE laughed. "Nothing much happens to us here. We just kind of work and wait and hope. My brother is in Africa." She stopped for a second, then brightened. "That's why I got on at the junction. I was visiting his wife. They have a baby. Tom has never seen him. I work in the library at home, you know. In fact, that is why I caught this train. I'm on duty tonight."

Joe grinned. "Well, I don't do much reading."

"You used to like to read."

"Well, you got more time for that stuff when you are a kid. After you start working, you want some fun at night."

"You worked up to a good job at the mine," Annie said. "But it is too bad you didn't go to engineering school like you planned."

Joe looked at her curiously. "Say—you know a lot about me! And you got a good memory, too. Sure—when I was a kid, before my father died, I had ideas. I guess I thought I was pretty smart."

"You always were smart, Joe—and kind."

Joe looked at Annie and started to laugh. Then he didn't laugh. Annie was serious. Her dark eyes were suddenly shy, and a wave of color mounted in her cheeks. Joe thought: Poor kid! She's scared she's been too fresh. She's not used to handing out a line. He said, "Oh, sure, I'm a world-beater, Annie."

Annie looked down at her hands, lying quietly folded over her patent-leather purse. "I guess you wonder why I said you were kind. But I remember a lot of things." She turned and smiled quietly. "Well, here we are, Joe. Here we are at home. It has been nice talking to you—and lots of luck!"

The train had pulled up to the familiar smoke-blackened station with its black-cindery and gritty yard. Joe and Annie got up and walked together down the aisle. Already Joe was forgetting Annie in the excitement of getting home. He wished in a way now that he hadn't been going to surprise them. He felt a kind of embarrassed anxiety for fear he ought to have let them get ready for him; his sister, anyhow.

As they got off the train, Joe's eager eyes were raking the crowd for a familiar face, so that he scarcely saw Annie at all, even when she held out her hand and quickly dropped it again. Joe just glanced at her round, flushed cheeks and said, "Well, so long, Annie. I got to crowd a lot into twenty-four hours!"

And the next minute he was striding up the hill, to get the bus out to his sister's.

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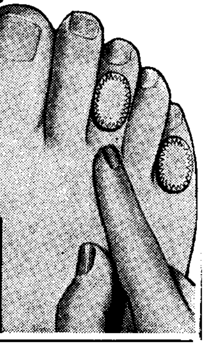

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When he reached his sister's, Joe raced up the steps and across the narrow porch and pushed open the front door. "Surprise!" he yelled. "You got company!"

Joe's sister came rushing out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a dish towel. She wasn't fixed for company, and her house dress wasn't so very clean. Her hair, in a long bob, looked dusty and unkempt. The house looked dusty and cluttered, too. Joe thought: Mom's house was always clean.

But Katie ran up to Joe and put her arms around him and kissed and hugged him and cried a little and shouted for Tom and the kids who were in the back yard. And they all came in and made a fuss over Joe, and he felt ashamed that he had noticed that things weren't so neat. Then his sister was on the telephone, telling everybody that Joe was home.

It was all fine. It was swell to be at home. But Joe knew that the big moment hadn't come yet. The thing he wanted most was still to come. He said to his sister, "Have you seen Sophie Hovak lately?"

Joe's sister, busy with dinner, shouted, "Oh, sure. I saw her down street the other night with Steve Krasny. Some looker, Sophie! You better go down after supper and see her yourself. You cut Steve out once, didn't you?"

"Oh, sure. I'm not afraid of Steve," Joe boasted, lighting a cigarette. "I guess if I want Sophie, Steve can take a back seat again."

They all laughed at that, even the kids.

But after supper when Joe started down the hill to Sophie's, he didn't feel so sure. It was crazy to feel all excited and scared just because he was going to see Sophie Hovak. It was the nuts! Hell—if she wanted Steve Krasny and his good job, okay!

Down at Sophie's the Hovaks were all out on the front porch, except Sophie. They all made a fuss over Joe and wanted him to stay, but he said, "No, I got to see the gang." Then he asked about Sophie.

Mrs. Hovak said, "Search me, Joe—I don't know where she went. Why didn't you call up? You know Sophie—some place every night. She might be down at the dance with Steve."

"Okay," Joe said. "Maybe I'll run into her."

At the Red Lion's Friday-night dance, there were a couple of fellows who knew Joe and ganged up on him and slapped him on the back and kept asking him questions and wanting to buy him drinks, so that he had a hard time to get away from them and look for Sophie. Then he saw her across the hall. She had on a nifty dress and a little bow in her hair, and she was laughing and hanging onto Steve's arm.

Joe's heart pounded. He got away from the fellows and pushed through the crowd and the smoke and the noise and came up to Sophie and said, "Well, for crying out loud, if this isn't Sophie Hovak!"

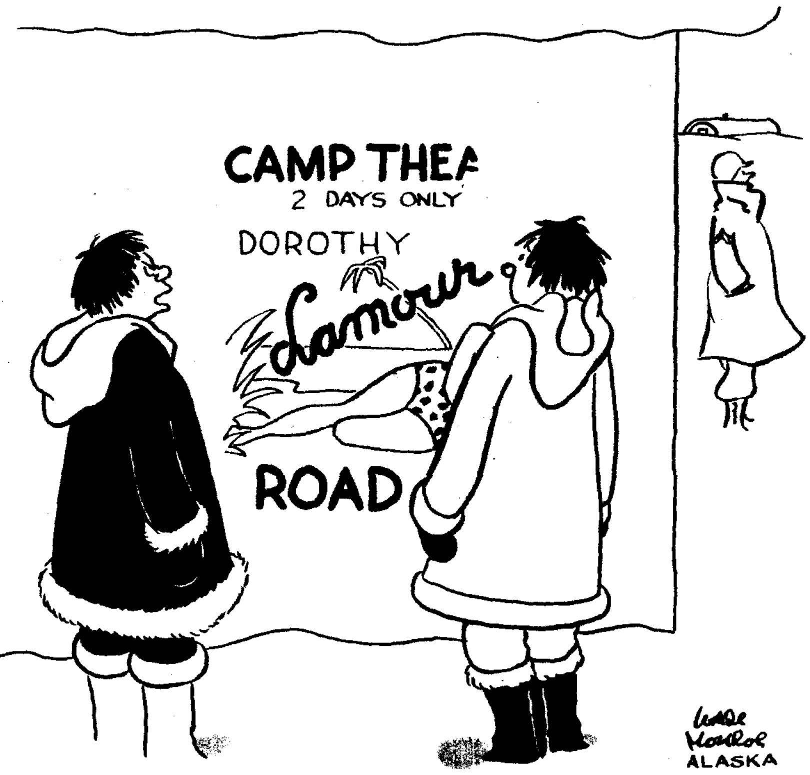
Sophie squealed and grabbed hold of Joe's hand and shouted, "Well, you big bum! Why didn't you let us know?" Her eyes were big and excited, and her breath came fast, and she was beautiful. "You big lug!" she finished, with a rough tenderness, and stuck her hand through his arm, and smiled up at him.

THE music started, and Joe looked at Steve. "Excuse us," he said, "I only got one day here. I got to make the best of it!" And he swung Sophie out on the crowded floor. For a second they didn't speak. Joe's arms tightened around Sophie. He felt her softness, her nearness, her warmth. He thought: This is what I got leave for. This is what I been waiting for. This is something like. This is living again!

But the crazy thing was that something was wrong. It was as if something heavy had dropped in his chest. He got a kind of hollow feeling inside as if he were sick or hungry. A kind of a heavy feeling as if he had to tell himself that it was fine—that everything was swell. He thought almost angrily: Well, what did you expect, you big booby?

Sophie said, "Say—what's eatin' you, Joe? Cat got your tongue? It used to be lively enough. No MPs here!"

Joe looked down at Sophie. There was a white rim of powder on the neck of her red dress. Her lips were thick with rouge, wet-looking and thick. It was crazy that when he had thought of Sophie, she hadn't looked like this. And Joe thought: Sure, I could get her away from Steve. Sure, I guess she'd marry me, all right. But I don't know if I want to marry Sophie now. Maybe that's why I didn't marry her before. Maybe I'm nuts. Anyhow, something is screwy. Sophie isn't the same



"I wish they'd tear that old sign down; I've had three wives freeze to death already trying to imitate her"

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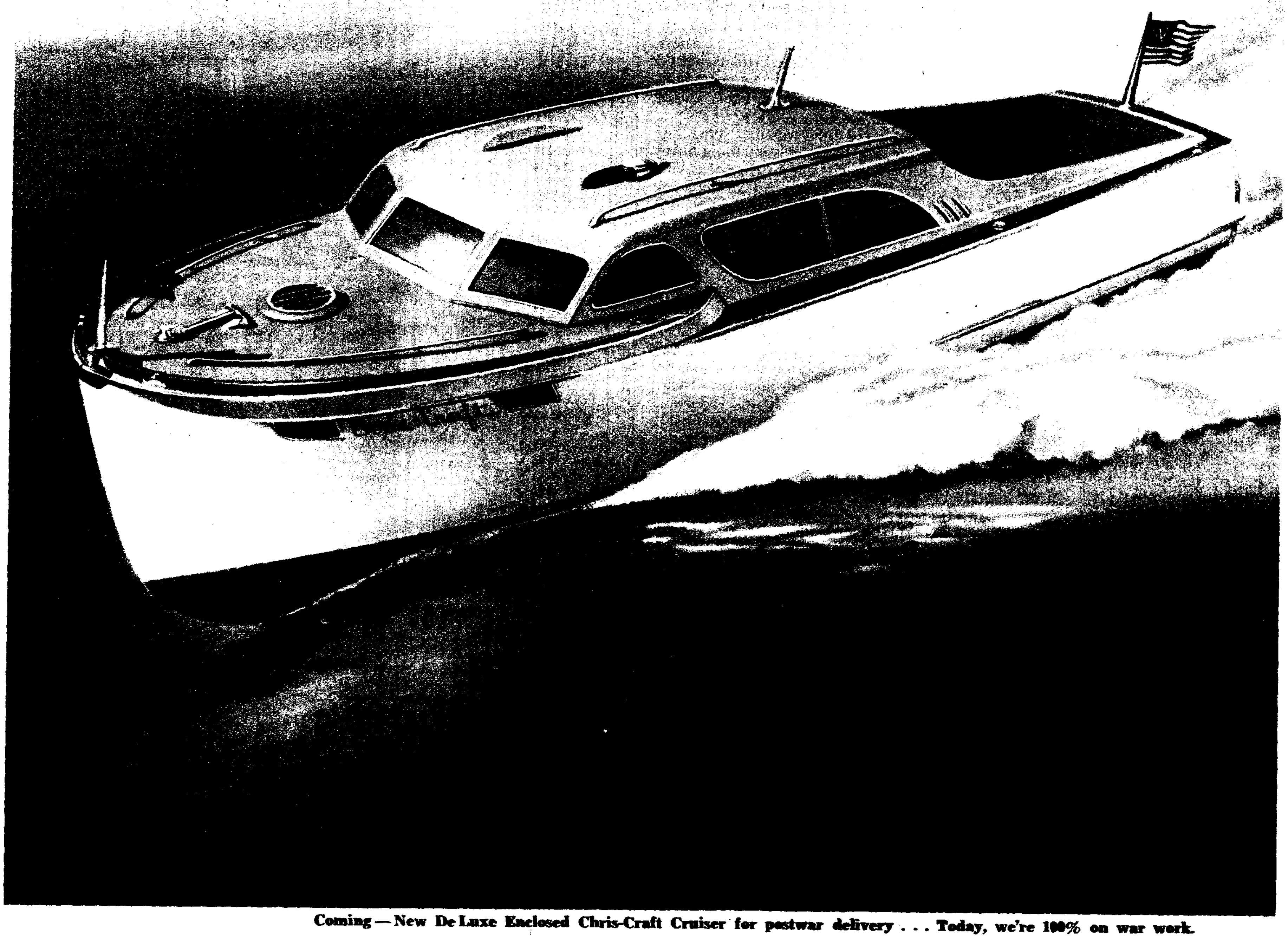

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CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICH. ★ WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS this town isn't the same. This is a lousy joint!

"Listen, Joe," Sophie was saying, "I can't ditch Steve yet; but I will later, and I'll meet you. How's that?"

Joe said, "Sure. Okay." But all at once he knew that he didn't want to meet Sophie; and he knew why. Sophie hadn't changed. The town hadn't changed. But he, Corporal Joe Stefanik, had changed. He had been places and seen things. Ugly things maybe—but clean, beautiful things, too. He knew the clean, fine smell of pines and the sea, the clean new lumber smell of barracks. He had seen strong men who were kind and tender, weak men who were strong. He had been in houses like the old lady's. He knew now that Sophie could never live in a house like that. She'd never be able to make even a little place have that clean, fine look.

"Well, listen, Sophie," he heard himself saying, "you stick with Steve. I'll be seeing you before I leave, I guess."

THEN it seemed to Joe that the next thing he knew, he was pushing his way through the crowd, through the stale, thick air and outside into the dark. But it was only when he got outside and felt the sudden quiet of the empty street, the black emptiness that he felt kind of sick—kind of sick inside and scared. It was a frightening aloneness. A feeling of having no home—the kind of feeling he had when he was a kid and came home from school and his mother wasn't home and the house was locked up. He kept walking down the hill, his heavy Army shoes making a loud sound on the brick pavement.

At the foot of the hill, he turned and went up toward the library. He had to talk to somebody. He went up the steps, into the quiet room. It was just closing time, for an old man was going around, putting out the lights, and a few kids with books under their arms were straggling out.

Annie Rieski was closing her desk, but she looked up and saw him. He walked over to her and she smiled, and the color deepened in her cheeks. She just said, "Why—Joe!"

For a second, Joe couldn't find the words he wanted. Then he said, "It's not such a big town. I saw the people I wanted to see; and then I guess I wanted to see you again, Annie."

"I'm just going home," she told him.

"Well, I can walk out with you, can't I?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Wait till I get my things," she said, and went in to another room and came back with a light coat over her arm and a couple of books.

They walked down the steps together and out into the street. But now the street seemed to Joe neither dark nor lonely. On the way to Annie's house, they talked about the Army and letters from Annie's brother and even the school picnic when Joe had walked home with Annie, so long ago. Finally they came to Annie's house and Joe saw that it was freshly painted and that a light shone through clean windows with white ruffled curtains tied back, so that you could see the lamp and the big chair.

"Do you work all day tomorrow?" Joe asked.

"Not in the afternoon," she told him.

"How about going down to Pittsburgh for dinner and a movie?" he asked with elaborate carelessness. "You see I've not got much time. Just tomorrow."

Annie's clear brown eyes met his. "No, it isn't long, Joe. Yes, I'd love to go with you."

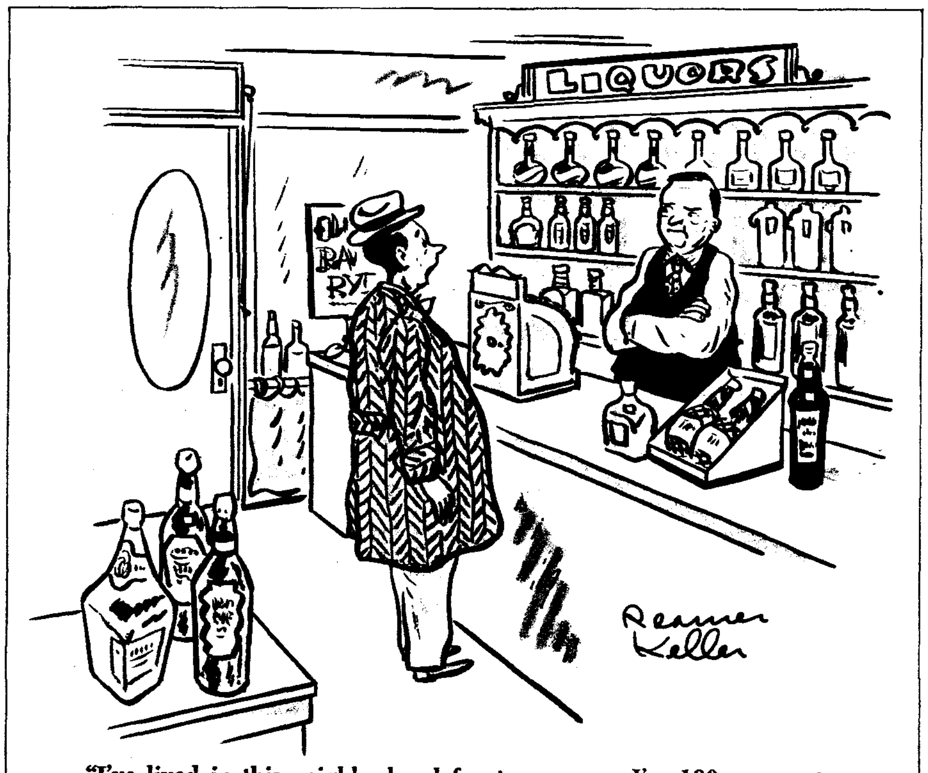
Joe looked at Annie in the light that came through the clean, shining window and he thought: She's pretty, Annie is. And wasn't I crazy about her when she was a kid?

Okay. Maybe he was nuts! But this was a screwy world just now, wasn't it? And what if he had come seven hundred miles to see Sophie Hovak? He knew now there were things he could talk to Annie about that he could never talk to Sophie about. He could imagine Annie in a room like the old lady's. It would be fun to take Annie places, ride with her on trains. She'd know all about places like Harper's Ferry. She would like to listen to Bill Stuart spouting about the South. He took a long breath and said, "Well, Annie, it's crazy, maybe, but these days, twenty-four hours is a long time; a lot can happen."

Annie looked up at him and didn't speak for a second. Then she smiled and said, "Yes—that's true."

Joe thought: Well, for cryin' out loud! I never felt all soft like this about kissing any girl. Scared, almost. But then he knew that Annie wasn't any girl. And that this time tomorrow, he'd be on a train curving back through the mountains, shooting through tunnels, taking him on and on. And he had only tonight and tomorrow. But that was okay, too, now.

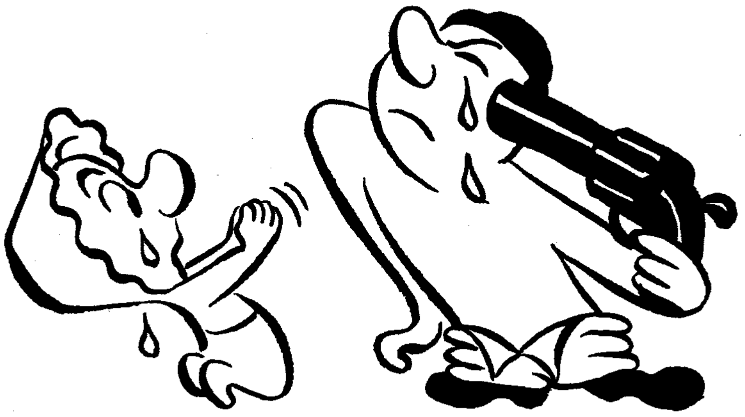
THE END



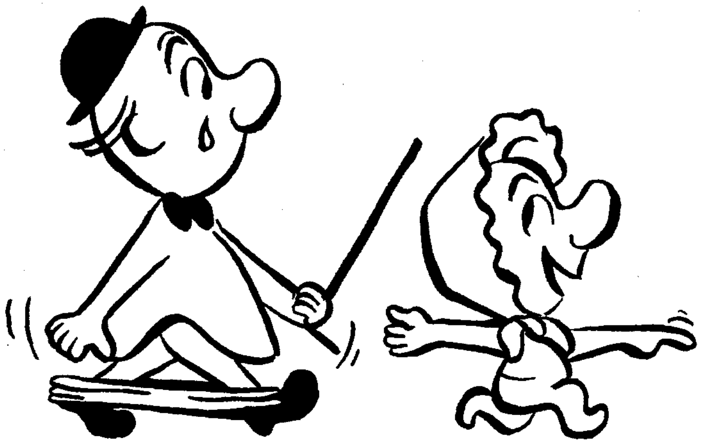
"I've lived in this neighborhood fourteen years. I'm 100 per cent American; have subscribed to all the Bond drives; love my wife and kids and am good to my mother—now can I have a half pint of rye?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

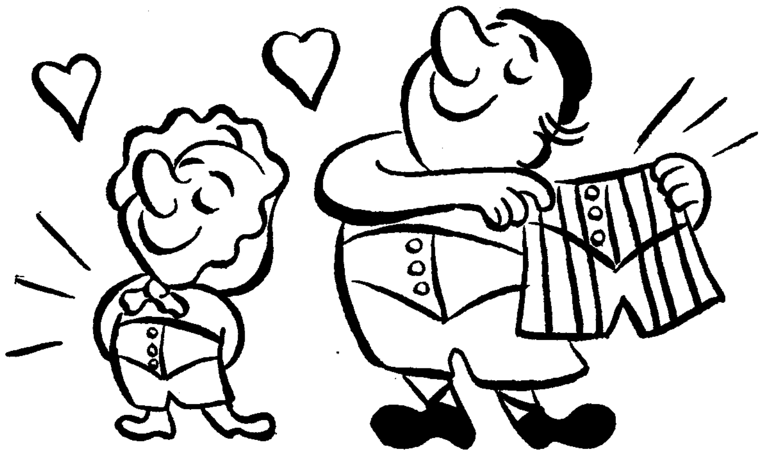
"Oh, button-bother's so unfair . . .



But Father, Father don't despair!



Hasten, purchase bonds for war . . .



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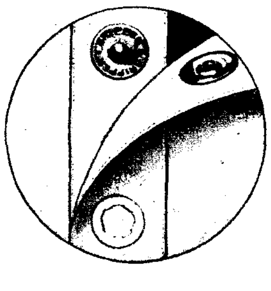

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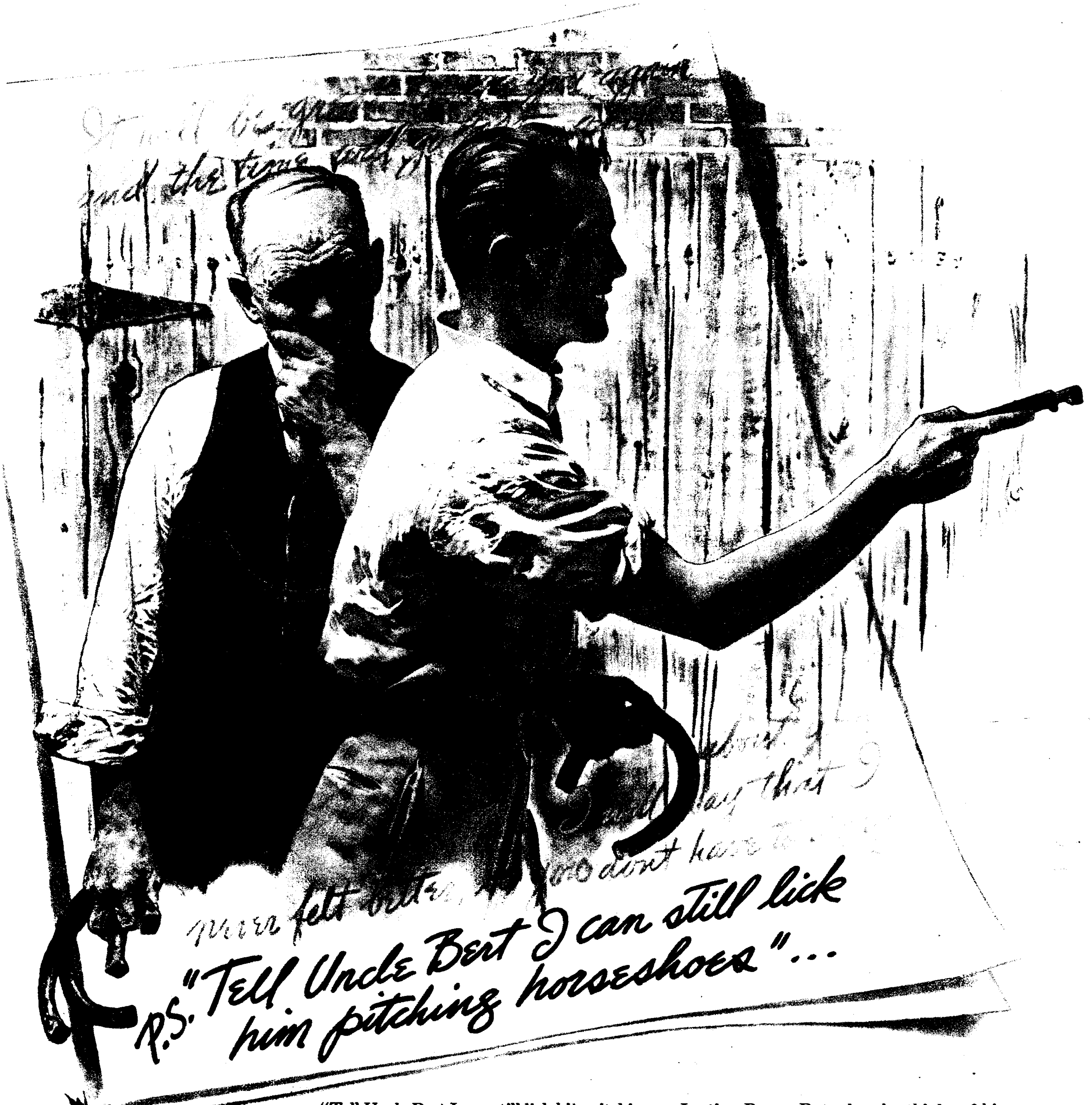

P.S. "Tell Uncle Bert I can still lick him pitching horseshoes"...

The United States Navy says: "Nothing is so important to the morale of our fighting men as letters from home. Write that letter today."

"Tell Uncle Bert I can still lick him pitching horseshoes"..."Boy, would I like to be sailing on the bay again!"..."Are my tools where they always used to be?"

He's fighting a war thousands of miles away but his thoughts are never far from home. For these are the questions that pass through his mind . . . these are among the things he's fighting for . . . the small familiar things that remind him of home.

Of course, he's fighting for much bigger things too—Freedom, and Democracy, and Lasting Peace. But when he thinks of his return, it's the *little* things, the small familiar pleasures he looks forward to.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer or ale . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

A Girl to Remember

Continued from page 15

was pretty fine music. I haven't heard anything better."

Under the street light her small face looked luminous and dreamlike. She seemed to see him for the first time. "Thank you for telling me," she said, and her smile was the nicest thing that had ever happened to him. . . .

He thought about her a lot the next day. Expediting capital machinery in an airplane factory isn't particularly inspiring work, and part of his mind was always on something else. Before last night it had been almost exclusively on the war and the guys in his P.T. squadron. Johnny Burke and Hutch and the rest. Johnny, especially, with that damned recurring jaundice. Occasionally, it had been on music and on his favorite dream—that some day he'd play really good clarinet. There hadn't been any girls in so long. A date now and then. But no one to remember. To think about while you hung on waiting for the Chicago circuits to be free. That night, there was one of the lectures on priorities, and when it was over he went directly to The Nip. It was only a stone's throw from the 59th Street bridge, and he wondered why he'd never noticed it before.

She was sitting at the piano when he came in, and she caught his eye and smiled. He ordered a beer and took it over to the piano. What looked like the same mob was standing around singing Anchors Aweigh at the top of their voices. Bill sang, too, and when it was over the red-haired ensign next to him put his arm on his shoulder. "Hey," he said. "we could use a good bass. Why don't you join up?"

"Sonny," Bill told him, "I'm a has-been The Navy bilged me a month ago." After that he was one of them, and he was ridiculously glad that she knew.

HE DROPPED in on his way home every night from then on and she was always there, and she was always wonderful. Sometimes when he stood very close to her at the piano, close enough to smell her perfume and to hear the quick intake of breath when she sang. he almost remembered where they'd met, but then it would escape him. Her name was Joan Bristol, but that didn't ring any bell. So many times he was on the verge of asking her about it, but there didn't seem to be any sensible way of framing the words. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" Oh, Lord, you couldn't hand out that one with a straight face. Furthermore, she didn't encourage conversation. She was perfectly swell to all of them, but aloof They were always at arm's length.

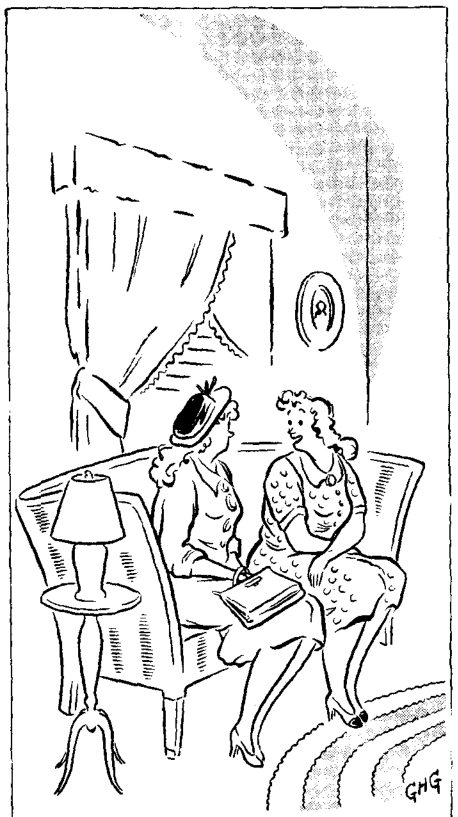
The second Saturday night he'd been there, he made up his mind he'd ask her out, and he scribbled her a note on one of the tiny paper napkins that had The Nip in yellow letters in one corner "May I buy you a hamburger when you check out of here?" He signed it "Bill O'Brien—civilian" He gave it to the waiter and he watched her open it. She smiled, reading it, then looked across at him. It was a clear, direct look, and it made his heart beat fast. Then, very deliberately she shook her head—"No."

Well, okay, babe. If that's the way you want it. Bill drank his beer, conscious that he was blushing for the first time since he was fourteen. When she did her boogie-woogie that night, he didn't watch her. But he listened, completely enchanted as always. She was good.

After that, he didn't come every night, but he couldn't stay away for very long. Why, he couldn't quite explain. The music was out of this world, but he knew it was the girl who kept bringing him back. He hadn't spoken five sentences to her, but he felt that he knew her better than he'd ever known anyone. As though once upon a time they'd been very close friends. Darn it, where had he known her? Cape Cod? Princeton house parties? No. It was some place else.

One night he noticed a poster behind the bar, heralding a jam session "for the customers by the customers." Anyone who could play anything tolerably well was to sign up with Tony, the bartender. Bill put himself down for clarinet and proceeded to practice nightly in the plant's auditorium. He knew he was only a fair player, and when the night of the jam session came, he arrived at The Nip feeling a bit ridiculous about the whole thing.

Unbelievably, a largish band had developed, and at ten o'clock they played. They'd all had a few drinks, and things started out hilariously with some corny Dinah After a while. they quieted down and began to feel one another out. Bill discovered that he liked the piano and drum. and later he picked out a trumpet it was fun to fool around with. After an intermission, the four of them sat together and worked as a combination and a solid one. About 11:30, Joan came in. She was alone, and she looked tired



"We're just an old-fashioned couple. My husband works; I stay at home"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

SHE sat down at a table near the front and smiled at him. Instantly he knew that this was what he'd been waiting for. That this was why he'd signed up in the first place. He'd known that this was one way he could talk to her. He wasn't playing just tolerably now. He was hot. One by one the rest of them dropped out and just sat there watching him. He didn't play specific tunes—just music. Hot as July, sweet as honey. Black velvet and pink chiffon. He ran the gamut, and when he was through, they clapped till it hurt his ears. He clutched his clarinet awkwardly and grinned at them. A little awed at himself. A little dizzy from holding the last note.

When it was over, he walked down to Joan's table "Hello," he said. "Mind if I sit down?"

"Please do," she said. After he'd ordered two Scotches, she gave him another of her disconcerting looks. "That was an awful lot of horn," she told him quietly.

"Thank you," he said. "You did it."

She wasn't coy. No fluttering around: "I? What do you mean?" That junk. "I know," she answered simply.

"I'm crazy about you," Bill told her

"You're crazy about my music."

"No, you." He leaned forward, but before he could put his hand over hers she had moved it to her lap.

"But you mustn't be." Her dark eyes never left his. "You see, I'm married."

It hit him between the eyes. He'd never thought of her as anybody's wife. She didn't look serene and settled the way a married woman should look.

"Happy?"

"Crazy happy when he's around. I haven't seen him for seventeen months."

"Army?" It made him sick to talk about it, but he couldn't stop.

"Navy. Dyed-in-the-wool."

"Academy and all that, I suppose." She nodded "Funny," he mused, "the Reserve is sort of jealous of the U.S.N. boys Down where I was we used to call American ships Princeton and Jap ships Academy. Used to make the Annapolis guys mad as hell." She laughed and it did nice things to her face.

"What's your Joe like?" He watched her eyes go faraway and a little smile tug at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, big and good. Crazy. Utterly devoid of rhythm. Sweet and tough and—oh, I can't really describe him."

"You like him, kind of, don't you?"

"Confidentially, yes." Her hands were folded tightly together on the table, and she looked as though she had something else to say.

"Okay," he said. "Spill it."

"It's sort of a pointless thing to say, and please don't think it's a come-on, but I haven't looked at a man in seventeen months. You're the only one I've even wanted to talk to. I don't get it."

NOW at last he could ask her. "Don't we know each other from some place? Haven't we met somewhere?"

"Strange. I have the same feeling." They looked at each other a long time. Finally, she said. "I'm going home now. I m bushed."

"I'll take you, if I may."

"Thank you."

She lived at 66th Street, and going up in his car she told him she'd been playing over at Halloran Hospital that night. "Gosh, how they'd love to hear you, Bill! They'd go mad," she told him.

"Me?" He parked the car carefully and took the keys out of the ignition. "But I'm not anybody. I'm a very mediocre horn player normally."

"Tonight you were tops. You were so good it hurt me here." She pressed one leopard mitten against her chest. . . .

He played at Halloran frequently after that, and she always went along. It was a complicated thing. He was really playing for those kids, but she was the medium through which he played. Without her he knew he'd be just another horn. With her he was tremendous, and the boys went mad. They stamped and yelled and kept him there till all hours every time.

They talked a lot, coming and going, Joan and he, and he discovered that she'd taken this job as sort of a lark when she was visiting her college roommate over Christmas. She'd liked it so much she'd stayed and rented their house in Massachusetts. "I'd rather play than anything in the world," she explained. "I can't describe what it does to me, but it keeps me

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from being lonely or worried. It's like a drug."

He said, "I think I know. And if you can find someone who knows what you're trying to say, it's as close communication as there can be between people."

"Yes. I feel that, too. It's as close as you can get to being that person." She wrinkled her dark brows, wondering if she'd said what she meant. "Funny Music didn't mean much to my little man, but it never really mattered. He tolerated my stuff. Thought it was cute and made me play Body and Soul for hours at a time. But the minute I'd just jive, play something from the heart that hadn't any name, he was lost."

"Kind of like being married to someone of another religion. You can share so much, but there's that one tremendous part of you that's incommunicable or something."

"Exactly," she said. "But what the heck. I worship the guy. And you can't have everything."

ONE night in the spring while they were driving back from the hospital, it came to Bill that he couldn't see her any more. He was so terribly in love with her, and the knowledge that she could never belong to him was suddenly unbearable. They rarely talked about her husband. Bill didn't even know his name, but he was always there, somehow. He knew that she thought of him constantly, brooded about him, was utterly mad about him and, knowing that, he was too proud and maybe too honorable to tell her again how he felt. For a while it had been enough to be with her, but tonight it wasn't. Nothing would ever be enough, he knew with terrible clarity, but breakfast and dinner with her every day that he lived, and lovely black-haired children and the monogram J. O'B. on all her things. Since that couldn't be, there must be nothing any more.

He told her, quite undramatically, just before they got to her house, and for a long time she *didn't* say a word. After they stopped in front of her door, she turned and looked at him gravely, and then she did a funny thing. She put both her hands on his cheeks and said, "Goodby, whoever you are," and then she kissed him gently on his mouth. "That," she whispered, "is for what might have been." She opened the door and ran quickly into the house without looking back.

Her kiss was warm on his lips all the way home, but the next day it was like a dream. And in the many days afterward he almost thought he'd imagined it, because he'd wanted it so long.

He didn't go to The Nip again until the fall. But he still went over to Halloran, and, miraculously, he was still terrific. He seemed to have partaken sufficiently of Joan's understanding to be at last completely on his own. There were squibs about him in the columns now and then, and once one of Dorothy Kilgallen's sixty-four-dollar questions was, "Why doesn't some night club nab Bill O'Brien, the hottest horn this side of Gabriel?" There were offers after that, but he didn't take them. Having discovered that he was capable of something good, he was satisfied. He didn't want fame or money for it. All he really wanted to do with it was play for a gal he used to know.

The news from his outfit was good, and he got the biggest thrill of his life the day he read that Johnny Burke had gotten the D.S.C. Johnny had been his exec for over a year, and he was about the swellest guy he'd ever known. Theirs had been one of those rare friendships that's both casual and terribly deep. Sometimes he missed him so much that he'd say his name out loud in his room just to hear how good it sounded. He knew that if anything ever happened to Johnny, he'd get back in the service some way and blast every lousy Jap off the face of the earth.

And, late in September, Johnny was killed. His boat had been rammed by a Jap destroyer with all hands lost. Bill saw it in the morning paper, and it shook him right down to his soul. He sat on the edge of his bed and beat his fist against his palm over and over again.

That night he went to The Nip. He had to talk to someone about it, and there was no one but Joan. She was wearing a green strapless gown that made her skin like cream and her hair—without the pompadour and falling almost to her shoulders—like night. Looking at her in that dress he knew in one terrible instant where he'd seen her before, and knowing that, he watched her, awed. Her eyes were bright and she was playing brilliantly. Paper Doll, Dinah, All of Me, all the pet tunes they yelled for night after night. She smiled over at him once, and he lifted his hand in a kind of half salute.

It all came back to him so plainly. A picture of the loveliest girl he'd ever seen hanging in a Navy locker. Black hair and white skin, and a strapless evening gown. The guys whistled at it every time they went by. He remembered sitting around after supper at night drinking the warm beers they called Tulagi Specials and singing A Man without a Woman, with its millions of endings. "Like a dollar goes from hand to hand, so a woman goes from man to man . . ." to which Hutch would add senselessly, "In a phone booth." And Bob Crane would scream, "At Princeton." Then would come Johnny Burke's inevitable, "Excepting Joanie." Whereupon they'd all howl.

Bill looked at her hard. Johnny Burke's Joanie. And he loved her so much he could hardly breathe. Not just because she was herself, but because she was all that was left of him. Johnny Burke's Joanie. "I christened her that," he'd told them. "It's my favorite name and she's too gorgeous for just Mary." They'd been married five months when he went away, and if ever a lad was in love with his wife, it was Johnny. He didn't talk about it much, but one night he said to Bill, "Gosh. I go for that gal. I mean, really. All there is. Wait'll you meet her, O. B." To which Bill, moved more than he'd admit, had flung back, "Hey, lug, you're making me drool."

BILL watched her now, sitting at the piano, erect and beautiful, wearing no mourning, except in her eyes. When it came time for her to do her solo act, she shooed the crowd away with the usual banter: "Scram, guys. I need some room."

And then she played Body and Soul as it had never been played before. Poignantly, sentimentally, sophisticatedly. Tenderly and fiercely and tragically. Bill didn't touch his drink till she was finished. Even after she'd left the piano he sat in a sort of daze. "That was it, Johnny," he said inside himself. "That was your dirge and eulogy. That was the carved monument over your body and the flowers and the tears. That was your wife kissing you goodby."

Then he saw that she was gone, and he dashed her a note on one of the napkins. "May we drink to Johnny Burke, Joan? I loved him, too. Maybe he told you about O. B." He had it taken back to the dressing room where she changed into street clothes, and almost immediately the waiter brought her reply.

"So you are his beloved O. B., and that is why I was so sure we'd met. Please don't try to say anything brave when I come out. There are no words. And make mine a Tulagi Special." He folded the note and put it in his wallet to reread if he ever needed to be reminded that guts are a good thing to have.

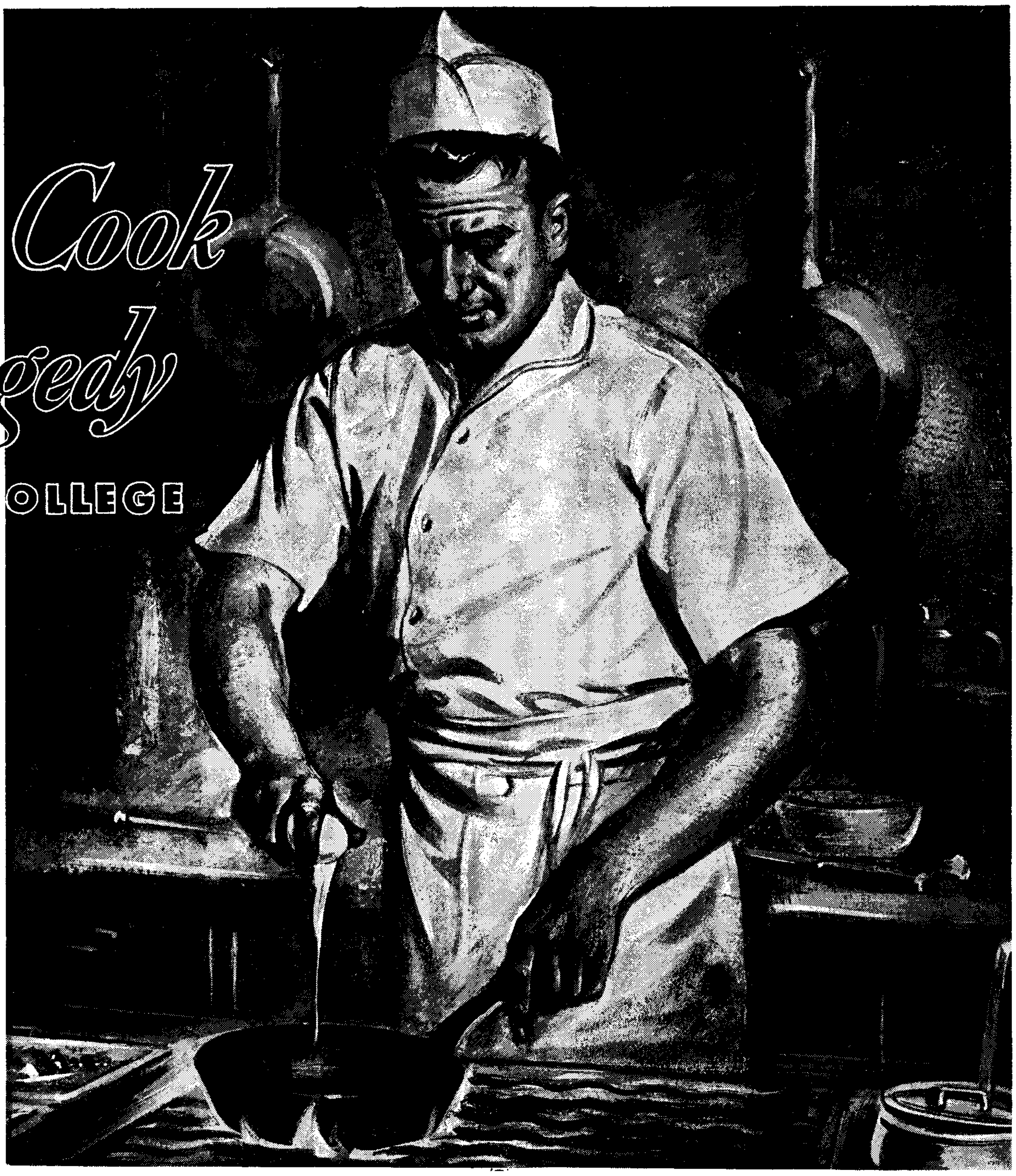
She was coming toward him then, and he reached out his hand to her.

THE END

HOW A

Short Order Cook Brought Tragedy

TO AN EASTERN COLLEGE



ONE of the last places in America you'd expect to be hit by a typhoid epidemic is a certain lovely, healthful college town in an eastern seaboard state.

But several years ago, deadly typhoid struck the college with the suddenness of a summer storm. Within a few days, eight students were seriously ill and several thousand more went about in constant fear of being stricken next.

Where the disease was coming from was a complete mystery—until a local public health official, quietly doing his job, ran down the source.

Working with the speed of a fiction detective, he interrogated hundreds of students, checked the goings and comings of the victims—and uncovered one interesting coincidence. They'd all eaten at a certain campus restaurant.

Promptly tracking down this clue, the good doctor discovered, among the kitchen employees, a typhoid carrier who was responsible for the outbreak. He was immediately removed and the threat of a widespread epidemic was ended. Many an alumnus probably owes his being alive today to the energetic, intelligent action of this health official.

* * *

You may never hear of your local health officer doing anything so dramatic as this—but nevertheless, in the discharge of his regular duties, he is quietly protecting you and yours every day against dangers you never see or suspect. His work is vital to a strong and healthy America. He needs and deserves your support.

Because milk is such a universal food, it is essential that it be protected, from a public health standpoint, with every possible safeguard. One safeguard required by many health officials and used voluntarily by thousands of public spirited dairies is the Sealright Sanitary Hood—a sterile-clean, tamper-proof closure which protects the pouring lip of the milk bottle against contamination between the dairy and your table.

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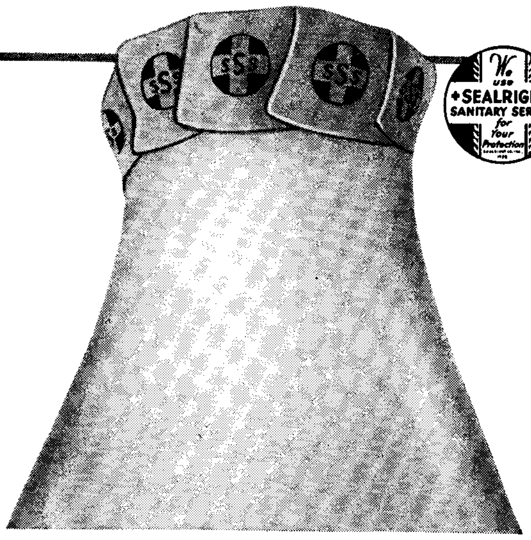

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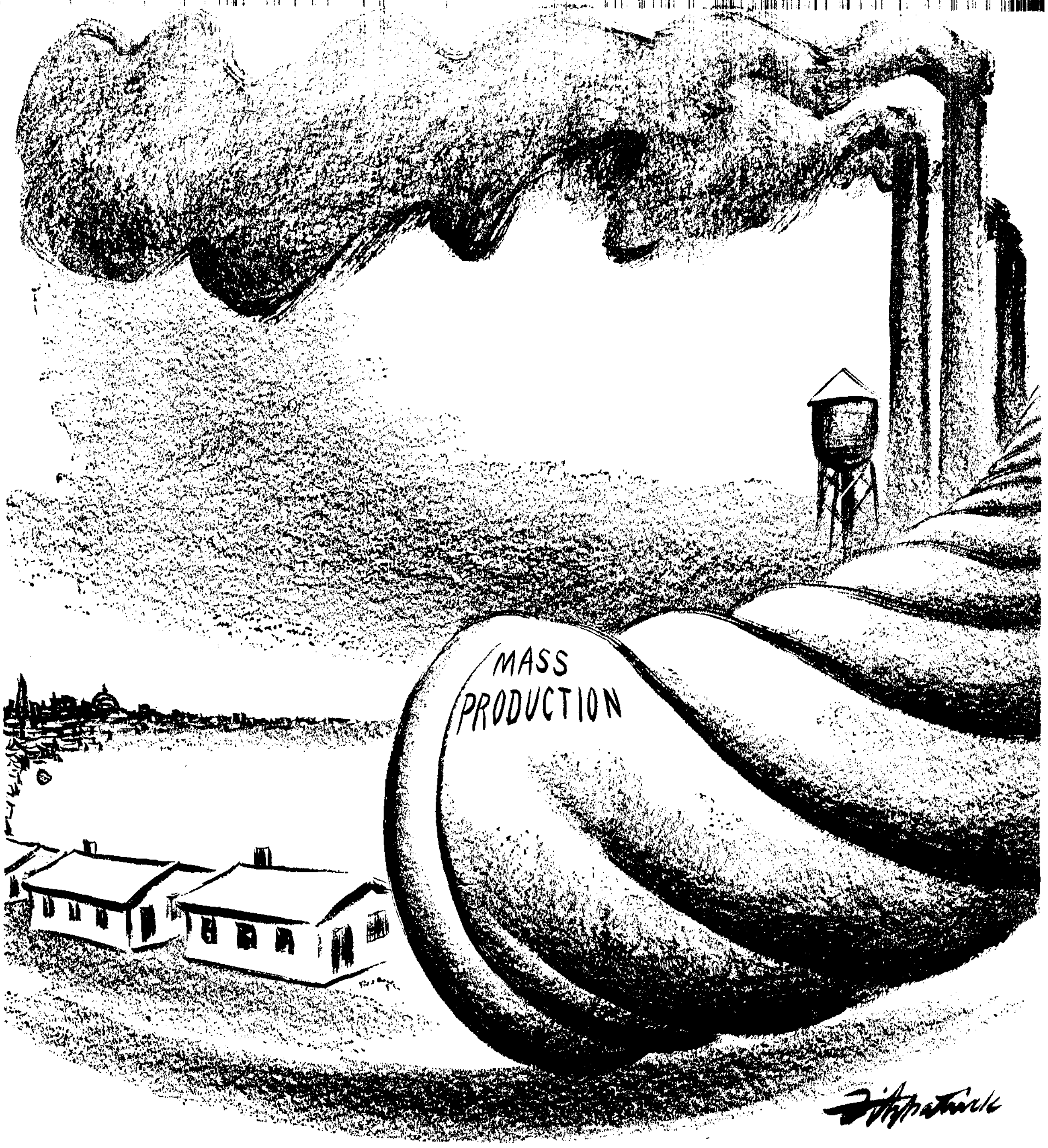


HOMES AFTER THE WAR

"Anybody ought to be able to buy a house on the *installment plan as easily as an automobile.*"

THE quotation is from Ex-President Herbert Hoover's recent Collier's article, When the Boys Come Home. Mr. Hoover, who is doing some of the most dynamic current thinking and writing, was talking about prospects for the home building industry after the war.

We could use tomorrow, he said, 6,000,000 detached family houses of five rooms with the necessary gadgets. If, Mr. Hoover added, we could barge into the postwar period with plans laid for starting to build a lot of these homes, we'd have provided ourselves with the best possible single means of cushioning the expected postwar slump.

To get set for a postwar housing boom, we need to take three major steps: (1) We need agreements from labor to keep paralyzing hands off factory-built houses or prefabricated parts of houses; (2) we need to modernize assorted city building codes described by Mr. Hoover as "vicious"; and (3) credits for home builders will have to be lined up in the home-loan banks, on a basis of a down payment of some 20 per cent of the purchase price in government bonds, a loan of the balance, and a 20-year installment plan of repayment. Such a financing plan (said Mr. Hoover), with a removal of unnecessary labor restrictions, would produce more jobs than all the public works in the nation, several times over.

We move that labor organizations, chambers of commerce, bankers, contractors, architects, et al., all over America, get going along these lines without waiting for either or both of our wars to end.

In this connection, it is a pleasure to salute the National Conference on Postwar Housing, occurring in Chicago March 8-10 inclusive.

To plan for a rapid postwar housing expansion will require a lot of discussion and forthright action, and a lot of scrapping of long-held prejudices and preconceptions. But if we can bring it about, we'll add enormously to the real wealth of this country.

In such an increase of real wealth, we'll all participate, directly or indirectly. It will far outweigh the temporary loss by some union which loosened up rules against touching prefabricated housing, or the temporary loss by some contractor who gave up his old custom of plotting with unions to keep new processes and materials away from consumers.

It is an old axiom—though many still don't believe it—that you can't win permanently by bucking scientific progress or any other kind of progress. You win by riding tides, not by trying to sweep them back. The tide is setting in this country toward better and less expensive housing. If the building trades and everybody concerned with them will climb aboard this tide, they can ride it, according to Mr. Hoover and other expert observers, to a solid postwar prosperity, both for themselves and for the rest of us.

ANOTHER LEGEND BLOWS UP

A GREAT deal of loose talk flaps around about how Americans in this war boom are spending far too much money on luxuries, entertainment, and so on. Watching assorted overshootings of the astronomical War Loan goals, we have long discounted such talk. We're pleased now to report another fact which seems to us to blow up what is left of the squandermania legend.

In the current year, American home owners are expected to pay off a total of $4,000,000,000 on the mortgages they carry, as against a total of a little more than $1,000,000,000 in 1939. By the end of our first three years at war, at the rate we are paying up on mortgages now, we shall have cleared a total of $10,900,000,000.

In other words, the solid, substantial home-owning core of the American public has not gone hog-wild with war prosperity. It has remained solid and substantial; has taken its increased earnings and put them largely into War Bonds and mortgage reduction—which is precisely where most economists have been advising us to put our money if we want to avoid a runaway inflation.

The more we find out about average Americans' actual performances under the strains of war, the more highly we think of average Americans, and the less we think of the weepers and wailers, the prophets of doom, and the yowlers about "complacency."

NAVY COMEBACK

AT PEARL HARBOR, the United States Navy took the champion black eye of all its long history to date. Together with the Army command in Hawaii, the Navy command was asleep at the switch that fateful Sunday morning, and the disgrace of it was monumental.

We'd say now, though, that in its westward Pacific drive, the Navy is already well along toward wiping out that disgrace as thoroughly as it ever can be wiped out.

The terrific smash into the Marshall Islands—into the heart of the Marshalls at Kwajalein Atoll, by-passing and isolating several important Jap strongholds on the Marshalls' rim—was an audacious stroke, and one which was meticulously organized and heavily implemented. It got sensational results, as audacity backed up by careful preparation frequently does. Our sea and air power hammered Kwajalein so overwhelmingly that our 4th Marine and 7th Army divisions were able to storm ashore and mop up with casualties but a fraction of those suffered at Tarawa.

Credit for the performance is largely due to Admirals Nimitz, Spruance and Turner—and of course to Chief of Naval Operations Ernest J. King as supervisor of all our sea warfare. These officers and their associates have shown themselves to be masters of the complex art of co-ordinating air, sea and land power, and of the equally complex art of keeping their forces supplied and organized against counterattacks.

To their further credit, it should be noted that they got the stories of the victory back to the American people as fast as they safely could. This is a consistent policy of Admiral Nimitz's, and one which can be only for the best as regards home-front morale and confidence in our fighting forces.

All in all, it looks as if the United States Navy is going to do its full share of the job of making the Japs sorry they ever heard of Pearl Harbor—and as if all of us are again entitled to be proud of the Navy.

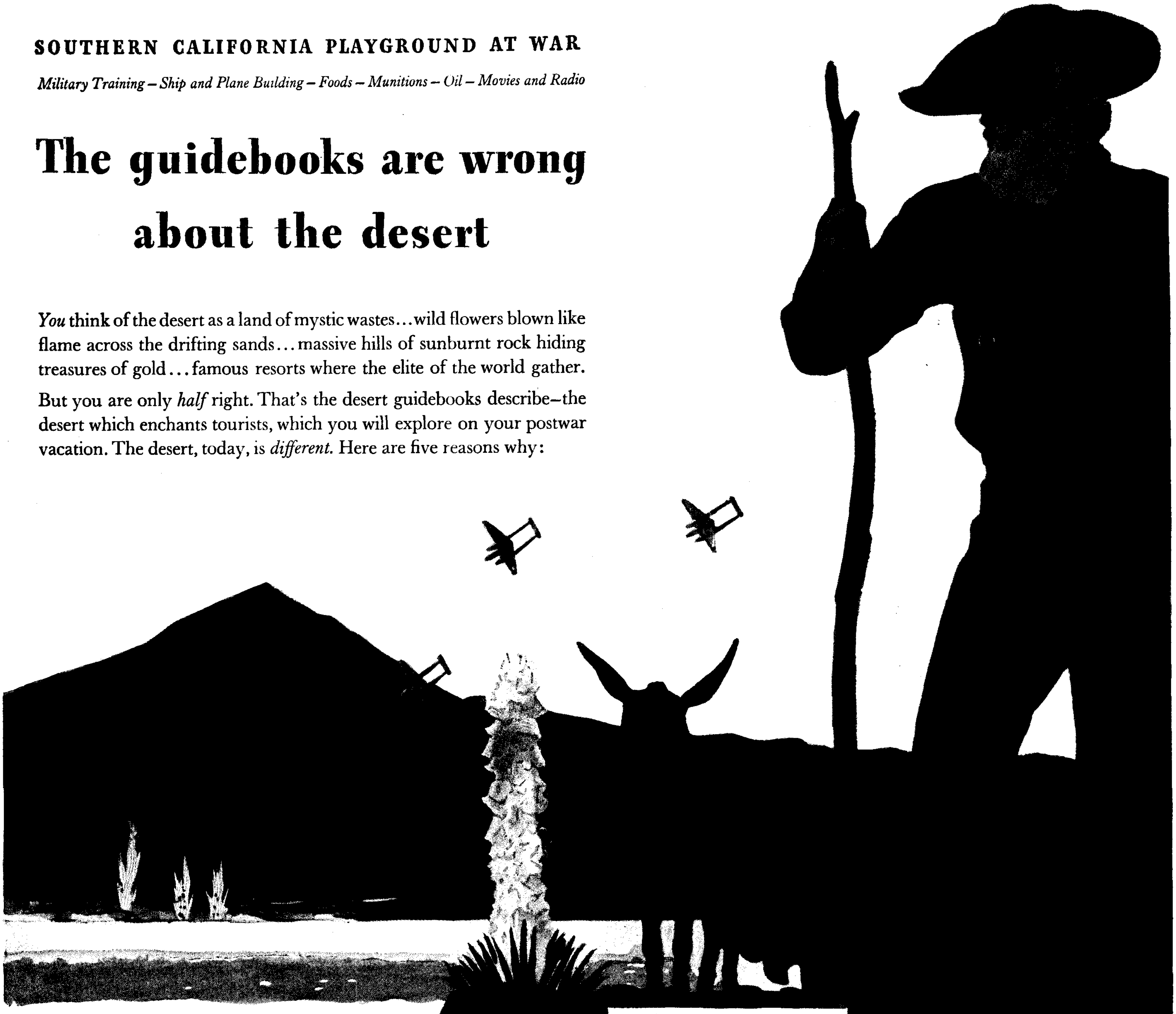
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PLAYGROUND AT WAR

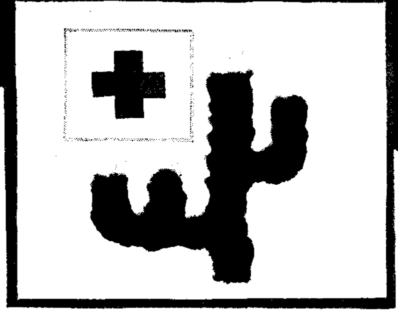
Military Training – Ship and Plane Building – Foods – Munitions – Oil – Movies and Radio

The guidebooks are wrong about the desert

You think of the desert as a land of mystic wastes...wild flowers blown like flame across the drifting sands... massive hills of sunburnt rock hiding treasures of gold... famous resorts where the elite of the world gather.

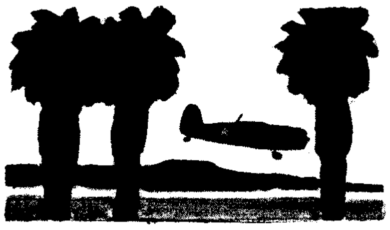
But you are only *half* right. That's the desert guidebooks describe–the desert which enchants tourists, which you will explore on your postwar vacation. The desert, today, is *different.* Here are five reasons why:





Rehearsal for Combat–Now the desert scene is a colorful backdrop for scrimmaging tanks and armored vehicles. The War Department made a big chunk of it a theater of armored operations, trained divisions here for North Africa. Sometimes these armored armies race across 400 miles of sand and mesquite to contact the "enemy."

This Is No Mirage–Desert guidebooks describe mirages, shimmering high in the sky above the ancient dry lake bottoms. *Today,* hundreds of giant planes fill these skies–practicing a deadly bombing routine for Axis destruction.



Sea Hawks Come to the Desert–In another desert area, fast little hawklike planes drop out of the golden sky, sideslip into the constant wind and roll to a quick stop on a flat top marked on the sand. It's ocean training on the desert.

"Old Man of the Desert" Helps the Wounded–A thrilling sight is a forest of grotesque Joshua trees. Today, these age-old trees provide new-type surgical splints, extremely light in weight and porous enough to permit circulation of air.

The Desert Rats Are Heroes Now–Grizzled old prospectors, from Boulder Dam to Whiskey Flats, are poking into all parts of the desert and near-by areas searching for–and finding–*war-precious minerals:* tungsten, manganese, chrome, zinc, tin, and others vital to Victory.

Plan Your After-Victory Vacation Now–You'll want to get away for a complete change–to feel as free as the wind–once the Victory is won. It will be glorious fun to spend your vacation in Los Angeles County and Southern California. So start planning now. Regular purchases of war bonds–earmarked for this specific purpose–will make your trip a reality.

Send coupon below today for special, free, full-color folder which tells how much fun a few war bonds will buy.

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